FEBRUARY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

HAVELOCK ELLIS
JOHN DOS PASSOS
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
JOHN GUNTHER
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK
FREEMAN GOSDEN
HARRY HIBSCHMAN
RAYMOND Z. HENLE
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
CARLETON SMITH

FICTION

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
OLIVER LA FARGE
LOUIS PAUL
LOUIS ZARA
CHARLES O'NEILL
THEODORE PRATT
GEORGES SURDEZ
A. I. BEZZERIDES

POETRY

OGDEN NASH

SATIRE

DOUGLASS WELCH
PETER DE VRIES
BEN KERN
HAROLD MORHARDT

SPORTS

W. R. BURNETT
RALPH CANNON
KENNETH RIPLEY
W. C. CAPEL
RICHARD LEWIS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
JAY IRVING
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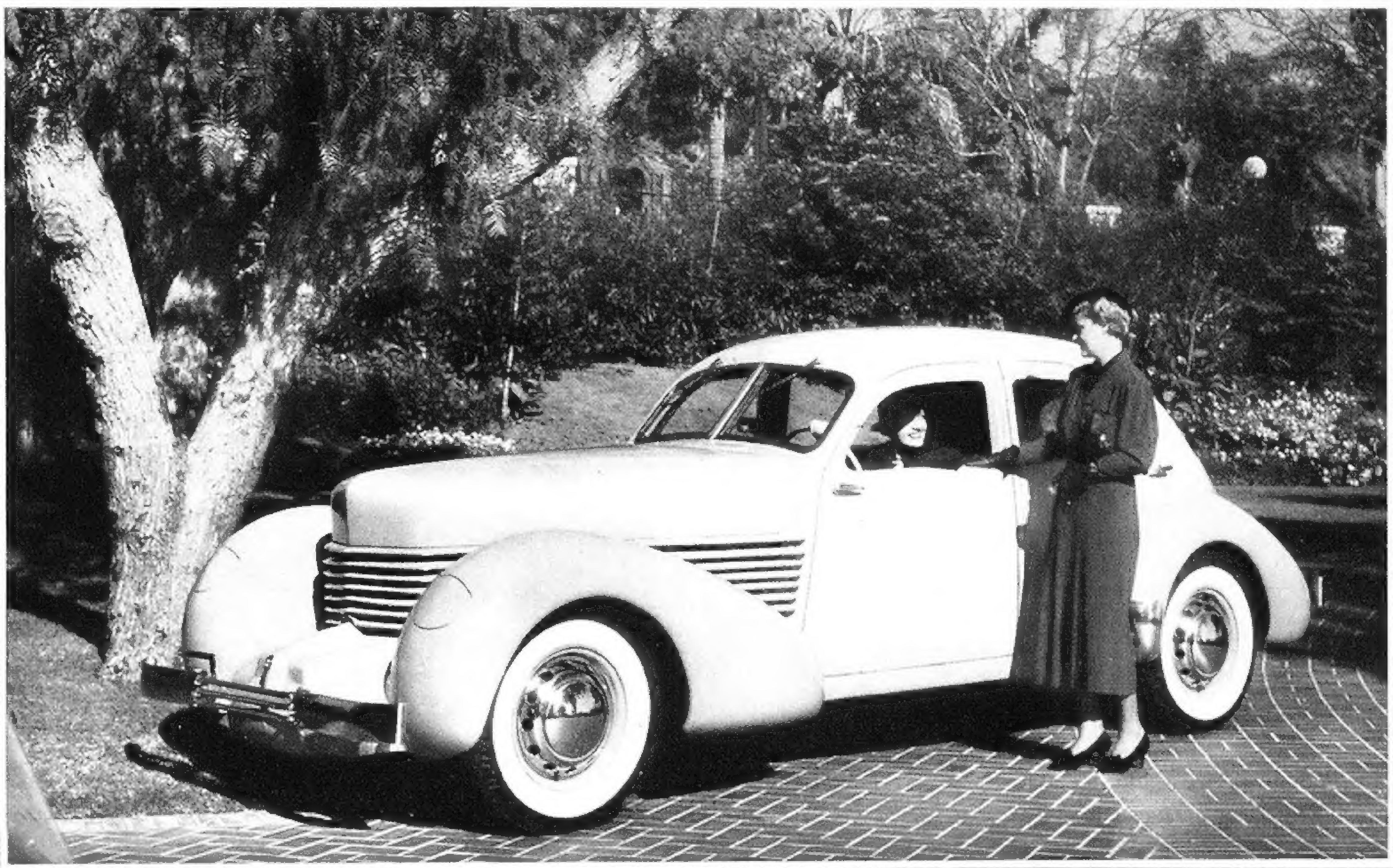

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Fellows, Hudaka, Goodman, Williamson and Stewart. .beginning on page 119

Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

A Stagedoor Stenchbomb

As a rule we pay no attention to anonymous letters but shortly after Johnny Weaver announced his intention to retire as drama-defender and we began dodging the horde seeking employment as drama jumper-onner in his stead, we began to get what has turned out to be a long series of the quintuple-goofiest letters from someone who signs himself, simply enough, "S. Choirboy," and who never identifies himself further except to say that he is, or will gladly become, our new drama delouser. Each of these letters contains at least one small capsule of theatrical criticism, at least one short but potent paragraph delivered as easily and impressively as one of Joe Louis' exploding hooks. The simile is apt, for these pungent paragraphs, like Joe Louis' punches, serve chiefly as sample demonstrations of what he could do if he ever had occasion to get going in a large way. For the rest, the letters are a queer and provocative mixture of piquancy and profundity (neither quality ever appearing entirely unflavored by the other) with a leaven of equal parts libel and blasphemy. We were itching to run excerpts, at least, in *The Sound and the Fury*, but Mr. Choirboy expressly asked us not to. (That was doubly disappointing, incidentally, because the *S. & F.* hasn't been half lively enough to suit us lately.) Meanwhile, we tried to penetrate his disguise of anonymity. First, because of the occasional expert lapse into a distinctive jargon, we suspected one of *Variety's* staff, but he immediately shrugged himself out of our suspicions. Next, because of a noticeable tendency to ring in numerous European references, we suspected Nathan. We wish we had a talkie of his fine disdain in the face of our suspicions, and that this issue were wired for sound so we could run the scene off for you. We *were* pretty naïve, of course, to suspect the redoubtable George Jean of anything so little characteristic of him as a desire to be anonymous. Well, after that we began guessing wild. Certain things in each letter showed them to be the work of someone who knows Esquire like a book. We thought of Rascoe, but checked that possibility out upon reflecting what a job it is for Rascoe to get his copy for one department in on time, let alone tackling another. (Incidentally, it's lucky that Burton is "the richest of the book critics," as sage McIntyre alleges, as the cost of wiring in his copy must just about balance the husky monthly check we send him). We even suspected Hemingway of being Mr. Choirboy, but Hem is back in Key West where, though he can smell a phony farther than any man alive, it's hardly fair to expect him to be able to see Broadway, even with his more than Indian eyesight. (Incidentally, if you're one of those who leaf past Hem's lead-off page with averted eyes and uplifted nose, on the chance that it's about fishing, don't do it this time because *The Tradesman's Return* on page 27 is a story, and what a story it is!) We even went so far, then, as to suspect that Mr. Choirboy might be Johnny Weaver himself in a practical jocular mood. Next we thought of Gilbert Seldes. He said he wasn't it, but he'd be glad to pinch-hit for the duration. Deadlines hold no fear for Seldes, who finds time to get around to everything and vice versa. (Incidentally, he's done a bangup job this month as *Esquire's Playboy, Pro Tem.*, as you can see for yourself upon reference to page 105.) Anyway, up to that point all these Choirboy letters had carried New York postmarks and then, to complete our befuddlement, one came from, of all places, Waukesha, Wis. All that suggested was that Choirboy might just possibly be Roundy, the barely literate sports commentator for one of the Wisconsin papers—probably the least likely guess of all. Meanwhile, Mr. Seldes has the situation well in hand, but we haven't. S. Choirboy is slowly but surely driving us nuts. Who is the guy?

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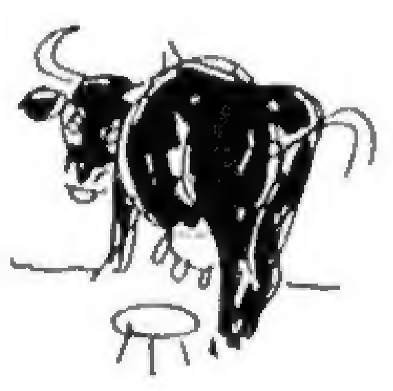
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

COWS AND CONTROVERSY

Return to Lavinia was, as you insisted, a beautiful story. Maybe you slipped in the little footnote simply because you desired comment and controversy. It wasn't necessary; you're getting both by now, in ample quantity. There is the usual percentage of horrified 100% American subscription cancellers, who will term it anything from ghastly to a travesty on the national something or other. But many, remembering too Langston Hughes' *Good Job*, will applaud you for giving them such unusual stories—unusual perhaps not so much in plot as in the rarity with which they appear in national magazines. Erskine Caldwell needs no compliment from us. The check you gave him and the satisfaction he must have had from a good job well done were ample. To Esquire, then—all the orchids.



The *Gold Star Mother* piece was no more than mildly amusing. In the first place the big *black* cow that slobbered all over Mrs. Gold Star should have been a Mrs. Holstein, not Mrs. Guernsey. In the second place respectable Holstein, Guernsey, and Jersey cows do not make a practice of raising hammer fodder. They are well content to produce plenty of wholesome milk for the national tummy, leaving the thankless job of beefing to less aristocratic, more broadbeamed relatives, including Hereford, Shorthorn, and Aberdeen-Angus. But maybe the author just didn't know his cows.

Where was G. McStay Jackson?

Very truly yours,

Cameron, Wis. Harwood Allen

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

I have at last devised a method of reading Esquire that permits me to read it and comply with my doctor's vagaries at the same time.

"Esquire is too heavy to hold up and read for a man in your condition," the Doc warned one day, "why don't you get ten five-cent weeklies and read one at a time?" Can you imagine the sissy?

You and your readers don't realize perhaps, but trying to cure tuberculosis in a sanatorium is a task for Sisyphus. Doctors know what isn't good for it but they admit they don't know what is!

So they contrive: "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie!" Yes sir, 70,000 incarcerated tuberculosis valetudinarians in the United States know that one.

Some, like I, in no condition to sit or stand, may be warned that the "Es" is too heavy. Thinking in this case is usually designated as exercise.

Therefore when the medical savant makes rounds he still finds me reading Esquire—with the pages torn out holding up one page at a time.

Warrensville, Ohio Edward R. Nier
Sunny Acres Sanatorium

BYE BYE, LITTLE MANN, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY

Since I am a die-hard of the first order I have consistently refused to read your magazine until that day when you published a short story by Thomas Mann. At that time I became convinced by that act that yours was a worthy cause and one to which I could easily contribute half a buck per month. Now I am having a hell of a time picking up second hand Esquires in the local shops, but to date I have acquired the major portion of them.

I should like to reply to a letter in the latest published issue and to make a suggestion or two:

Mr. Wessell, you have commented on a short story by Aldous Huxley in the November issue. You only confirm an opinion I have long held that of all those alive and practicing the art of writing Mr. Huxley with one exception knows less about it than any other plumber or greengrocer's runner of extreme simplicity and no learning. What Mr. Huxley was trying to do was performed by Homer in his two works and is being performed today by Thomas Mann in his newest trilogy and was used by him in his *Buddenbrooks* and in *The Magic Mountain*. It is a trick whereby the artist by constantly associating an adjective or an adverb with a single character obtains for that character more reality than he might achieve in another way. Generally it is used only with unimportant or colorless characters, and so they take on importance and color. Mr. Huxley, of course, does not know how to do this any more than he knows how to set the alarm-clock in my room. But, if you will read *Buddenbrooks* and observe how every time Herr Mann refers to Frau Consul Elizabeth Buddenbrook he always inserts parenthetically "born Kroger" or how Homer always mentions Phoebus as the "far-darter," you will understand Mr. Huxley's failure and will I hope stop reading him and so deprive him of two-bits with every new publication.

As for suggestions:

(*a*) I mentioned above an exception to a rule: He is Mr. Hemingway. That idiot knows nothing about writing. He commits every error known to the art to a grade school teacher, and the critics laud that technique. To me it is exactly what it is—just so much tripe, and although I have only recently risen from a sick bed, I will be glad at a minute's notice to punch Mr. Hemingway's snoot if it will quiet him forever. Also, I have a few nice friends, and it abhors me to have to chide them for reading Mr. Hemingway's folder as one of them calls your publication.

(*b*) Admit women to every department of your magazine. Sigrid Undset is not exactly bad; Virginia Woolf is not a slouch and a modern Scheherazade would make some of your terribly masculine readers open their eyes when they arose in the mornings, unashamed and gleaming.

(*c*) Your articles on medical subjects, rejuvenation and plastic surgery are a pleasure to the heart and mind and I trust that you can do the same toward popularizing psychology and sociology. Writers such as Menninger and Woodworth could help us a lot in the first field and Keller and Briffault could do you a world of good in the second.

(*d*) I myself like serials in a novel, but I should, should you care for this idea, prefer that you serialize a *good* novel, say, volume three of Mann's *Joseph and His Brothers* or volume five of Romains' *Men of Good Will*. If stories are translations, can I know the name of the translator?

(*e*) Steig and Soglow draw some very droll pictures and I should like to see the latter decorating the pages of *Sound and Fury* instead of the present drawer whose pencil seems not only to lack humor but to have no soul.

I guess that's enough for a year or two and so, bye bye.

New Haven, Conn. H. L. Mann

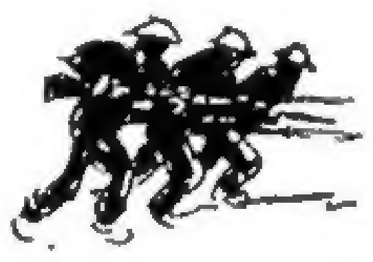
Excuse please, paper and typing, I am very busy.

Editor's Note: *You wouldn't like Key West.*

QUIXOTE NEVER DIES

Have been reading your mag quite some time and am just waking up to the fact that what the country needed was Esquire instead of a good five-cent cigar. And now, having done right by mine host, to business.

Our mutual friend Meyer is a man of parts. But alas! he tangles with the Empire State building instead of windmills.



Just paid forty cents to see his pet anathema, *Annapolis Farewell*, and came away impressed—with the power of fife and drum. I am a peace-loving young man by nature, but that picture made me want to grab a battleship and head for the nearest war. Ashamed, I admit it. But let's face facts.

All Gaul is divided into three parts:

People who are not averse to war if it is profitable.

People who think and act like sheep.

People who violently oppose war and write to Esquire.

The first group controls press, radio and screen. And Oh, Lord, what a mighty host it is. It is, *per se*, public opinion. As a people we do as it commands; think what it chooses to have us think; fight when and where it wants us to fight.

Brother, brother, can you picture to yourself the havoc group 1 can do in the space of twenty-four hours? To put us into war within a week would be as easy as shooting fish in the bathtub.

The forgotten man still regards the printed word in his morning paper as the gospel truth and secretly wonders how he would look in a second-lieutenant's rig. They have us where the hair is short.

And by the way. You might as well yield gracefully to such ads as those on women's hats. They'll make you in the end. But stand up for your rights. Draw the line at panties and brassieres. They are fine—yea, even enchanting—in their places. But not in Esquire.

Peace-lovingly yours,

Redlands, Calif. Hugh Irvine

ADD FILM FABLES

If Nick is going to Grinde out a sequel to his article in the December issue which was entitled *Whimsy by the Mile*, we suggest he call it *Hooey by the Mile*.

Don't get us wrong, he hit the nail on the head when he reviewed the improvement in the cartoon industry — but we're still looking for the fabulous salaries he claims we get.

As the article might inspire amateur pencil-wielders from afar who seek fame and fortune in the cartooning field to leave happy homes, we have been prompted by the local Chamber of Commerce to check the mounting population by revealing a few true facts.

(1) In case you are thinking of taking up the work; as an inker you would be sadly disillusioned to discover your pay check a scanty fifteen or sixteen dollars a week instead of the generous forty-five mentioned.

(2) And your budget would have to be cut in half if you had expected to start as a painter on the thirty dollars a week.

(3) Being inbetweeners ourselves, we've waltzed around till we're Disney and Mintz-ed till we're Pop-Eyed, but still can't do any Harman-Ising on sixteen a week. And if we could find the studio that did pay twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, we'd be a lot Fleischer.

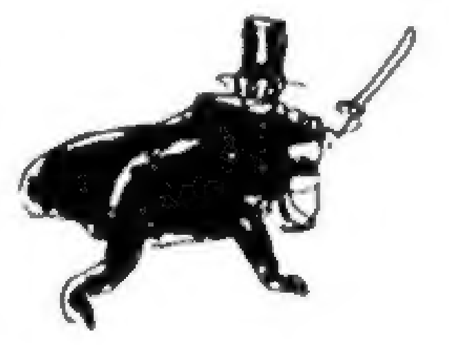
We are 100% behind Nick's idea of what we get; but the studios are 100% behind in the pay itself.

Must retire as tomorrow will see us again penciling chuckles at the same old rate of income as ever. Yours truly,

Hollywood, Calif. G. W. and H. C.

THINK PICNIC SOUNDS SIMPLY WONDERFUL

If there is such a thing as guidance by the dead, then Edgar Allen Poe must exert a great deal of influence over you. Your magazine, as far as the fiction department is concerned, could easily be edited under the title of "Horror Stories." Morbid is the old standby to describe that department. In the last three issues of Esquire there were thirty-four narratives. Of these, twelve dealt with death—accidental—suicide—murder. This is better than thirty-five per cent of the total.



Of a less sordid nature are literary endeavors of war—madness—disease—and crime. Of course there is a generous supply of sex—either disappointed or distorted. The miscellaneous matter usually deals with the slums, the poor, the feeble, the halt, and the blind.

After hours of such stuff, one is left with the feeling that he has just emerged from Devil's Island with leprosy and a perverted sexual mind to view a premiere of *And Sudden Death*.

Death comes once to every man; sex more frequently (I hope), with poverty and disease possibly thrown in for good measure. All of these are undoubtedly proper at times, but such things must be indulged in with moderation, so I've been told, or disastrous results are apt to ensue.

It would be a wonderful feeling to put down Esquire and face the world with a smile for a change, instead of expecting to find a war, a leper colony, a murderer, a few corpses, a raper, and a fairy holding a picnic on the front lawn. What think you??????

Criminally yours,

Athens, Georgia Charles J. Brown

FRENCHMEN ARE SHORT

In *Young Girl in the Snow* in your December issue, M'sieur Maurois has the hero announce to the girl who has just jumped in the window that he will take the couch into the bathroom and sleep there.

Now, one of the jewels in the crown of modern civilization is the bathroom. A small jewel, of course. There is usually room—and a place—to sit down, providing one's chin does not jut too far. But room for a couch? Fie, fie! Even the funny papers put 'em to bed in the tub.

But Author Maurois has shelter behind which to crouch. The editor, coming upon the couch-in-bathroom incident, labeled the story *satire*.

Sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. R. L. Grimes

THE COLUMNS NEVER CLOSE

Three things justify war: An invading army, navy, or air force. Close the columns.

S.S. Japan Arrow Cliff Sandberg
Texas City, Texas

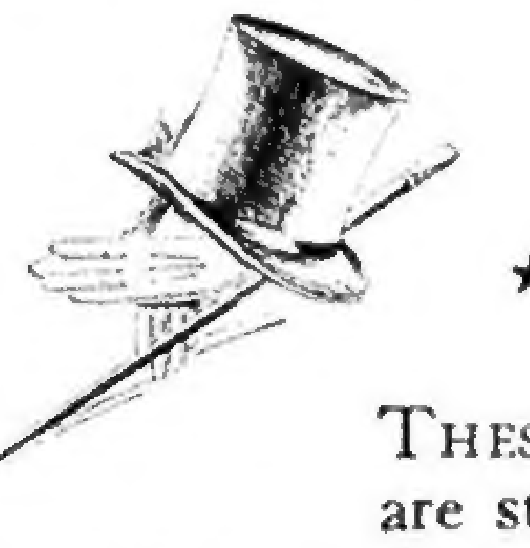
Continued on page 8

★ ★ ★

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT SEDAN

To Travel
AS GENTLEFOLK SHOULD

Airflow CHRYSLER



★ ★

THESE charming people are stepping from a gracious home to a gracious motor car . . . a car so different that it's really a new adventure in travel.

They will enter their Airflow Chrysler through a door like a house door . . . with no cutaway bottom to drag a smart frock over a dirty fender.

They will ride without crowding or crushing . . . they have room to sit as they would in a room . . . the proud top hats need not bow.

They will sink into billowy upholstery. They will float along over any road they encounter. They will ride in an armor of steel protection . . . *inside* the frame of the car.

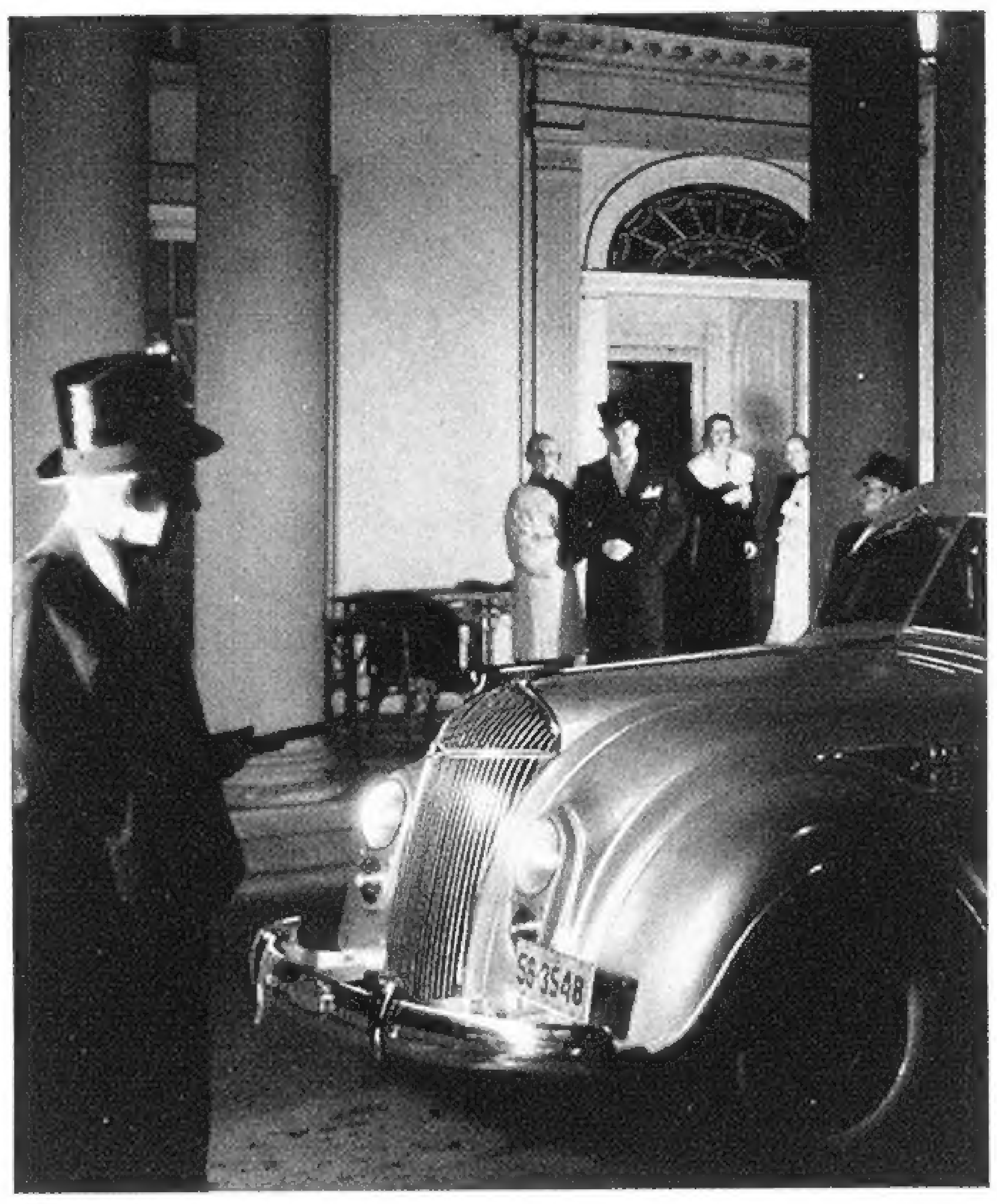
With the magic of Automatic Overdrive, their car will take touring speeds with the engine loafing. It will give them economy out of all proportion to its size and weight.

* * *

All these things are obviously a delight to discriminating people. They can be found only in a car of Airflow design, because it is this design alone that makes them possible.

★ ★

Until you have ridden in an Airflow Chrysler, you cannot possibly imagine its luxury. If you haven't had this experience, perhaps you are missing something really fine and rare.



★ ★

Phone your Chrysler dealer and arrange for a ride . . . a good long one of forty or fifty miles. Then you will understand why the constantly growing group of Airflow Chrysler owners numbers the most enthusiastic motorists in the world.

☆ 1936 CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. Six body types. Prices $760 and up. Four-Door Sedan with integral body-form trunk $875.

☆ NEW CHRYSLER DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase. Seven body types. Prices $925 and up. Four-Door Sedan with integral body-form trunk $1045.

☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and six-passenger Coupe $1345.

☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and six-passenger Coupe $1475.

All sedan models have integral body-form trunks.

All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra. Ask about the new Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit 6% Time Payment plan.

Wouldn't you like a catalog?

We will gladly send you our 1936 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12226 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

★ ★

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

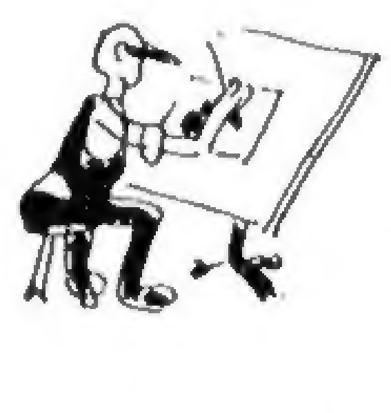
INTIMATION OF IMMORTALITY

In the December issue of Esquire (*Autobiography of a Two-Year-Old*) may be found: "We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is * * *." So do we! If it is true that you have been able to induce almost 300,000 persons to pay 50c monthly for Esquire, Puck must have been right when he was credited with saying: "What Fools These Mortals Be."

Yours truly,
Mena, Ark. Bob Berry

WHAT ANIMATES THE ANIMATED CARTOONISTS?

Just a word of protest—and not so humble either! It's about that article you printed, revealing some of the intricacies of animated cartooning. Now—you may reveal anything you want, the more the better. Perhaps there will be fewer people who will ask me, "Do you do all those by hand?" and "But what makes them move?" etc.



The writer of that piece had his statistics down pretty well—sixteen per foot, twenty-four per second, etc. His remarks about the general improvement of the pictures were just swell too—*But*—and what a *but*—someone was sure kidding somebody about the size of the weekly stipend!

You see—I earn my cake and caviar (?) by drawing animated "pitchers," and, few people really know what I earn—rather, what I get. But there are those (outside the family) who certainly wish I earned more than I do. I'm afraid that some of them will read that damned fairy-story and then they'll all be around to see me.

I'm an assistant animator or "break-down" man. Perhaps some day I'll be an animator—I expect to. In the meantime I am under a contract at a salary of just a little over twenty ($20.00) bucks per week! Yeah! Sure! Positively! Yes—I work for a first-class company with major releases! The "inbetweeners'" salaries range from twelve dollars a week up to twenty, and in a few rare cases—those who will never become animators—to twenty-five. Animators get all kinds of salaries. I know good animators who are working for thirty dollars a week, and very good ones who get fifty. There are those of course who have been at it a long time, who started in the days when they paid good money, who are getting a hundred a week and more—but those days are definitely over I'm afraid. The girls who do the inking and painting usually work by the hour and make from ten to twenty dollars a week—not many get more.

Most of the boys are darn good artists and are worth a lot more than they get, but there are too many kids with artistic tendencies who are willing to learn "inbetweening" for ten or twelve dollars a week, in the belief that after a while they will be animators earning the money that your writer mentioned.

One studio takes on young fellows every now and then for a "trial" at practically nothing a week. After a few weeks most of them are let out, those who show exceptional promise are kept and put under contract at a low figure. Those that are out, having had some experience, go around to the other studios looking for a job. They will work for such small salaries that there is little hope of an inbetweener ever earning much any more. The best ones will learn to be animators and soon there will be enough of those to bring the salaries down—far below where they are even now.

"Be a cartoonist and earn big money!" Pardon me please while I sign off—Also—Just in case you print this—please, for obvious reasons, omit my name and address.

Thanks.
Hollywood, Calif. ....

UNBOOSTERLY ESQ

You probably won't print this letter because (*a*) it's written by a lady (?) and (*b*) it contains little enough profanity and quite enough inanity, to make it decidedly dull reading. But I MUST unload my hairless chest.

In your *Places to Go* you extol in the most utterly gushing and unmasculine manner, the so-called smart spots of New York City, and their dubious virtues. I'll bet my last year's Easter bonnet that half your readers have never seen New York City, and the other six don't care to.

What's the matter with the Yacht Club at the Edgewater Beach, where the motionful murals make the patrons seasicker than the Martinis? What's wrong with the Yellow Room at the Palmer House, than which there is nothing whicher than the cozy "cheaters' corners"? (Or wouldn't youse know?) Does the Chez Paree's new Cocktail Bar draw any kind of flies except barflies? Where can one drink a more potent, yea, even powerful, gin buck than is thrown at the Morrison's brand new Lounge—(anchovies, olives and bacon, etc., thrown too)?

You Chicagoans who live (mentally) in New York! You make me sick! PFUGH!

Lovingly yours,
Chicago, Ill. Lois H. Jones
(Oh yeah? That's my right name!)

P. S. The bright thought just struck me that maybe the blurbs which hurt my eyes are PAID FOR! Well, if they are, I'll just fold my skirts like the Arabs and silently steal away, and you'll play like this letter was lost in the mail.

ODD SHRDLU McINTYRE

Though generally disdainful of all types of fan-letter writers, I can't resist sending you the attached clipping from Odd McIntyre's column of December 4th, as clipped from the local paper:

Goofy mixture of dull and brilliant atifcotoy emfwy vbgkq shrd maftr writing: Ernest Hemingway's.

It is seldom that a columnist, assisted (?) by a linotype operator, presents such an accurate summary of public opinion. It seems to me that this settles for all time the controversy interminably waged in *The Sound and the Fury* as to whether "Hem" *is* or *isn't*!!!

Sincerely,
Elizabethton, Tenn. Roberta W. Pinson

ESQ AT PALM BEACH

Originating what promises to be a new vogue in smart bar decoration, Jack Mitchell, popular manager of the beautiful Sun and Surf Club down here in ultra-exclusive Palm Beach, has literally papered the east wall of the Sun and Surf's new cocktail room with Esquire cartoons and covers.

All of your favorite illustrators are represented. At the top of the group you will observe a series of misadventures of the aristocratic little gentlemen of James E. Liedloff's cover designs. Scattered throughout the collection are the works of Abner Dean, E. Simms Campbell, George Petty, Rodney de Sarro, Paul Webb, Howard Baer, and many others. The set includes approximately two hundred and fifty illustrations, equivalent to some two years of diligent collecting by Mr. Mitchell.

The blank spaces on the wall, as shown in the picture, are reserved for the signatures and trade marks of the many celebrities who make the Sun and Surf Club their rendezvous during the Palm Beach social season.

The Esquire motif has been continued in the statuettes which adorn the bar. You can easily identify Mr. Leidloff's hero of the cover sketches as the genial host on the bar proper; while the roley-poley image of George Petty's "Sappy Santy" or whatever he may be at the moment, is standing guard over the glasses.

The predominating colors of this room are red, black, and yellow tastefully and harmoniously distributed. The bar is done in red and black with yellow stripings across the front, on which the Sun and Surf emblem is superimposed. Drink making mechanisms and accessories are maroon. Tables are wrought iron with tops of brilliant yellow tile, and chairs are black with red seatings. Gay chintz curtains and attractive wall plaques lend deft touches of softness.

Combined with the vivid pigments used by Esquire artists, these colors create an atmosphere that members and guests of the Sun and Surf Club agree is definitely convivial.

Thought you'd like to know about this.
Palm Beach, Fla. Lawrence T. Cleveland

ESQ ON A TANKER . . .

Some months ago my watchmate and I "discovered" Esquire among the variegated reading matter which floats from hand to hand among a tanker's crew. Since then we haven't missed an issue—but sailor's wages being what they are, and the magazine's price what it is, we buy it by turns each month.

All the items in all departments are food for discussions which last for weeks between us, particularly because of their broadmindedness and general all-round excellence.

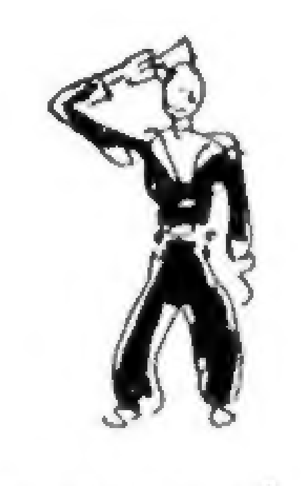
Occasionally we get ashore to the movies which Meyer Levin recommends in his infallible guide. That praiseworthy review of *Annapolis Farewell*, *Shipmates Forever*, etc., was aptly entitled "Poison in Saccharine." Imagine, if you can, our consternation upon reading the very next month Mr. Baldwin's article with its attempted glorification of the Navy and mention of incidents best forgotten. Why didn't you reject it recommending that the author submit same to the American Legion Monthly? The mild amusement with which practical merchant sailors regard red-tape navies is not wholly responsible for this outburst.

And while we're kicking, we want to put in a good stiff kick about December's back cover, which smacks too much of the tabloids. But let it pass—since we don't aspire to be football heroes, we'll stick to our pipes.

Unless Esquire bows still lower to the Golden Calf, consider us appreciative readers.

Yours sincerely,
S. S. Liebre, at sea. W. Mills and partner

. . . . AND ESQ IN THE FLEET



I am certain that all true sons of the "Navy Blue and Gold" join with me in expressing to Esquire and to Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin a sincere appreciation of the latter's fine article of that title which appeared in your December issue. My delight at finding a writer on Naval subjects, for general dissemination, who knows of what he writes, is unbounded. It happens so often that articles concerning our Navy, although written with perfectly good intentions, not only fail in their purpose of making the general public familiar with a service which is their own, but through gross misinformation create a wholly distorted picture of the Naval service in the minds of the readers. Obviously, Mr. Baldwin is one who has not made such a mistake, being, as I find from my records, *a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, Class of 1924*. No doubt that fact is responsible for his ability to set forth such an accurate description of the service as it really exists. He himself is one of those to whom he refers as "a part of the Navy" although returned to civilian life. Unfortunately, a complete knowledge of the service is denied to all except naval personnel by the demands of military secrecy, an essential to national safety. However, no censorship has ever been placed that could possibly hide from the public a full knowledge of facts of general interest. The officers and men of the Fleet want the public to know them and their work as well as is consistent with national safety, but they insist that such knowledge be accurate. The true facts are made available to the public in various ways by the Navy Department, but it remains for alert editors to complete the job by publishing such excellent articles as *Navy Blue and Gold* and at the same time repressing such articles as Esquire's October review of the moving picture *Annapolis Farewell.* I might add that it is rather difficult to fool the uniformed and that it is terribly unfair to mislead the uninformed. To these latter, allow me to once more recommend Mr. Baldwin's fine article, and if they'll come aboard on any visiting day—we'll do our best to furnish the added touch of a bit of genuine salt spray.

Sincerely,
U. S. S. Nevada W. R. Merrill
Ensign, U. S. Navy

TRENCHERMAN'S CHALLENGE

That article in the December issue, *Trencherman's Paradise*—I enjoyed it so much. Food as described—a la Berks—comes close to my heart, because I am a son of the land of "fette uxa un dumme leit" (Fat oxen and dumb people). Generations before me have fared on the same things, and with concern for posterity I hope as many generations after me do, too.

West Reading, Pa. Oan Hugh Thompson

P. S. Berks County Dutchmen can eat more than the ordinary Pennsylvania Dutch.

Continued in center of page 176

"Whiskies, you know, are like people"

"THE LONGER you live, the truer you'll find this to be.

"Whiskies are like people. Some of them you simply don't hit it off with at all. Others bore you after a little while.

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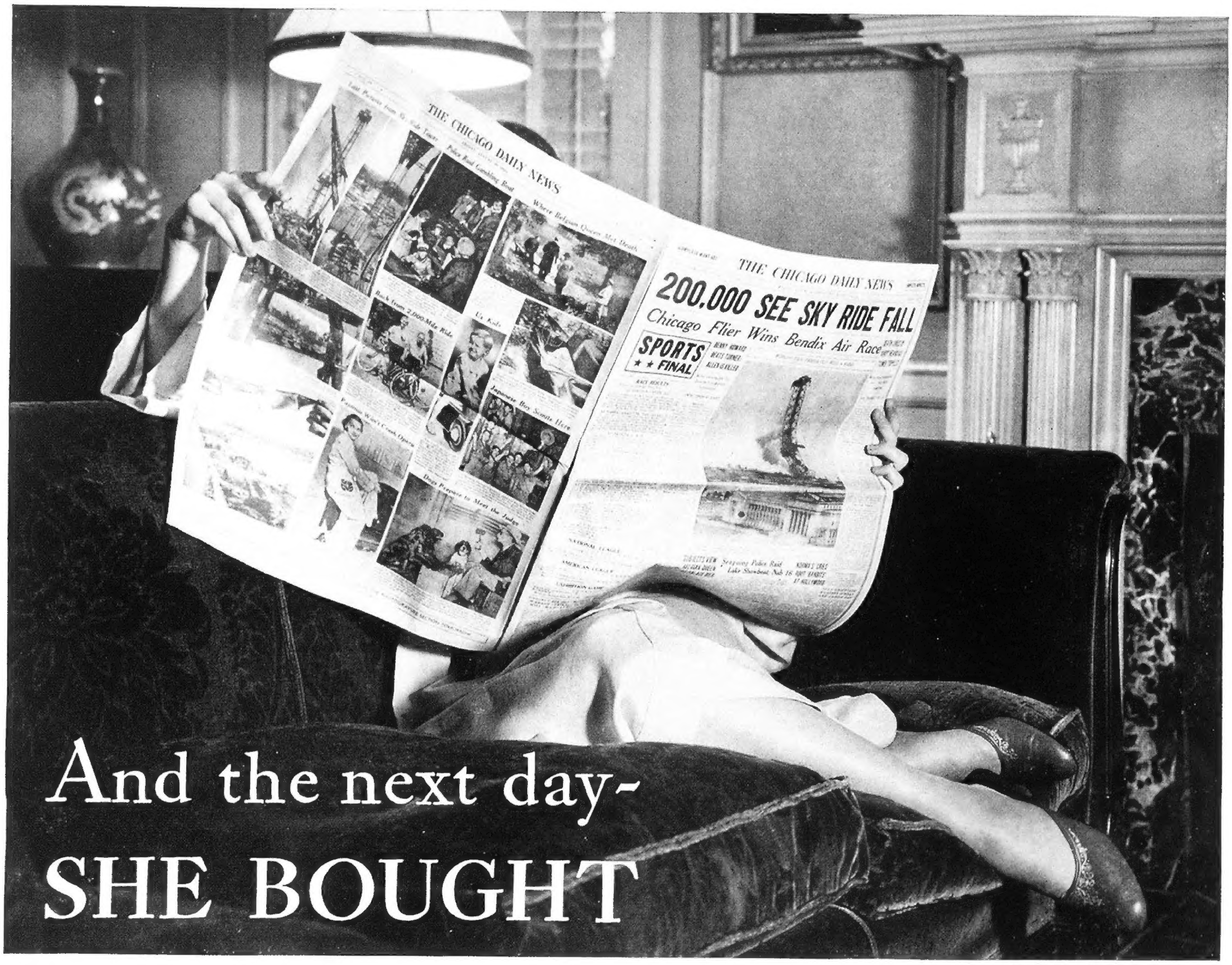

Photo by Clyde T. Brown

IN THE *evening*—at *home*—shopping-wise Mrs. Chicago and her trusted Daily News go into a conference. This is when she does her regular *night-before* shopping—this is when she decides what to buy—and where to buy it—*tomorrow.*

There is nothing unusual in this picture—it's a sixty-year-old custom in the more than 400,000 able-to-buy homes in which The Daily News is the *preferred* newspaper.

Because of its high editorial standards and strictly censored advertising columns, The Daily News enjoys the full confidence of its readers. They *believe* what they read in their trusted home newspaper and they *buy with confidence from Daily News advertisers.* And because more able-to-buy Chicago families *actually buy* from the advertising in The Daily News it's the most profitable advertising medium in Chicago *by a wide margin.*

The advertisers recognize and appreciate the advertising superiority of The Daily News. As far back as the records go, The Daily News has carried more total display advertising, more retail advertising, more department store advertising than any other daily newspaper in Chicago.

Tonight, when Mrs. Chicago settles down for a long, leisurely visit with her favorite newspaper and *shopping guide,* will you be there? Tomorrow — as surely as the sun rises — SHE'S GOING TO BUY!

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

—Chicago's Home Newspaper

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When *Doctors* "Feel Rotten" –This Is What *They* Do!

ARTIE McGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 47, is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Roxy, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman.

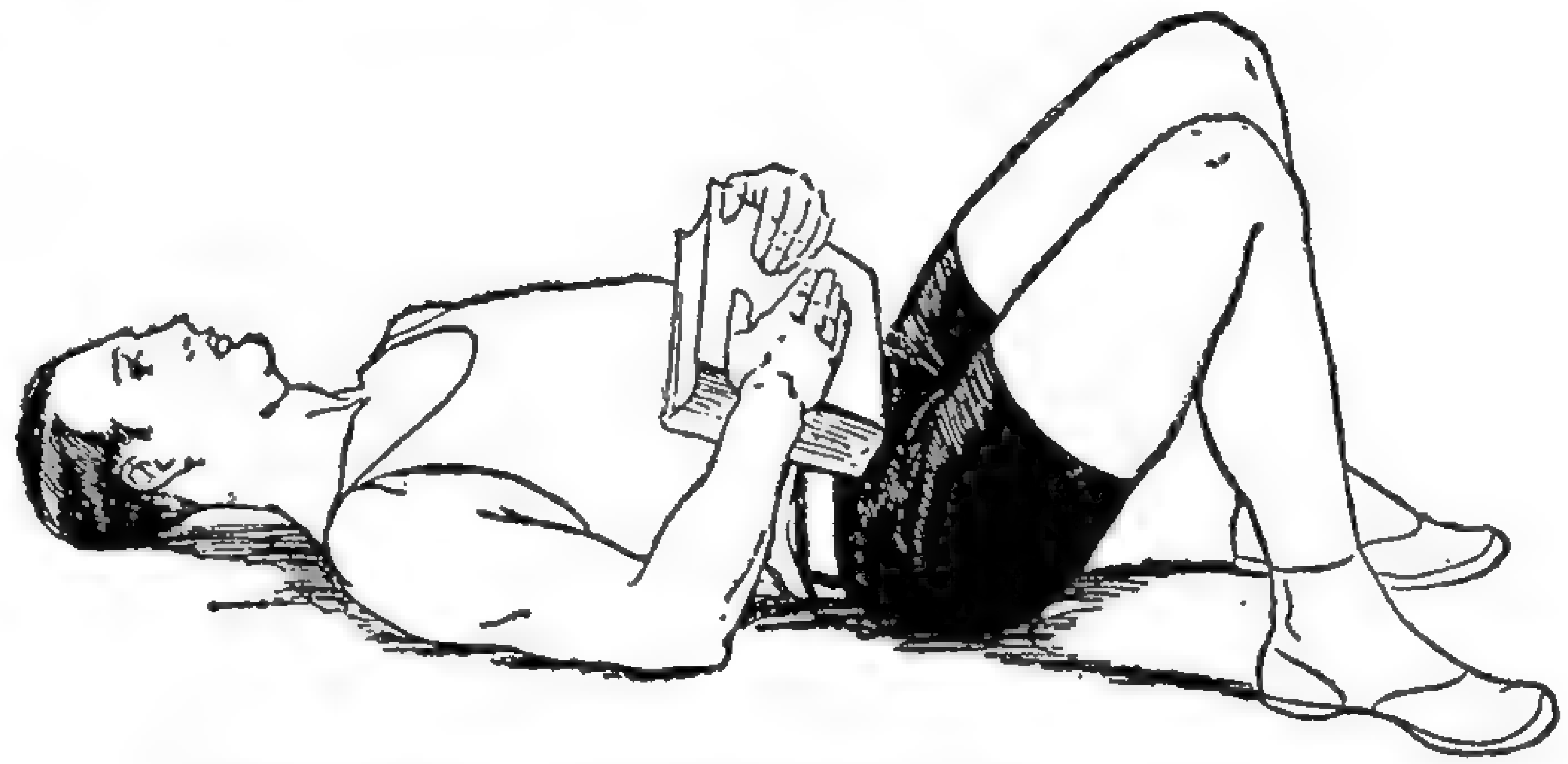
America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person *you* are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about *your* body, *your* health, *your* living habits. It shows the ONE *safe* way to control weight (the way *doctors* and *athletes* do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone-up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do *at home*—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down—Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.



The exercise shown above, which may be done while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you wave away all cocktails after the first one. He doesn't take your tobacco away from you or get you to juggle calories or vitamin schedules. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

SEND NO MONEY

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The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

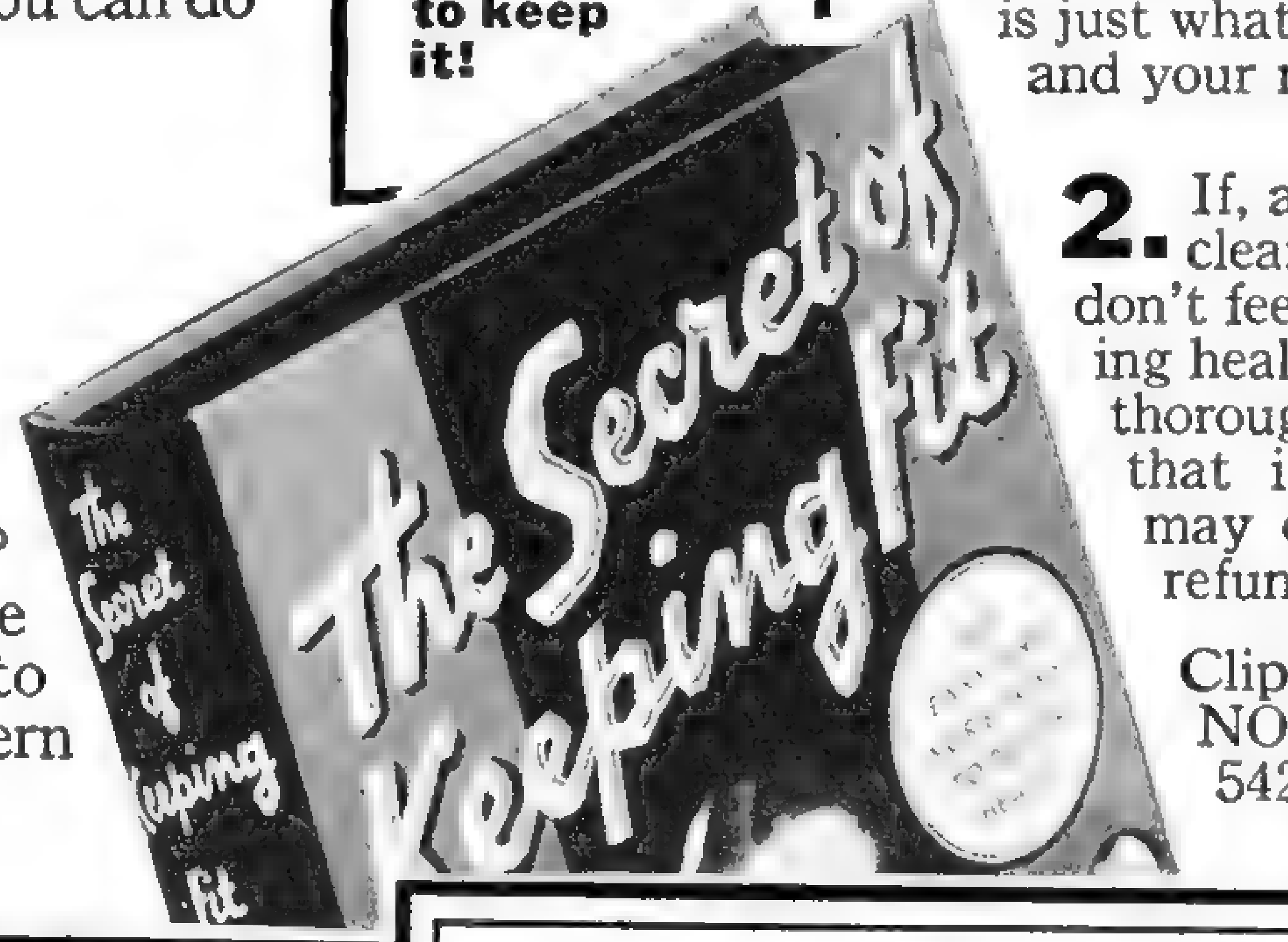
Price

$1.98

—IF you decide to keep it!

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT, deposit with him the Special Offer price of only $1.98, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for YOU—you may even then return the book for a full refund.



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	Before	*After*
Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49¾	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16¼	15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern course are Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrickson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

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"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results.

"Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I heartily recommend it to golfers, both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman."

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386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail, the methods Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men in all walks of life up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay $1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my $1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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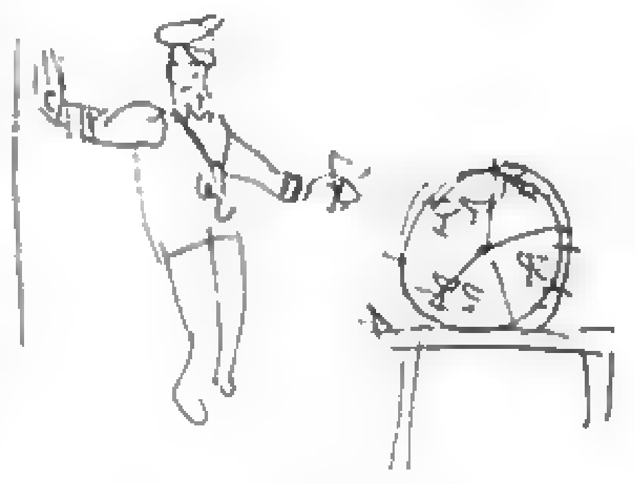
A cocktail serving tray built on the principle of a ferris wheel so that the glasses are always upright, has made its appearance. This should be a nice bit of gear for yacht owners who plan parties at sea, or for those less fortunate who do their own serving and are apt to become a bit careless as the rounds progress.

Great interest has been shown in the "Man on the Flying Trapeze", which appeared in our Gift Pages in the December issue. His popularity depleted the stock long before Christmas, but he is now obtainable again as well as his companions—a sailor who whistles "Sailors' Hornpipe", a cowboy who whistles "Home on the Range", and a hunting squire who bursts forth with "A Hunting We Will Go".



Combiners, who never cease producing combinations of this and that, have come forth with a clothes brush containing shaving and toilet necessities for travel. The top opens up with a zipper revealing the aforementioned appurtenances.

The wise crack possibilities of a fireproof mattress which has recently appeared on the market are so many and so obvious that we're content to report the fact without glorification. It's too bad Al Woods didn't have this for some of his bedroom farces.

The ladies having no compunction about taking the pelts of the most innocent animals for their fur coats, or skinning a snake for shoes, no eyebrow raising should result from the news that they've taken the hide off a tennis ball to make a sport coat. We saw it made in a model that resembles closely our favorite polo coat, and the mannequin was . . . but that's another story. The coat is intended for resort and cruise wear.

Tennis enthusiasts, forced by climatic conditions to forego the pleasure of indulging in their chosen sport, will greet with loud huzzas the arrival of a new type of tennis which may be played outdoors during the winter months. While ping pong, squash or badminton, played indoors, may serve as possible substitutes for the stirring action to be found in outdoor net games, Platform Paddle Tennis is the answer to those who like their exercise in the air—hot or cold. The game is the development of a children's playground game, originated about 1924 by Frank P. Beal. The adult interpretation is played on a wooden platform the size of which should be about 30' x 60' to allow for actual court dimensions of 44' x 20' for doubles play. The net is 2' 10" high at the center strap. With the exception of a few rules that take into consideration the physical limitations of the size of the court, the rules generally follow closely those laid down for lawn tennis. The ball used is of sponge rubber, about 2½" in diameter, and wooden paddles with some resemblance to the ping pong paddle, but larger, replace gut strung tennis rackets. They are either rectangular or oval shaped and may be perforated to overcome air resistance. A touch of squash enters into this activity as it is allowable to take the ball off the back or side enclosures after it has struck inside the proper court. The platform may be portable, made in sections so that they may be placed directly over a standard tennis court, during the winter months. Even a heavy snow fall need not prevent playing the game, as the participants can warm up by clearing the snow off the court before play begins. Equipment is obtainable at moderate cost, and a few of the handy boys around town can pretty nearly build the platform and net enclosures themselves. If you're interested, we'd be glad to get you all the dope.

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For those who like their coffee the way they like it, no matter where they may be, a small, compact and complete coffee-making kit has been devised. Those travelers who have experienced the distaste of the concoctions served as coffee in some of the most civilized of foreign lands, will consider this a boon from heaven.

Although our principal concern at the moment is the way and the means of keeping internally and externally warm in spite of the rigors of midwinter, the boys who make men's cotton shirtings are worrying about how to keep us comfortable next summer. They've found a way to eliminate the heat retaining qualities of smart shirt fabrics without any apparent change in their outward appearance. By some secret magic, the microscopic fuzz that surrounds shirting yarns has been dissipated, giving the fabric considerably more porosity. It practically sets up an air conditioning plant in each shirt.

Influenced no doubt by the joint diplomatic activities of France and England, French espadrilles for beach wear have made their appearance in British regimental colors, with a matching terry robe that carries a wide regimental striped border.

A humorous modification of the chastity girdle with which the Crusaders equipped the girls they left behind them has made its appearance. This contemporary and genteel interpretation is a pair of pink silk panties with a side seam closed by a talon fastener, at the top of which is a miniature heart-shaped lock. Appropriately embroidered in baby blue are the heart-rending words, "No, no, a thousand times no". You keep the key when you send them.

For snow-bound sportsmen who have found the task of juggling skis, poles, duffle bags and luggage to be no small matter, there is a carrying device built to fit around a pair of skis and poles that makes this ungainly impedimenta no more difficult to carry than a Boston bag.

Travelers returning from Mexico have come to us agog over their discovery of plaited leather shoes and sandals, called Huaraches. Natives of the land of tomales and tequila have expressed their inherent weakness for plaiting and braiding in these shoes and sandals. The flat leather lacings result in a texture which should be desirable in a shoe for southern resort wear. The sandals should work out well for beach purposes.

Men who have been squawking about the girls using our barber shops may get some satisfaction from the news that an internationally famous establishment for the treatment of women's hair has opened a shop exclusively for men. Some long-haired gent is liable to wake up in the midst of an intended hair cut with one of those nefarious devices, by which the ladies achieve their permanents, enmeshed in his tresses.

Game makers, quick on the trigger, have developed another parchesi interpretation with an Italo-Ethiopian background. Mussolini and Haile Selassie play prominent parts in the activities.

With pleasure boats of every size, from dinghies to deep-sea cruisers and with nautical accessories ranging from deck plates to Diesels, the National Motor Boat Show docks with the largest exhibit in five years, another out-of-the-depression indication. Interest is being focused on the standardized cruisers which are to be had at a cost from $2,000 to $5,000. They're as well equipped as a millionaire's yacht—lacking only the headache that goes with the big beauties' overhead.

ENTERTAINMENT

BELLE BART—World's Foremost Astrologist. Know what conditions prevail for you during 1936. Know favorable and unfavorable dates for social activities and business. Send complete Birth Data. Price $5.00 for 1936 FORECAST, including a two months' service of DAILY INFLUENCES and YOUR character analysis. Personal consultation by appointment only. International Bldg., Radio City, N. Y. Phone Col. 5-0560.

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A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k's, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.

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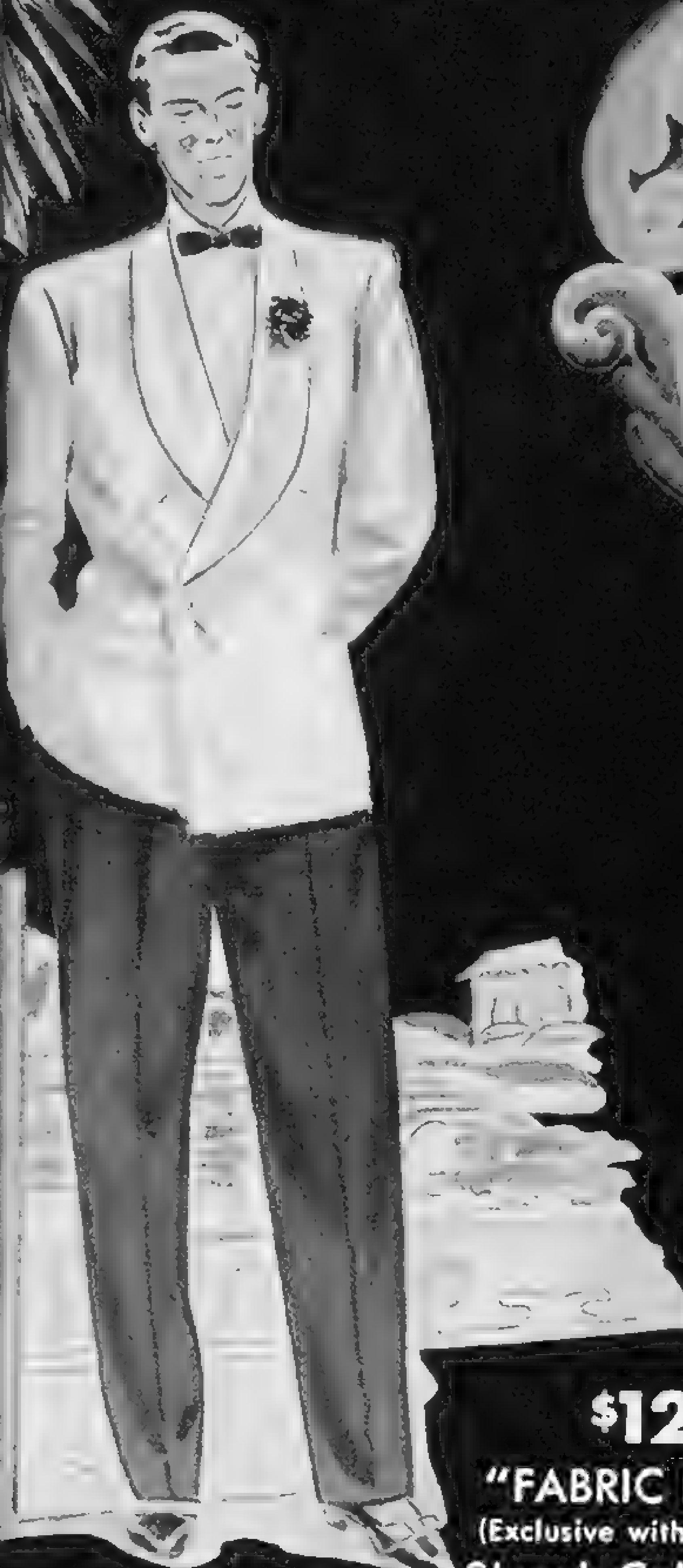

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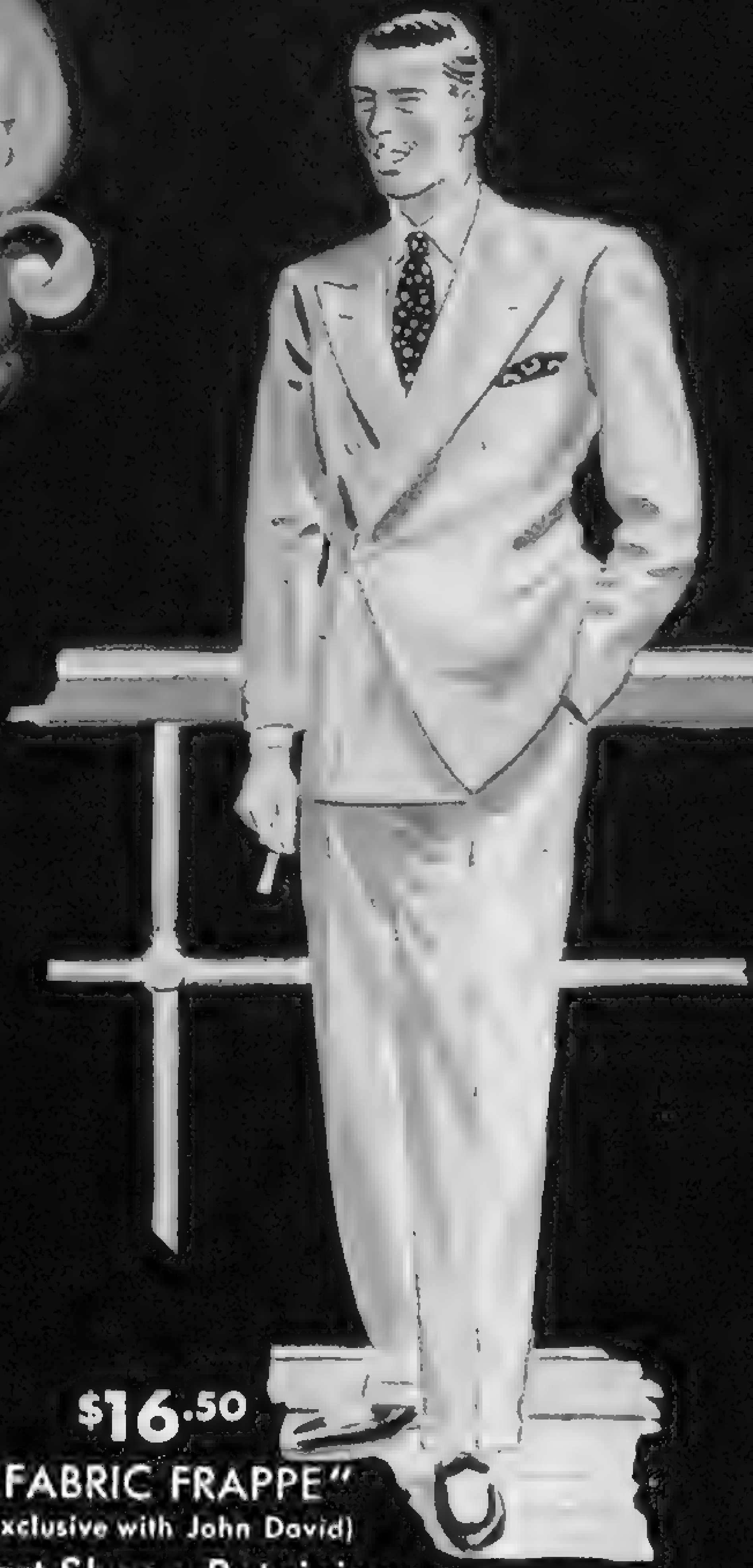
"FABRIC FRAPPE"

(Exclusive with John David)

Shawl-Collar White Summer Dinner Jacket

Single-Breasted or Double-Breasted

Black Tropical Worsted Trousers, $7.95



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(Top) Pure Worsted Sports Shirt with long sleeves and hairline Stripe. Choice of Navy with Copen, Navy with Red or Brown with White . **$3.95**

(Center) Pure *Celanese "Ragcloth" Sports Shirt with half sleeves. Choice of Maroon, Royal, Navy, Mocha, White or Maize . . . **$1.95**

(Bottom) Pure Worsted Sports Shirt with half sleeves and bold Stripes. Choice of Navy Blue with Red-and-White Stripes or Medium Gray with Black-and-Red Stripes . . . **$3.95**

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(Top) Quick-Drying *Celanese Swimming Trunks with ½ Belt attached and contrasting stripe at sides. Choice of Black, Canary, Navy, White, Rust, Brown . . **$3.95**

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Preferred — for its *natural* mint flavor. There are two kinds: the true rich green, and crystal white.

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MENTHE GLACIALE
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ENGHIEN

Julius Wile
Importers
SINCE 1877

Julius Wile
Sons & Co., Inc.
New York

If your children are not too cynical, it might be a nice thought to take them around to the Gay Nineties Bar. There they can hear the old songs played and sung in the costumes that were an integral part of such sentimentality. You might be lucky enough to see the one and only Al Smith get up on the rostrum and render the "Sidewalks of New York". Or if not, there are plenty of other braves from Tammany who will join in the chorus of old favorites. Perhaps it is better if your children are cynical, then they can cock an eye of disrespect at such sticky souvenirs. Or you could go alone and have a grand time weeping in your beer. It would take a keen psychiatrist to weigh out the difference between "A Bicycle Built for Two" and "Red Sails in the Sunset", which two posies flower on the same stalk at this emporium and make a monkey out of a whole generation.

Thanks to the Astor estate or Mr. Muchenheim for the rejuvenation of the Astor Hotel. There are still some persons left who would prefer Broadway in its old aspect to the new Coney Island motive that has engulfed it these past few seasons. The Astor should give courage to others. The outward evidence of the new glands grafted on the old boy is the grand new bar, fronting on Broadway. A few shirt shops have been sacrificed to extend the present handsome bar to three times its old size. Around this oval bar, now the longest on the street, is room for several hundred after-theatre drinkers at tables. The bar proper is a stand-up affair, catering to the old custom of men's drinking. Fortunately those in charge have had the sense to retain the same general scheme, still the most successful use of the modern in town. Then the whole street surface has been covered with handsome Belgian marble, in the manner of the best Paris shops. Inside there are great goings-on. Everything is having its face lifted. The rooms have all been redecorated, with a tinge of modernism and real good color, the lobby has been transformed (yes even to the ancient chairs that held Ring Lardner's famous perennial waiting girls) and the pillars have been fixed so that they can't even lean against them. The old rose dining room has been captured from the soda and sandwich trade and will now be a part of the hotel as before. The Indian room and the roof will be ready by spring with something startling. Two sops have been thrown to tradition—the men's luncheon room, the hunting room, is as was and the old baroque banquet hall still contends with Roxy's rococo. The food as always is excellent and one of the few safe spots in that part of town for diners with money to spend. Oh yes, a new general manager has been added in the person of Mr. Bob Christenberry.

Or if you are in the centre of town you may drop into the Cafe Loyale at Fifth and Forty-third. There the genial Mr. Salzman will tell you that years ago he had a little place down near the famous Whytes on Fulton. Now Mr. Salzman occupies the arena recently vacated by Whytes when it left uptown. It is the sort of place where over a thousand can eat and dance for a dollar and where the orchestra, between your soup and fish, will burst into the strains of Mendelsohn's Wedding march, to note the presence of some happy couple celebrating their troth.

Fifty years in one place boasts Cavanaghs on West Twenty-third. They have weathered a good many tricks of time and somehow hang on to sufficient number of epicures to keep their flags flying. When the place started it was the centre of the then swank Chelsea neighborhood; now it is the goal of an expedition. But a trip down there is worth it for the fine steaks and other hefty food. The Sunday night dinner is somewhat of an occasion. But it is the kind of meal that ends up with hot mince pie, with brandy sauce and should be followed by a long Havana cigar.

Continued on page 18

SALON MADRID
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DINNER
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1-2-3 Rooms
Serving Pantries
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MADISON
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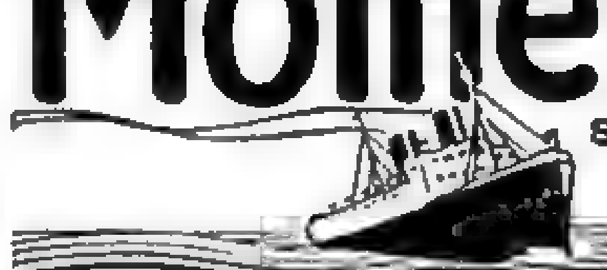
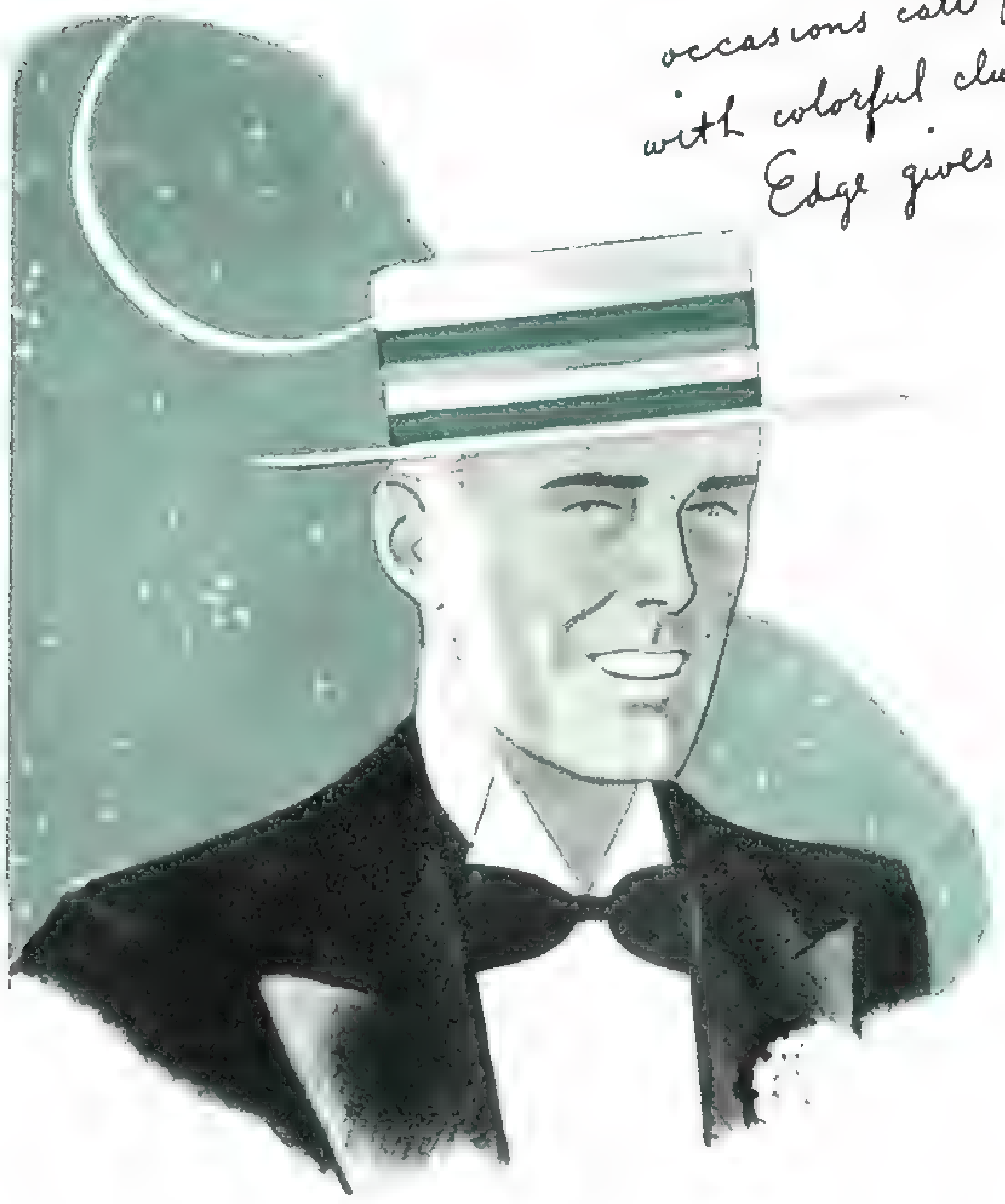


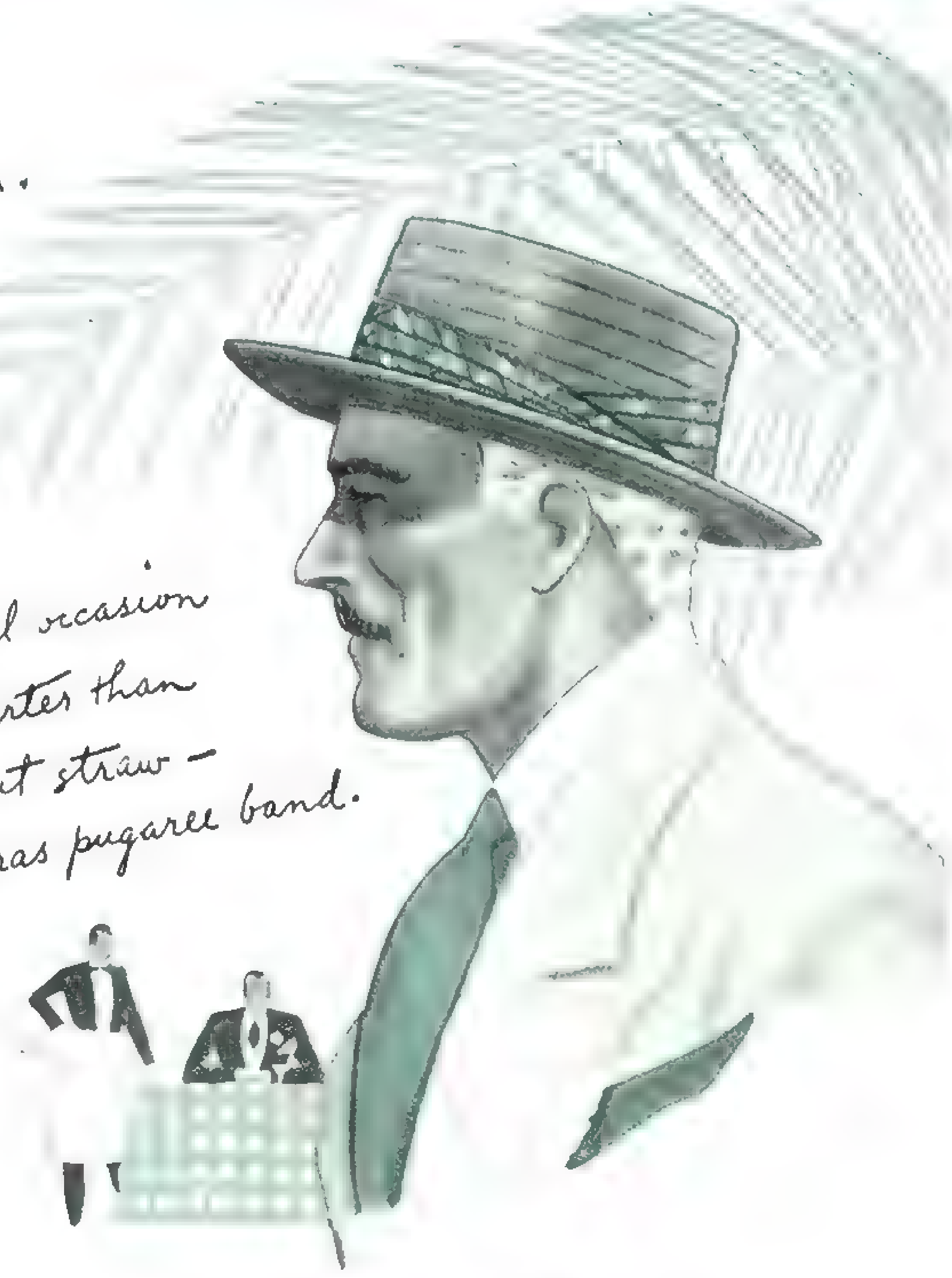
Guarantees Travel Comfort

DOBBS PRESENTS

The Correct Headwear for Your Southern Holiday

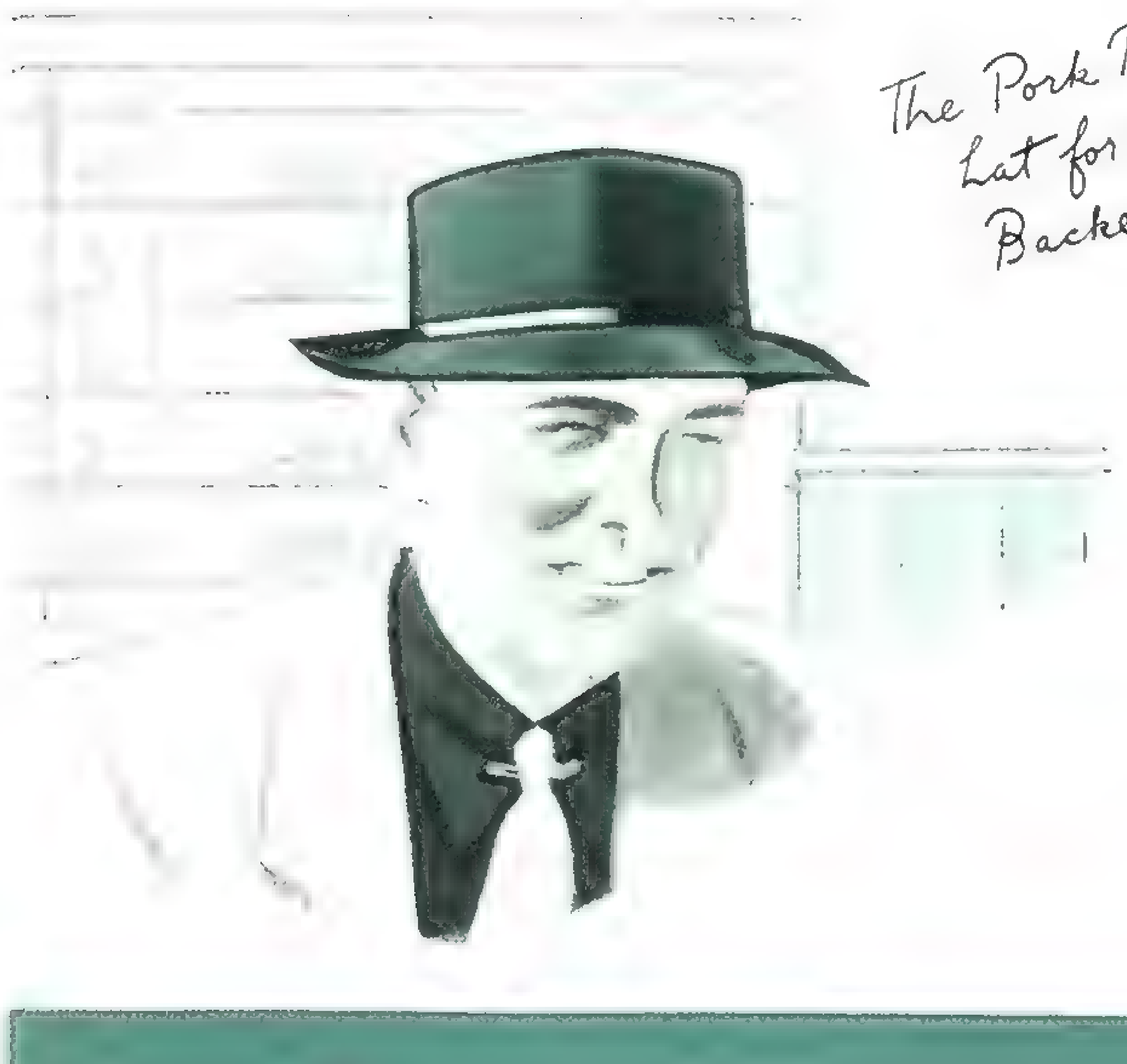
For cool comfort, more formal occasions call for the sennit straw with colorful club bands. The Cavanagh Edge gives this style a new distinction.

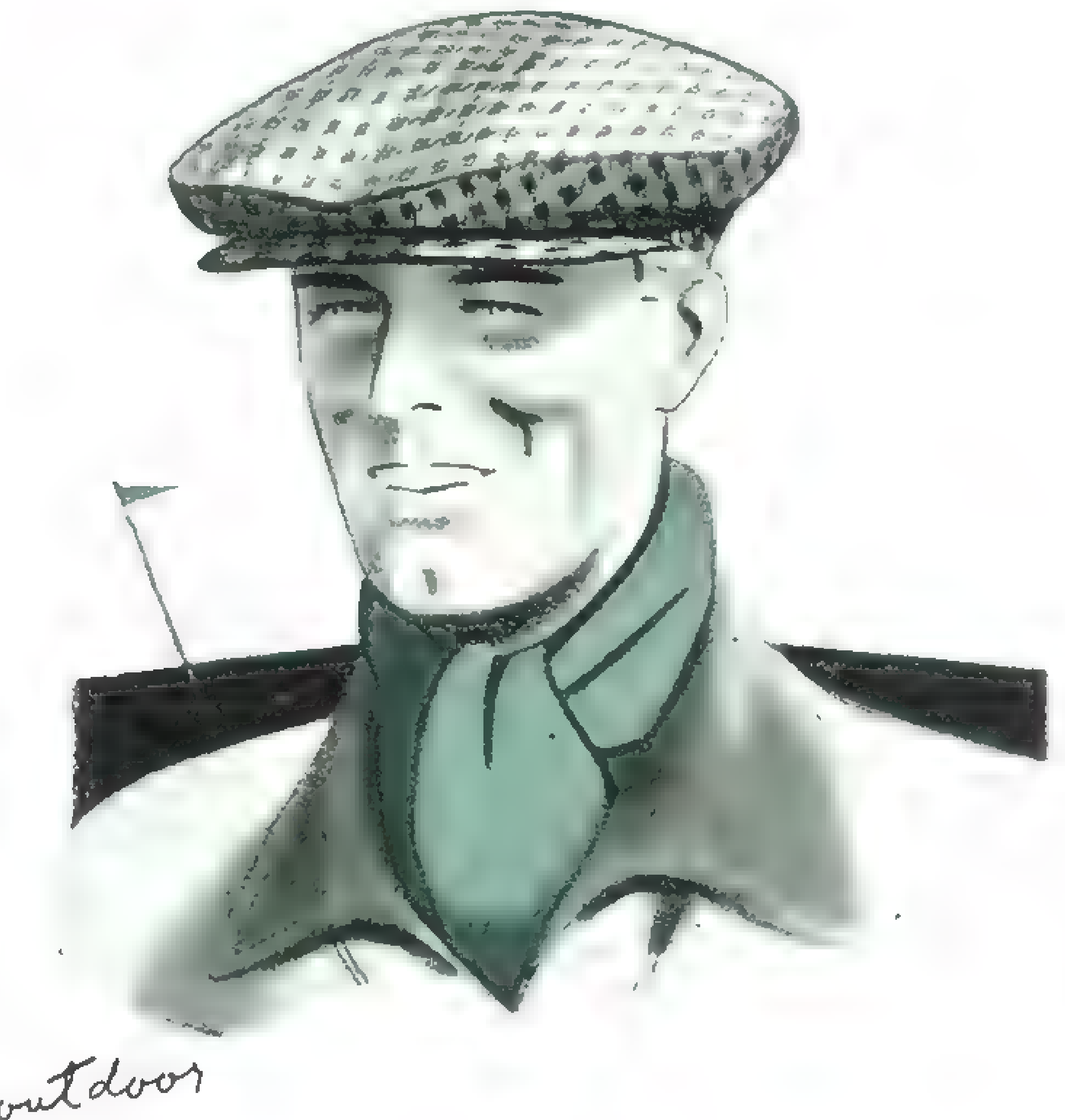




To top off the informal occasion there is nothing smarter than the new Nassau cocoanut straw — with the painted madras pugaree band.

The Pork Pie is the accepted hat for correct sportswear. Backed by Continental approval.





The cap resumes its rightful place in the outdoor picture. Particularly right for motoring and golf.

DOBBS

New York's Leading Hatter

711 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

BETWEEN 55th and 56th STREETS

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FOR
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...new dance rhythms...out-of-the-ordinary entertainment ...superb menus—all keyed to Manhattan's smartest tempo...
The
BILTMORE
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HOWARD LALLY
and his Orchestra
attract the knowing New Yorker to the City's most inviting Dinner and Supper Spot.
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FOR A
PLEASANT MOMENT
...or two...before train time, between appointments . . . or at the Cocktail Hour . . .
The new
BILTMORE
BAR
MADISON AVE. AT 43RD ST.
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Isham Jones•
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
NIGHTLY INCLUDING SUNDAYS
Blue Room •
DINNER...from $1 no cover.
SUPPER cover...50c except Saturday nights and holiday eves, then $1. Luncheon from 75c—with the Barker Trio.
Hotel LINCOLN
44th to 45th STS. at 8th AVE.

Ritz-Carlton
ATLANTIC CITY
EUROPEAN PLAN
Rates from $4. SINGLE from $6. DOUBLE
VISIT THE FAMOUS MERRY-GO-ROUND
DANCING DAILY AT COCKTAIL AND SUPPER HOURS

MIKE FRITZEL'S
★ CHEZ PAREE
America's
Smartest Theater Restaurant
610 FAIRBANKS COURT · CHICAGO

The St. Regis evidently has no intent to let any visiting firemen stray around town looking for entertainment. They so arrange it that after cocktails in the King Cole room the time is ripe for the Maisonette Russe, down in the basement. The place is so Russian it hurts, in spots. Personally I was glad to find the Imperial door attendant squabbling with a Caucassian hat check girl over the price of some Irish Sweepstake tickets. For a moment I had begun to feel I was the only non-Grand Duke present. It is a show well worth your money and if you want to impress your aunt or cousins from out of town, we know of no better method. The food is good, the music excellent and without provocation a lot of nobles come out and sing the songs of their country accompanied by the extended guitar. The place also has a happy idea of enticing the American to buy wine and has priced its cellar at decent figures. And wine is necessary for a dinner of bortsch, blini etc. One little feature this old grouch could dispense with—the ritual of the shaslik. If you happen to order that (pieces of lamb on a skewer) it is brought to you accompanied by everything except a brass band. First there is the headwaiter or his second lieutenant, followed by two sturdy Cossacks in red pants and black boots, bearing aloft a mighty spit of flaming meat with a tomato perched on the end. This is pried off into your plate, and if you are not too embarrassed, you can eat some fair to middlin' lamb. If the joint was under our direction, we would dispense with about six spear carriers and devote their wages to taking the chef down to Lexington Avenue and Twenty-Eight street on his nights off. There, in a little neighborhood Armenian restaurant, you can get shaslik that is something. But I am willing to admit I'm wrong as a showman; the American public probably prefers the torch-bearers.

Back upstairs again you will find one of the best dance orchestras ever invented. Emil Coleman has an informal way that fits in with the whims of the patrons. He seems on speaking terms with all of them and ready to play the favorite number at the crook of a finger or a lift of an eyebrow. The after-theatre entertainment is always excellent. It was my fortune to catch Eve Symington singing songs in French that my consort pronounced perfect and to see the debunking dances of the Hartmans.

Speaking of lifted eyebrows, I must write a letter of explanation to the suave head-waiter at Coq Rouge. When I was there I might have caused his to tilt a little as I blandly ordered white wine to go with my fowl. He didn't know of course that I am doing a little experimenting for the Consumers Association—an experiment of our own concocting, that if successful, may free this sad world. It is held that an American may drink the wrong kind of wine with the right kind of food and live several days thereafter. If he likes the wine and he likes the food, that is all that is necessary to his enjoyment. And digestion awaits on enjoyment, as any fool knows. So far, I am doing all right though it has been reported that several waiters in the swankier places have fainted when reaching the wine steward with my order. Coq Rouge, by the way, is always a delight. There were several ghosts hovering around and the next day we identified them: the place once housed an art gallery where native art fought and died its usual death. Something of the gracious atmosphere of its former tenants still hovers around as an aura. The entertainment is refined and the dinner, the best one of the month.

If you think that the Russian invasion is a menace, pon-

Continued on page 20

Versailles
A Continental Rendezvous for
LUNCH • COCKTAIL HOUR
DINNER • SUPPER
presents
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HARRY
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Tea Dances Every Saturday Afternoon
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Luncheon, Dinner, Supper
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Dinner and Supper Dancing nightly. (30 minutes from Manhattan, thru the Tunnel and over the new Skyway
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PRIX FIXE LUNCHEON, DINNER
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● Watch out, we're
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● LEON & EDDIE'S
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CAVIAR
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"Epicurean Rendezvous"
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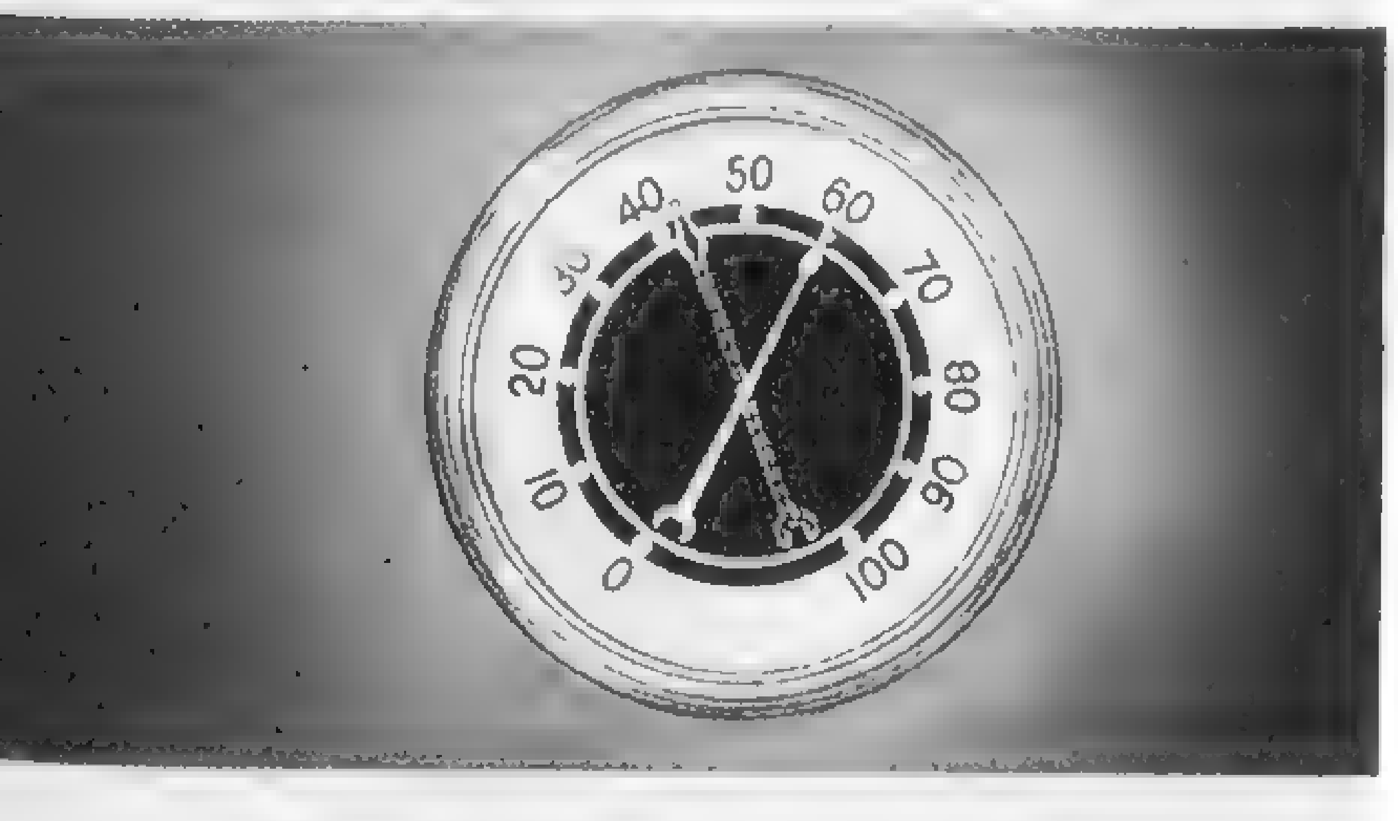
One of America's most distinguished motor cars

IS NOW PRICED BELOW $1000*!

*N*OT skimped and scaled-down models . . . but big 125-inch wheelbase sedans, priced from $835 to $995 . . . even safer, roomier, more luxurious than models formerly priced around $2,000. Offered by Nash Motors in its drive to double sales in 1936 without regard to present profits!

A BIG, 125-INCH WHEELBASE CAR! *Any way you look at it, the Ambassador is a beautiful, full-size car—not a scaled-down model. Compare its 125-inch wheelbase with other so-called big cars selling at much higher prices!*



NASH AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR! *Available at slight extra cost. Reduces engine revolutions about 1/3 at high speeds. Gives you an entirely new ride sensation. Saves 15% to 25% in gasoline; as much as 50% in oil!*

LUXURIOUS INTERIORS! *In the wide, deep, custom-upholstered seats of a Nash Ambassador, you ride in unsurpassed comfort. There's no skimping here in fittings or appointments. You get true big-car luxury throughout!*

The biggest, most luxurious four-door sedan in the entire Nash line for 1936—the Nash Ambassador Super 8! Priced at the factory below $1,000! Other 125-inch wheelbase Ambassador sedans priced from $835!

Nash Motors wants to be sure that you understand what this means. These are not scaled-down models of larger existing cars. There has been no skimping in upholstery, in fittings, or in those innumerable little refinements that you have a right to expect in a really fine motor car. In short, they are not "half-portion" cars. But the exact reverse.

The 1936 Nash Ambassadors are even more luxurious, even more powerful, even stronger, safer and more beautifully designed than models formerly priced in the neighborhood of $2,000!

They have a 125-inch wheelbase! Contrast that with so-called "big" cars selling at substantially higher prices. They have the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" engine that gives you 22% more power, 5 miles more top speed, 2 miles more per gallon than the same type of motor would deliver with single ignition!

Inside, they give you deep, custom-upholstered seats—wider than in any other standard type of car regardless of price! And plenty of legroom, too. The passenger who sits in the middle doesn't have to ride with his knees in the air. And there's enough headroom above you in either seat for a top hat to ride in peace. When you relax in a Nash Ambassador, you ride in luxurious comfort unsurpassed in any other car at any price.

If you are one of the thousands of people who have always hoped to own a Nash Ambassador, this is the year to buy it. Without regard to present profits, Nash Motors is determined to double its sales in 1936 by offering value which cannot be equalled. Any Nash-LaFayette dealer in your community will gladly arrange for you to drive this beautiful, new Nash Ambassador! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

The Nash Ambassador

125-INCH WHEELBASE SEDANS

* $835 *to* $995 at the factory. New Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up f. o. b. factory. 1936 LaFayette $595 and up f. o. b. factory.

NEW 6% C. I. T. TIME PAYMENT PLAN *Convenient 6% terms*

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

der a moment this Swedish business. It is an adroit Town Painter who knows his way around well enough to escape all of them. Time was when you went down to Henrys on Thirty Sixth Street when you WANTED a strange meal that would last you a week. But you did that consciously. Now the *smorgasbord* may jump at you from any corner. The latest we came across is the Phoenix, 1 University Place. Departing from the custom of most of its countrymen, the Phoenix is upstairs. The place is gay and treated in a modern manner. There are as many nick-knacks to eat as there are fish in the northern seas. After that, you do well to skip the dinner and jump right into the coffee.

Another visit took me to the famous Wivel. This is in a class by itself, a real sort of native place patronized by the natives. After the floor show has gotten out of the way, an artist appears with a truncated accordion and starts on the folk songs. The customers do the rest. While sixty-seven suave orchestras in other parts of the city are playing "Cheek to Cheek", the happy Swedes are giving it the reverse on the Wivel floor. It's something to see, if you like gaiety. They tell me it fills up two or three times a night, year after year.

The snappiest of the new arrivals is the House of Morgan. Even when the name-sake of the place is not around, it probably will lead the town in the matter of mere good looks and atmosphere. For S. Jay Kaufman, one of the directors, knows as much about these things as anyone extant. If you can forgive M. Kaufman for having given birth to the gossip column ('Round the Town in the old Eve Globe) you will doubtless be willing to hand him the bay leaf for his present endeavour. He certainly knows what the people want and how. To slip into my slippers and rocking chair for a moment, this painter recalls a hectic night in Paris where he had an eight course dinner in eight restaurants—one to a course—with M. Kaufman for a guide. Along about midnight I left him patiently trying to show the owner of a French sidewalk cafe just what was a sandwich and just how many francs the owner could make if he would only learn that the Americain must have his food that way. And he converted the Frenchman, to the latter's subsequent enrichment. Now any man that could do that . . .

Anyway the House of Morgan has the strangely beautiful Helen sitting on the same piano singing the same songs (when she is around). It also has the very best job of cafe decorating seen in these parts. It is not perfect but I doubt if we will ever see that. The Urban Associates are responsible and even if you don't like fun, the place is worth a trip for the beauty of it. Kaufman has imported a French chef, the tallest Swiss head-waiter extant and from nearby has caught a lot of unhackneyed talent. Lew Bring's orchestra and its tricks are refreshing at a time when the youngest of us tires at orchestra tricks.

Another of the old favorites with a few new trimmings is Mon Paris. If you can close your eyes and duck by the mongrel Louis in the front room and get to the bar, the result is worth while. The back room is gay and clubby having a certain steady clientele. There are two orchestras and about as good as any in town. The entertainment varies with the seasons, the chatelaine at the time of our visit was Cobina Wright, singing her sad songs behind her orchids and silver gloves.

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Formal Dinner and Supper Dancing
Donahue and Cugat Orchestras
Georges and Jalna—Dances
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EMPIRE ROOM
Dinner and Supper Dancing
Freddy Martin Orchestra
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WALDORF ASTORIA
Park Ave. · 49th to 50th · New York

DIVAN PARISIEN
"Le Restaurant Par Excellence"
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN" AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest selection imported vintage wines
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The Famous
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

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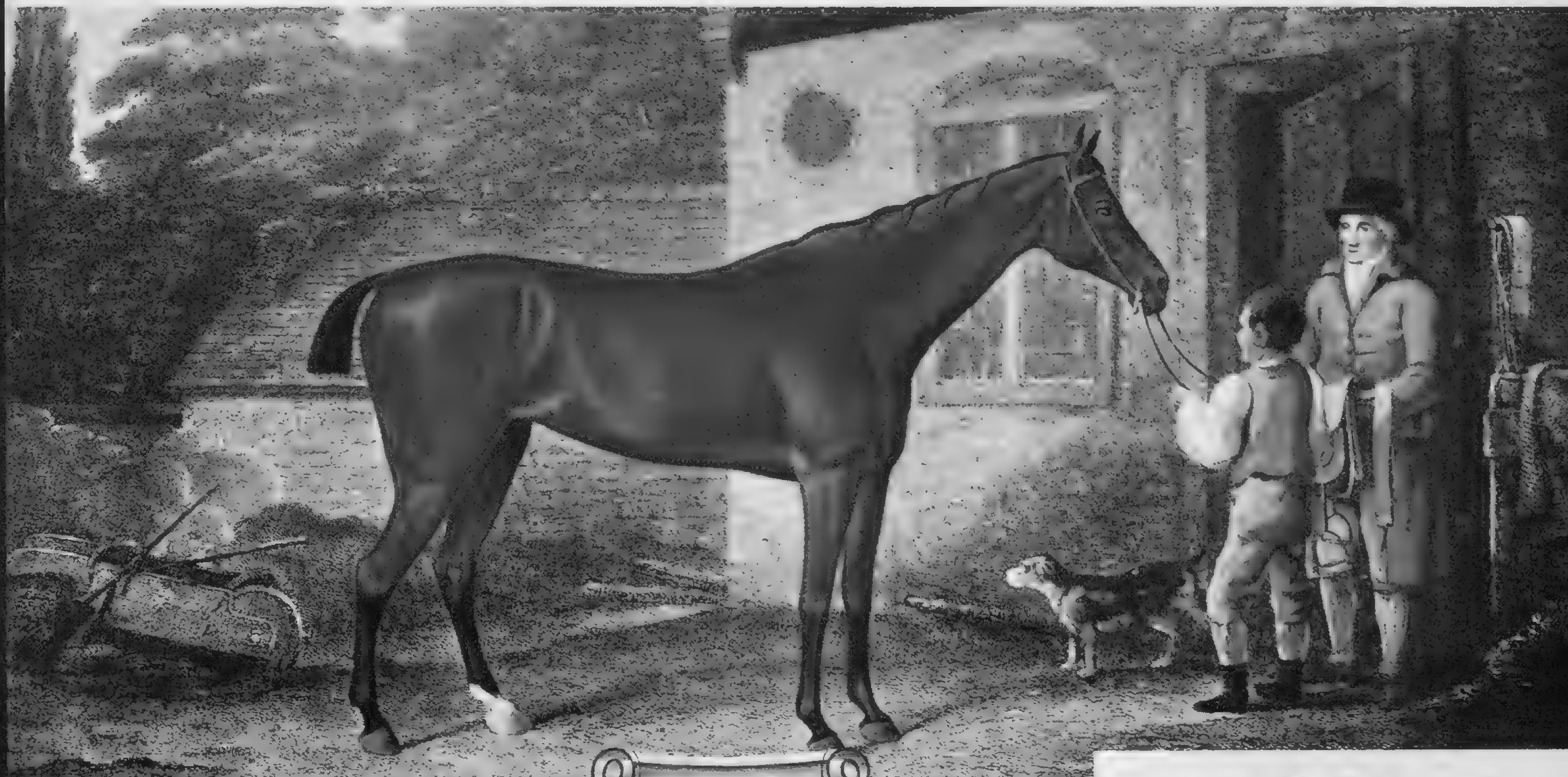

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Dos Passos has just completed a novel called *Big Money* which will be published by Harcourt Brace in the Spring. It forms the third section of the one huge novel which began with *42nd Parallel* and continued with *1919*.

•

Louis Zara's first novel, *Blessed Is The Man*, was ranked by *The Nation* in its fifty best books of 1935.

•

Louis Paul is hard at work on his second novel, *A Horse In Arizona*.

•

F. Scott Fitzgerald has promised us a sequel to *The Crack-Up* (page 41), telling what sort of home he managed to make in his new world.

•

Peter De Vries (*Art's A Funny Thing*, page 59) says: "Am twenty-five years old and have lived most of my life in Chicago, where they also publish Esquire. It's right near Oak Park. Oak Park, you know, where Heming—Yeah, sure you do. I do nothing and writing. I like spinach. I also like to eat it. I admire Faulkner but I dislike him for I do not believe humanity is a cockroach floundering in a spittoon. I like olives and to read Thomas Wolfe. Ain't it a wistful generation though, all of us youths trying to live and enjoy in a hurry before the war comes year after next or so and it is all done?"

•

A. I. Bezzerides (*The Man Who Was Not Killed*, page 28) is the most bitter of our bitter young men this issue. He says: "Born Samsoun, Turkey, 1908. My father is Greek and my mother is Armenian. Came to this country when I was nine months old, so you can see that I got all my ideas straight from Moscow. Went to the University of California for six years preparing myself for a job which I never got. I am now working very long hours at a very low salary and I believe in the future of this country. Any country that has as many college graduates sweeping streets, collecting garbage, dispensing sodas and attending gas stations as this one, has a beautiful future."

•

Frederic A. Birmingham's first published work appears on page 36. He says: "I am twenty-four years old, a New Yorker. I went to prep at Trinity School, New York, and at Williston Academy, Easthampton, Massachusetts. I graduated from Dartmouth in 1933 and it was there that my talent for inferior drawings was discovered by lecturing professors. At present, my spare time (24 hours a day) is occupied with writing, music and tennis. Mountain climbing is my favorite hobby and my ambition, seriously, is to manufacture a new kind of ski wax."

•

J. Eugene Chrisman (*I Work In The Powder*, page 91) was born in Denver in 1891. He weighed only two pounds at birth, and the doctor said that he would be dead in twenty minutes. He now weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, and feels wonderful. He has done a little of everything, including coal mining, telegraphy and working in a dynamite factory. He left the powder when four of his pals went up with 3500 gallons of pure nitro. He has sold fiction to several of the pulps and to some slick paper magazines, including *Collier's*. He has been married three times and has five daughters, three of whom are now married and two of whom have presented him with grandchildren.

J. Eugene Chrisman

Murdock Pemberton

Murdock Pemberton (*Warming the Inner Man*, page 107) started his career on the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette* under William Allen White, and worked later on the *New York Globe* and the old *Sun*. During the war he served in the navy as cable censor for news. He has been art critic for *The New Yorker*, critic for various art magazines, has written *Picture Book*, a brochure on the American and his attitude toward art, a satire on opera called *Sing High, Sing Low* which was produced on Broadway, a play for the first bill of the Washington Square Players (the origin of the Theatre Guild) and poetry and verse that has appeared in several magazines.

•

Harry Hibschman (*Law's Glorious Uncertainty*, page 61) is a member of the bar of the State of Washington, but has not engaged in the active practice of the law since the war. He now lives in New York and devotes his time to writing and lecturing on legal topics. His hobby and main interest in life is judicial reform. He has contributed to many of the leading professional reviews as well as to most of the popular periodicals. He is writing a book on The Constitution and the New Deal.

•

Harold Morhardt (*So Now I Drink Alone*, page 69) says: "My formal education extended only through high school. I am glad I did not go to college then; but now, at age 38, I feel that I should like to. I have so many questions to ask now that I did not have then. I spent three years in the navy during and after the war, most of the time in France. Since then I have been a salesman of insurance, brake-lining, aluminum-ware, automobiles, cosmetics, and back to brake-lining. I have been writing for about four years, but this is the first year I have ever sent out any manuscripts."

•

Tom Mahoney (*The End of Ambrose Bierce*, page 62) is a Scripps-Howard newspaper man from Texas now on *The Buffalo Times*. Since graduation at the University of Missouri in 1927 he has been a reporter for *The Dallas News*, United Press bureau manager in Dallas and Kansas City, and city editor of the *El Paso Herald-Post*. His interest in Ambrose Bierce dates from this point. He took part in several efforts to solve the mystery and assisted Carey McWilliams in research for the revised edition of his life of Bierce. He is now writing a biography of Pancho Villa designed to end biographies of Pancho Villa.

•

Lieut. Beirne Lay, Jr. (*Death Over the Cities*, page 112) says that after graduating from St. Paul's and Yale, he told his family he wanted to learn to fly. Their reply was, "You ought to make a good aviator—you're crazy enough." So he entered the Army School at Randolph Field, and has "been growing muscle-bound at the wheel of a bomber here at Langley Field ever since, except for a strange interlude when the Army took over the air mail in dead of winter, 1934."

•

Captain Patrick Alexander (*The Haunted Lake*, page 56) is the pseudonym of an Irishman who ran away from college to join a revolution in Mexico. Since, he has served with the British Camel Corps in Egypt and the Soudan as a Sergeant, in the world war as a captain commanding a machine gun company; in Africa, India, Malaya and China as a political intelligence officer. He also spent a year in the Canadian wilderness, prospecting for gold. He believes in ghosts and has a perpetually itching foot.

Ben Kern (*The Academic Approach*, page 94) was born in St. Paul twenty-three years ago. He says: "We moved to East Shore Park, White Bear Lake when I was six. I began to take long strolls for literary inspiration. After I was bigger, I attended White Bear high school, where I edited the year book and ran and jumped on the track team, twenty feet and a half with a running start. Then I entered the University of Minnesota. There I majored in journalism and minored in composition and graduated in June, 1934 without a job. I did not know what to do. After this it gets hazy. I seem to be sitting before a typewriter, tapping, tapping in a delirium. Occasionally I am nauseated by the vision of a rural mail box disgorging a brown manilla envelope addressed to me in my own handwriting. When at last a story is accepted, I feel as though I should hurry to cash the check before the editor changes his mind."

•

Raymond Z. Henle (*Spine Puncher's Prophet*, page 84) was born in Davenport, Iowa, was educated at the University of Illinois and has been in newspaper work most of the time since leaving school. He was White House correspondent for The Associated Press during the last two years of Mr. Coolidge's administration and the first year of Mr. Hoover's. Since 1929 he has been the Washington correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

•

W. C. Capel (*Fox Hunting Per Se*, page 53) says: "I was born in the little city of Biscoe, North Carolina, one frosty November morning and moved soon afterwards to Candor, a tiny town in the peach section of the state, near Pinehurst. I attended Washington and Lee University where I majored in journalism. I was quite ordinary in everything. I belonged to Pi Kappa Phi fraternity and to Sigma Delta Chi, journalism fraternity. After 1932 I went to New York and presumably studied for three years picking up an M. A. in, of all things, sociology. Found I had to have a job and landed a swell one here, teaching as the only single male in a school of twelve hundred females. This is the first story I ever received any pay for."

•

Richard Lewis (*Why Hibernate?*, page 66) is a forestry graduate of Toronto University with a variety of occupations in his youth ranging from irrigation and power-line surveys, coal mining, reporting, fire-ranging, timber cruising, mail sorting, prospecting, and forestry. A couple of years of pseudo-military life sawing lumber for the French Army in the Vosges and then settling down with a distinct threat of the middle-age spread. Did not take up skiing till past forty and has been at it steadily since 1925. This is his second article in Esquire but "owing to a mixture of modesty and prudery the first appeared under a nom-de-plume."

•

Stephen Fortier is our **Discovery of the Month.** His first published story, *On the Eve of Parole*, is on page 70. He furnished the following rather sketchy biography: "I was born near Boston in 1898, have lived in various sections of the United States and am at present a resident of New York City. I taught for a while, worked for several newspapers and indulged in free lance publicity. Now I am advertising manager for a trade journal. Married? Yes. Children? No. Should I add that I am just starting my first novel?"

Stephen Fortier

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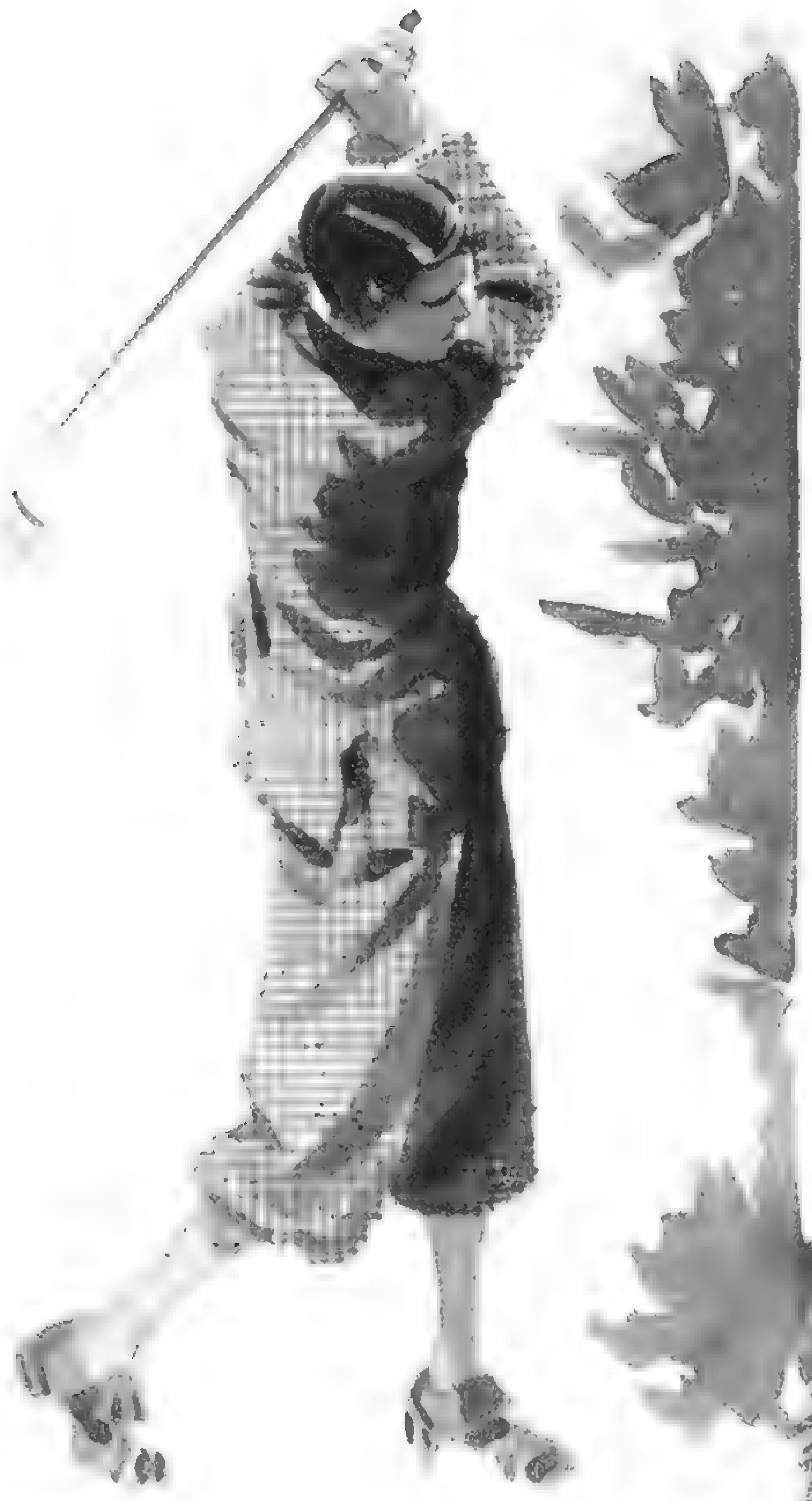


High Style Pointers

from

The Man's Shop

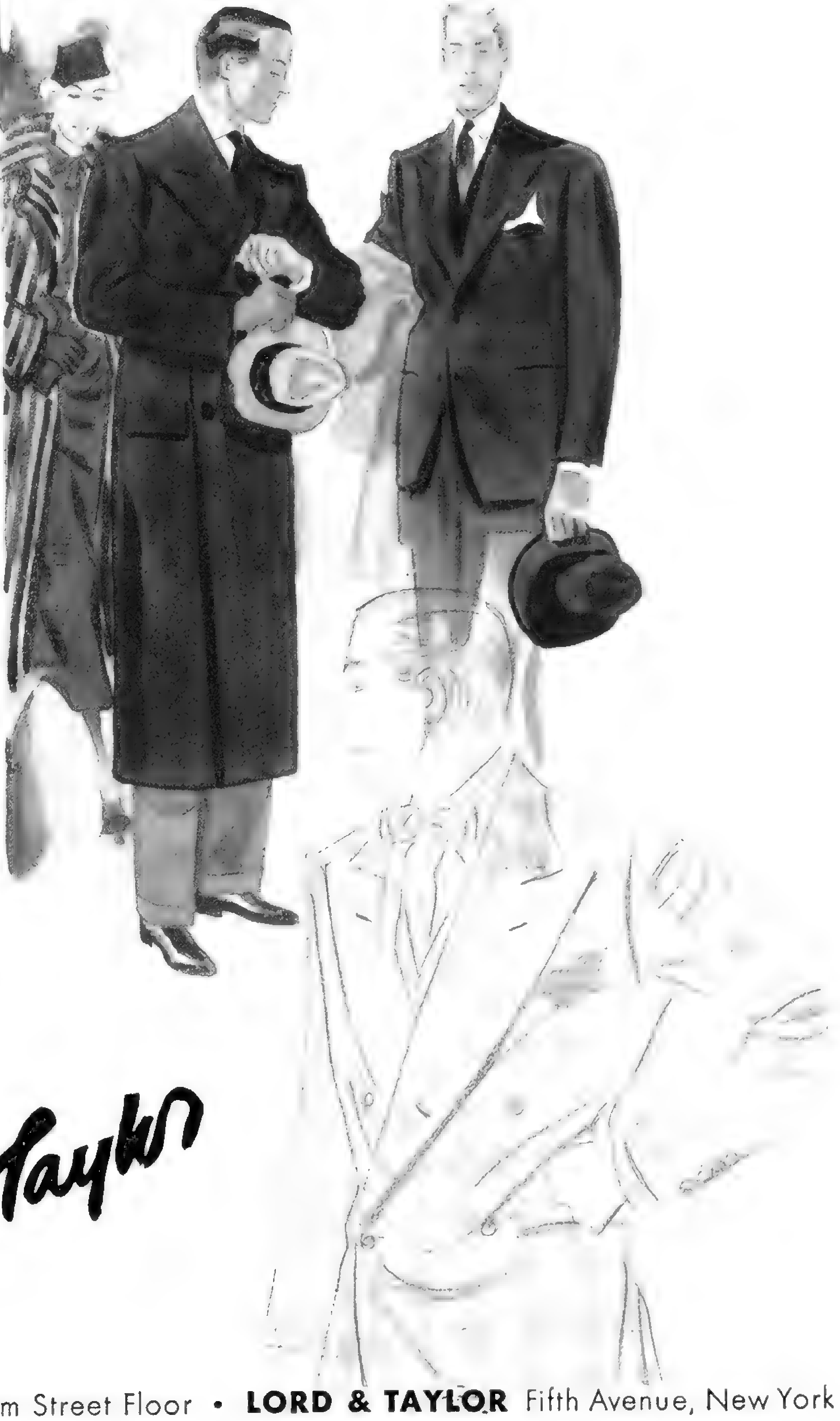
You'll see plus fours again on the best links, as here, fastened with cinch cord at knee. Note also side vent coat, two-button single breasted with patch pockets and bias horn buttons. This four-piece suit (jacket, slacks, knickers, waistcoat) of brown and tan checked Shetland. 75.00

At right, the superb Spring top coat—soft saxony finished fabric, fitted, double breasted with quite wide lapels. Full lined with Celanese, brown, grey, blue grey. 35.00

At far right, for being easy on a young man's budget, the still exceptionally good looking single breasted suit in tick weave. High rise trouser, pleated front, in blue grey or grey. 35.00

Below—when you're in the money you'll enjoy such a Glen Urquhart plaid suit. The lapel of the new two-button coat is cut with long roll to bottom button. Side vents. 75.00

Lord & Taylor



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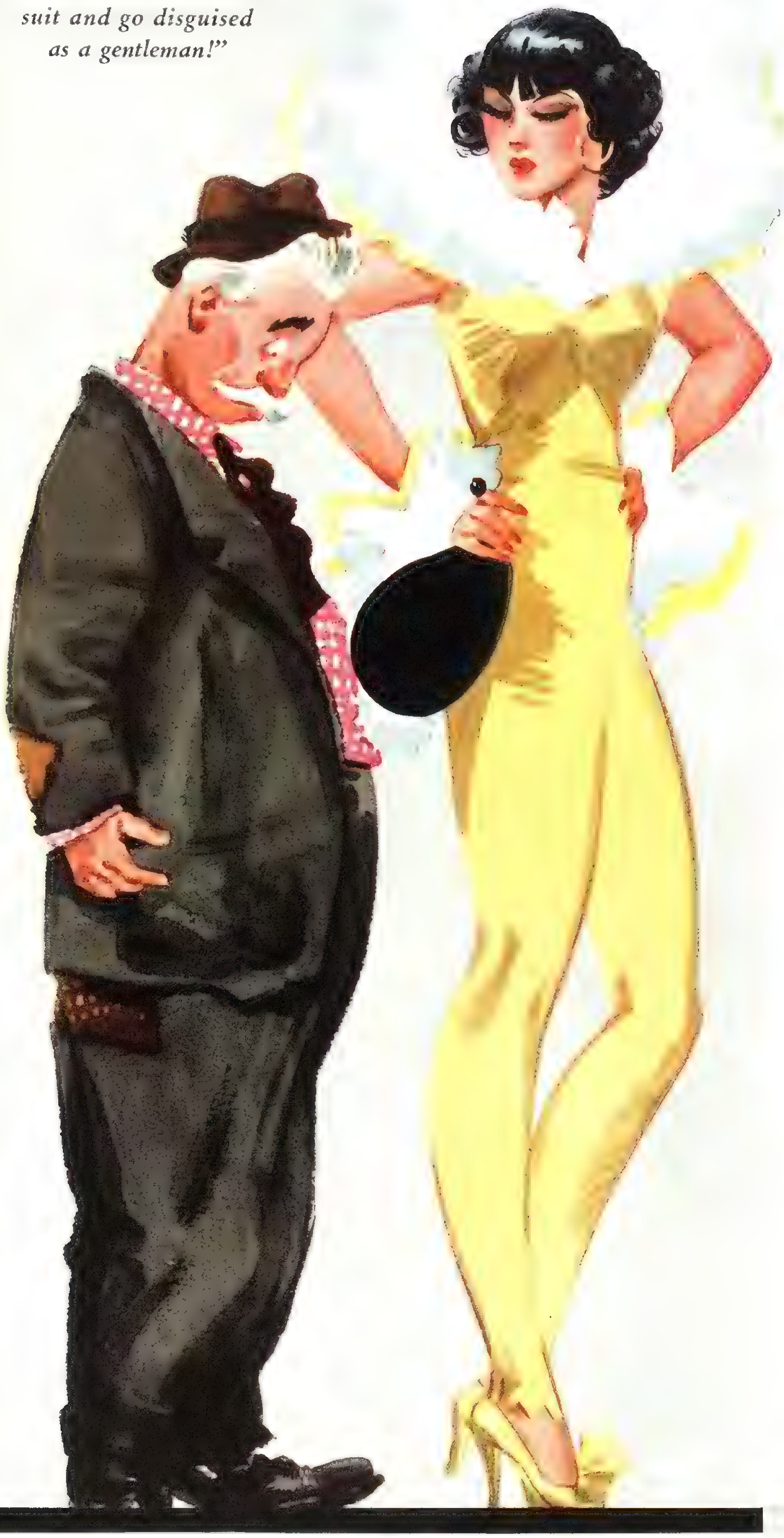
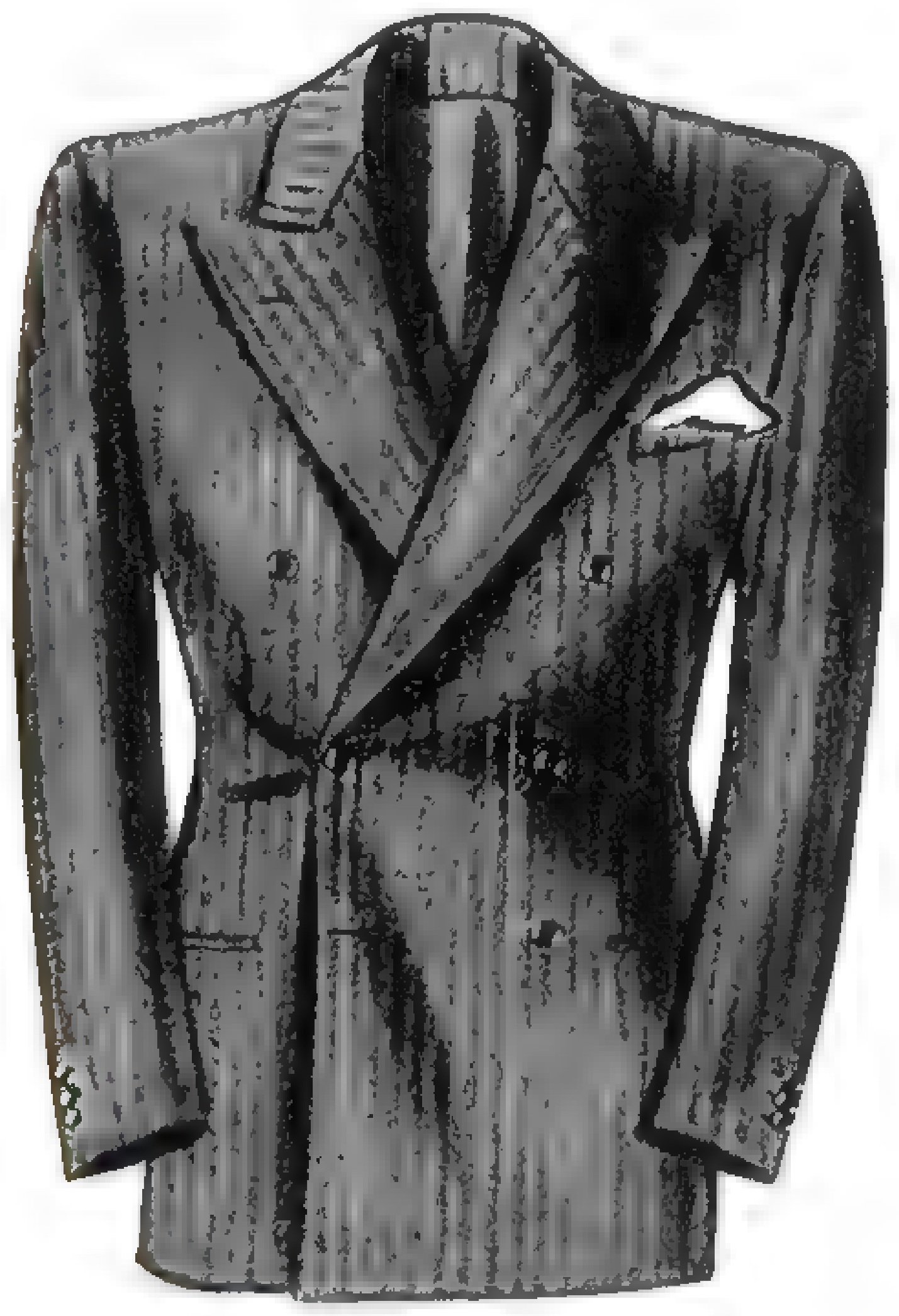
"Oh, get a
Hart Schaffner & Marx
suit and go disguised
as a gentleman!"



GOOD appearance helps a fellow along even at a costume ball... our friend at the left is finding that out. But there are 366 days this year *(yes, 366... this is leap year)* when you don't want a disguise. You want to appear yourself—your *best* self—alert, up-and-coming... worthy of respect and preferment... and to millions of men that means Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.



Many alert, energetic young men find that the double breasted Continental Silhouette shown above brings out their good points to best advantage. It's the important style development of the season.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

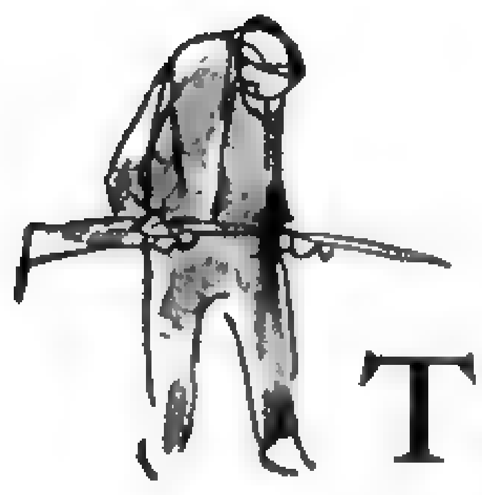
THE TRUMPETER LABEL . . . A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND!

The Tradesman's Return

A short story

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

FICTION



THEY came on across in the night and it blew a big breeze from the North West. When the sun was up he sighted a tanker coming down the Gulf and she stood up so high and white with the sun on her in that cold air that it looked like tall buildings rising out of the sea and he said to the nigger, "Where the hell are we?"

The nigger raised himself up to look.

"Aint nothing like that this side of Miami."

"You know damn well we aint been carried up to no Miami," he told the nigger.

"All I say aint no buildings like that on no Florida keys."

"We've been steering for Sand Key."

"We got to see it then. It or American shoals."

Then in a little while he saw it was a tanker and not buildings and then in less than an hour he saw Sand Key light, straight, thin and brown, rising out of the sea right where it ought to be.

"You got to have confidence steering," he told the nigger.

"I got confidence," the nigger said. "But the way this trip gone I aint got confidence no more."

"How's your leg?"

"It hurts me all the time."

"It aint nothing," the man said. "You keep it clean and wrapped up and it'll heal by itself."

He was steering to the westward now to go in to lay up for the day in the mangroves by Woman Key where he would not see anybody and where the boat was to come out to meet them.

"You're going to be all right," he told the Negro.

"I don't know," the nigger said. "I hurt bad."

"I'm going to fix you up good when we get in to the place," he told him. "You aren't shot bad. Quit worrying."

"I'm shot," he said. "I aint never been shot before. Anyway I'm shot is bad."

"You're just scared."

"No sir. I'm shot. And I'm hurting bad. I've been throbbing all night."

The nigger went on grumbling like that and he could not keep from taking the bandage off to look at it.

"Leave it alone," the man who was steering told him. The nigger lay on the floor of the cockpit and there were sacks of liquor, shaped like hams, piled everywhere. He had made himself a place in them to lie down in. Every time he moved there was the noise of broken glass in the sacks and there was the odor of spilled liquor. The liquor had run all over everything. The man was steering in for Woman Key now. He could see it now plainly.

"I hurt," the nigger said. "I hurt worse all the time."

"I'm sorry, Wesley," the man said. "But I got to steer."

"You treat a man no better than a dog," the nigger said. He was getting ugly now, but the man was still sorry for him.

"I'm going to make you comfortable, Wesley," he said, "You lay quiet now."

"You don't care what happens to a man," the nigger said. "You aint hardly human."

"I'm going to fix you up good," the man said. "You just lay quiet."

"You aint going to fix me up," the nigger said. The man, whose name was Harry, said nothing then because he liked the nigger and there was nothing to do now but hit him, and he couldn't hit him. The nigger kept on talking.

"Why we didn't stop when they started shooting?"

The man did not answer.

"Aint a man's life worth more than a load of liquor?"

The man was intent on his steering.

"All we have to do is stop and let them take the liquor."

"No," the man said. "They take the liquor and the boat and you go to jail."

"I don't mind jail," the nigger said. "But I never wanted to get shot."

He was getting on the man's nerves now and the man was becoming tired of hearing him talk.

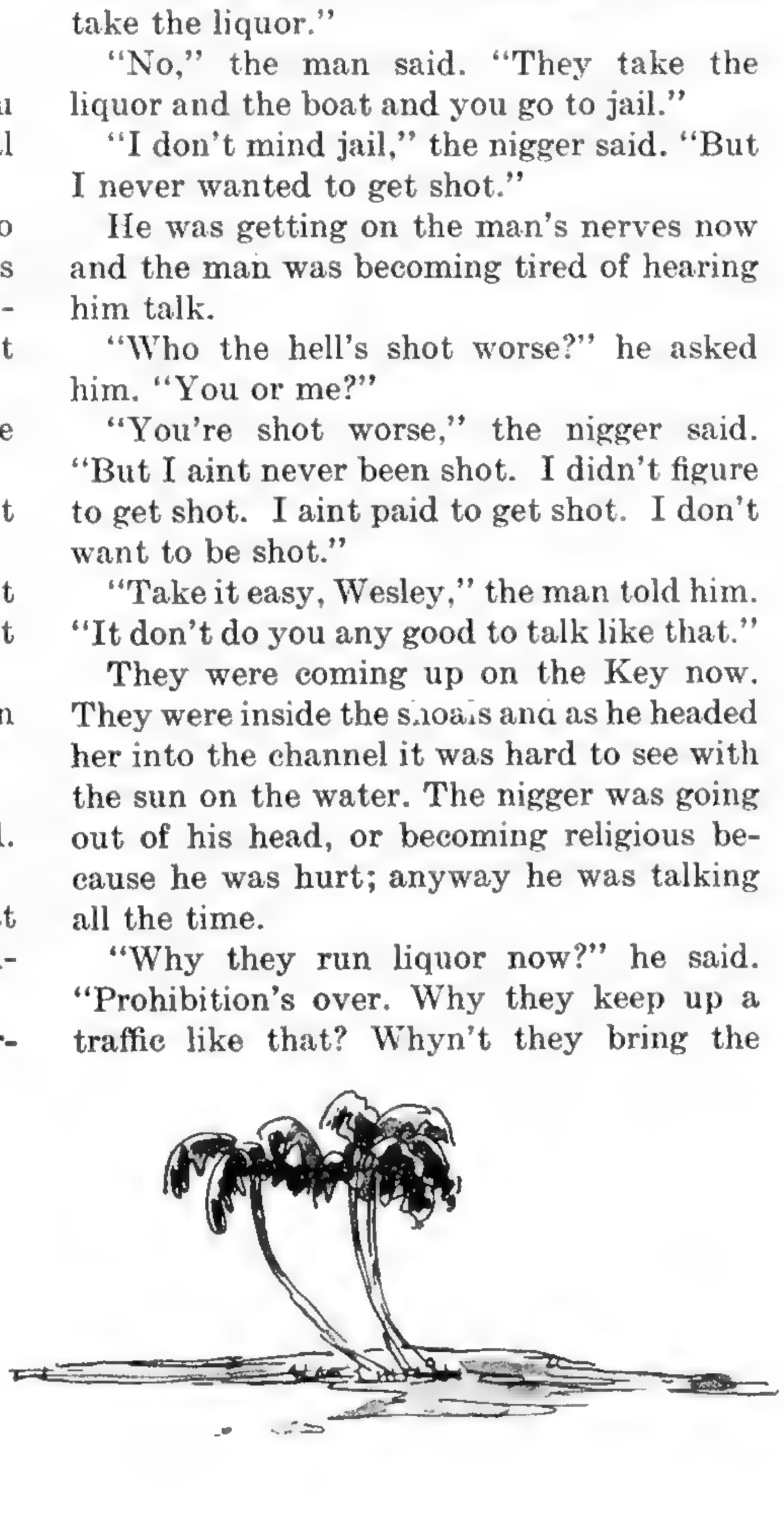
"Who the hell's shot worse?" he asked him. "You or me?"

"You're shot worse," the nigger said. "But I aint never been shot. I didn't figure to get shot. I aint paid to get shot. I don't want to be shot."

"Take it easy, Wesley," the man told him. "It don't do you any good to talk like that."

They were coming up on the Key now. They were inside the shoals and as he headed her into the channel it was hard to see with the sun on the water. The nigger was going out of his head, or becoming religious because he was hurt; anyway he was talking all the time.

"Why they run liquor now?" he said. "Prohibition's over. Why they keep up a traffic like that? Whyn't they bring the liquor in on the ferry?"



The man steering was watching the channel closely.

"Why don't people be honest and decent and make a decent honest living?"

The man saw where the water was rippling smooth off the bank even when he could not see the bank in the sun and he turned her off. He swung her around, spinning the wheel with one arm, and then the channel opened out and he took her slowly right up to the edge of the mangroves. He came astern on the engines and threw out the two clutches.

"I can put a anchor down," he said. "But I can't get no anchor up."

"I can't even move," the nigger said.

"You're certainly in a hell of a shape," the man told him.

He had a difficult time breaking out, lifting and dropping the small anchor but he got it over, and paid out quite a lot of rope and the boat swung in against the mangroves so they came right into the cockpit. Then he went back and down into the cockpit. He thought the cockpit was a hell of a sight, all right.

All night after he had dressed the nigger's wound and the nigger had bandaged his arm he had been watching the compass, steering, and when it came daylight he had seen the nigger lying there in the sacks in the middle of the cockpit, but then he was watching the seas and the compass and looking for the Sand Key light and he had never observed carefully how things were. Things were bad.

The nigger was lying in the middle of the load of sacked liquor with his leg up. There were eight bullet holes through the cockpit splintered wide. The glass was broken in the windshield. He did not know how much stuff was smashed and wherever the nigger had not bled he himself had bled. But the worst thing, the way he felt at the moment, was the smell of booze. Everything was soaked in it. Now the boat was lying quietly against the mangroves but he could not stop feeling the motion of the big sea they had been in all night in the Gulf.

"I'm going to make some coffee," he told the nigger. "Then I'll fix you up again."

"I don't want no coffee."

"I do," the man told him. But down below he began to feel dizzy so he came out on deck again.

"I guess we won't have coffee," he said.

"I want some water."

"All right."

He gave the Negro a cup of water out of a demi-john.

"Why you want to keep on running for when they started to shoot?"

Continued on page 193

The Man Who Was Not Killed

When the kids play soldier it's simple because they must count either as dead or as victorious

by A. I. BEZZERIDES

FICTION

I WAS dead. Sometimes I died thirty times. One day I fell all over my grandmother's flower bed and died horribly in the sun while my brother aimed at my eyes and shouted, "Bang-bang. Now you're dead. Now you won't get up."

Then it was my turn and I shot him until my grandmother came out and spanked us for ruining her plants. "Is this a way to behave," she said. "Right in front of a visitor too. What will she think?"

We had not seen her come. "Who is it?" we whispered. We could see her face in the window, a strange thin woman.

"Now go inside," said my grandmother. "She wants to see you. She's an old friend of your mother's."

We ran in. Our clothes were dirty from playing war and my mother made a sound of crying. "What am I to do with such children? You wore your clothes clean this morning and now look at them." She brushed away the mud and introduced us to the woman who was smiling at us. "Here, Florence, here are my children."

She held out her hands to us, but we were shy. "What were you playing?" she said and my brother said, "Soldiers."

"Do you like to play soldier?"

My brother nodded.

"My husband is a soldier," said the woman. "He's across the ocean. He is fighting."

"I'm going across too," said my brother. "I'm going to kill lots of men."

The woman looked at us, sadly. She said nothing as we turned to go out. My grandmother made us change clothes and we were sitting on the porch when after a while the woman came out with my mother and they kissed goodbye.

"Come again," said my mother. "It's been such a long time since we have seen each other."

"But you must come to my house," said Florence. "It is lonesome without him. Come and stay all night, keep me company."

She did not look back once as she walked away down the street and disappeared around the corner.

This was in spring.

Late in summer, when the farm work had steadied itself, my mother announced to us that we were going visiting. "We are going to Florence's house," she said. "Hurry, get your things together. We're going to stay all night." She made a bundle of the small things we would need.

"Can I take my gun?" my brother asked and my mother took it away from him. "Now don't you play soldier once while we are at Florence's house. Not once, do you hear?" and she held an open hand to us. "It's enough of this war without having the children playing it under our feet all the time."

We said goodbye to grandma and walked from the house.

Florence did not live far away: on "K" Street. Her house was a small unpainted building and we had to go up the dark alley to get to it. The window was yellow with light and we could hear slight sounds.

My mother knocked on the door and when it opened, Florence's lean face appeared in the light. "This is a surprise," she said. I'm so glad you came. I was sitting down all alone to eat."

We went inside and sat at the table while Florence placed more dishes on the cloth. She would have none of my mother's refusals. "No, you must eat with me," she cried. "I have been alone so long. I want to see you eating."

She poured the soup thick and hot and we ate. There was sliced French bread on a plate painted with roses.

My mother and she began to talk, slowly at first, drawing up the things of the past and holding them to one another, wondering what had happened to this friend and knowing what had happened to that. Then Florence said, "What would they think if they knew what was happening to me?"

My mother nodded as if she understood, but it was a mystery to us. Dinner was a plate of cooked brown rice. After we had eaten, we got up and Florence and my mother washed the dishes while my brother and I sat in the room, left to ourselves.

It was a bare room. There was a sadir on one end and three chairs and a table. On a shelf were some dishes and a Bible. There was only one light, unshaded, and the room was hard, glaring in its bareness.

Perhaps this is why the man's picture struck us. It was right on the wall before the sadir where a person could look at it easily, the picture of a small man with large dark eyes. He was sitting in the picture, smiling on us in a pleasant manner, as if at any moment he were going to rise and say hello.

When my mother and Florence came into the room, my brother pointed at the picture. "Is he gone to the war?"

Florence nodded. "Yes, he is my husband."

They sat down and resumed their conversation. Now and then Florence would laugh, quiet laughter, as if she were not used to laughing.

My brother began to get sleepy and Florence said, "Let us go to bed. It's not late, but we can sit in bed and talk while the children sleep." We went into the bedroom and my mother began to undress us while Florence stood by and watched. "Look at his little body," she said, pointing to my brother. "Will you be my little boy?"

"They are a nuisance," said my mother. "Sometimes I wish I never had them. Always playing war. Always dirtying clothes."

Soon we were all in the one bed and my mother said, "Lie still now, you two, while Florence and I sit here and talk. If you are quiet you can listen.

My brother fell to sleep at once while I lay awake and listened. "His name is Albert," she was saying. "I met him at church. A friend introduced us and in a short time we were married. He is good, kind, loving. We would have had children only this war had to come and spoil everything. We were not married a week when he had to go."

They sat talking about the man Albert and this life which had been interrupted by the war. "The war will soon be over," my mother said; "then he'll be back and you will have children."

Suddenly Florence began to cry. "I'm so lonesome. I'm afraid to be alone like this. I wonder what is happening to him, if he is dead." She covered her face with her hands and I could see that her fingers were cut in many places, as if a knife had inflicted long scratches on the skin.

"How did you cut your hands?" I said and she quickly drew them down.

They were graceful hands, soft and gentle. A woman likes to have nice hands. She hid them under the covers.

"That comes from working," said my mother. "She cut her fingers packing figs, earning money to live."

There were a great many of these scratches, as if she had made a mark for every cent she had earned.

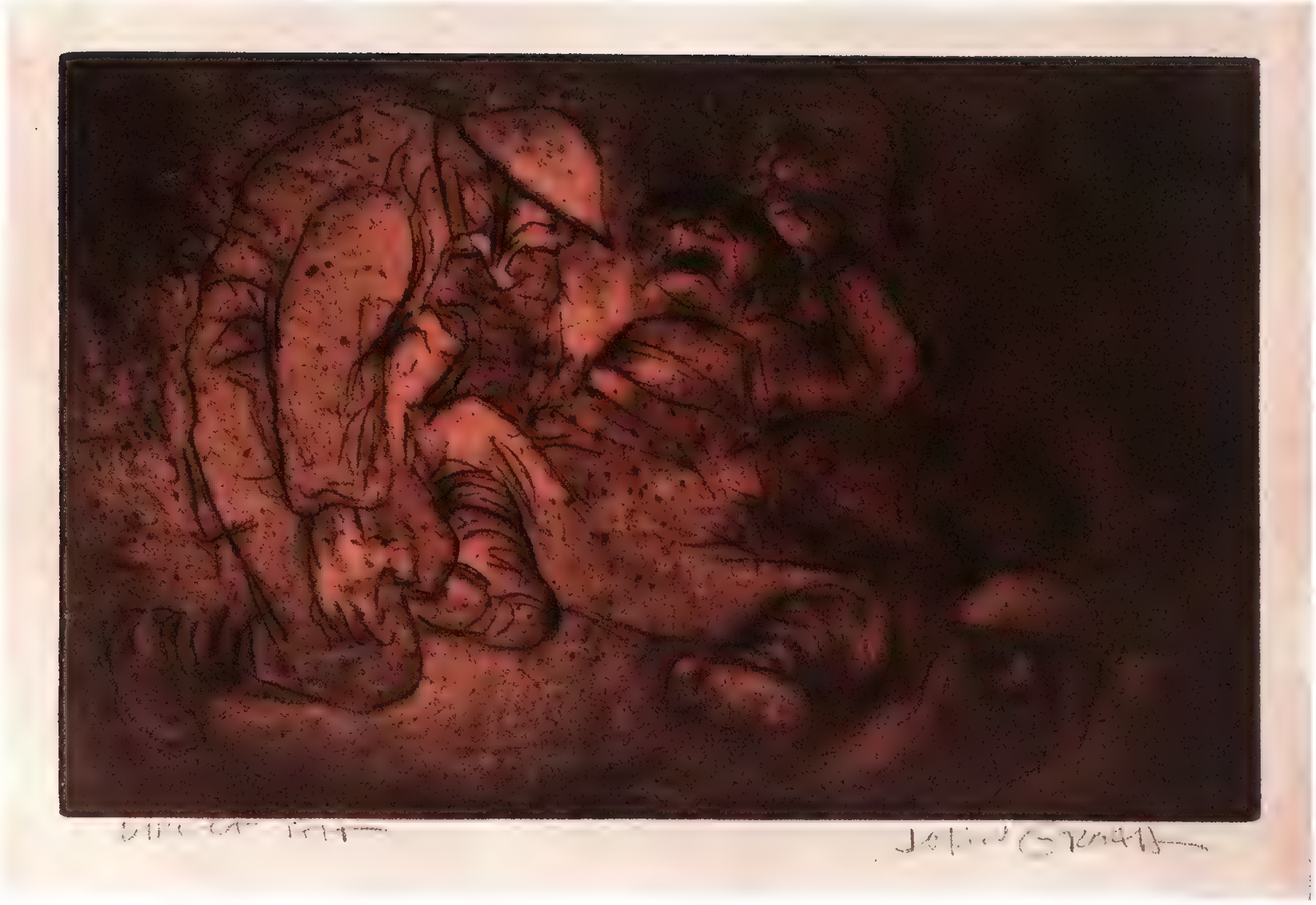
Florence cried a little more and my mother petted and comforted her. Then the light was turned off and we lay down to sleep.

In the middle of the night I awoke and sat up in bed. There could be heard the sighing of breath, the unconscious breathing of sleepers. The house was still and silent, listening, and I was afraid. I thought of Florence living among these walls, in the three rooms, all alone. I knew how lonesome she was by the silence and the listening of the house.

The next morning we arose and had breakfast. Florence had to go to work. "Come again," she said. "You don't know how much I want company. Let us sleep together again."

She gave my brother a hug. "Don't you want to stay with me?" she said to him. "Will you be my little boy?" My brother began to cry, afraid that my mother would leave him.

We saw Florence often after that. She brought letters from Albert, brief strange letters. "This war will soon be over and I'll be home. Don't forget me." Once there was,



ETCHING BY JOHN GROTH

"Dear Florence: . . ." Nothing more. "At least he is safe," said Florence. "Nothing has happened to him."

Time passed. Every day we played war in the yard. Sometimes the neighbor's boys came and we staged a big war. If there were no friends, we played with each other. Once when I was in the house, I saw my brother playing by himself, aiming his gun at a tree and shouting bang-bang. We liked to play war. It was glorious to be a hero and to kill enemies. The teacher at school spoke of patriotism and honor. To die was beautiful.

Florence began to worry. "No letters have come," she said. "I have not heard from him. Something must have happened." She came to the house and it was a common occurrence for us to see her crying. "This war has ruined our lives. Now he's dead."

In August a letter came. He had been gassed and was in a hospital. Soon he would be out again.

A short time later the war ended. People shouted in streets and hugged each other. Whistles blew for hours. My brother cried.

"Why are you crying?" my mother asked.

"It's all done and now I can't go. I didn't get to go to the war."

"Hai," said my grandmother, "be patient, be patient child. There will be a great many wars yet. You will go to war. Don't cry."

Florence's man did not come for a long time. Three months after the war was over, she invited us over one day. "He's home now. I want you to meet my husband."

We dressed in our best clothes and went visiting. My brother and I were all excited. Here was a hero.

The light in the window was cheerful. When the door opened, Florence's happy face beamed at us. "Come in, sit down."

He was not at all like the picture. He was a tired, small man. He sat at the table and looked at us, smiling, nodding. He did not say one word above what was necessary. "I am glad to know my wife's friends. It's good to be home."

Florence began crying again. "I can not believe you are here. I thought you had died. I thought I would never see you again." The man held her hand. "I am here. The war is finished, it is all over. I am home."

We sat down to talk, but the man Albert would not say anything. He sat looking at the floor. When he looked up, he smiled, but as he turned away, his eyes would become fixed, as if something had caught his gaze.

"Have you got a gun?" my brother said.

"You are his hero," my mother explained. "He has worshiped you ever since he knew about you."

Albert smiled. "No, I threw it away," he said.

"Then how did you kill anybody?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Show them your things," said Florence. "They are little boys. Such things interest them."

He arose and went out, returning in a short time with a gas mask and a helmet. "These are all that I have," he said. "The rest I threw away."

I wore the helmet while my brother tried to wear the mask. There was a rubber thing to be held between the teeth and a clip to hold the nostrils shut. "How long did you wear it?" I asked.

"Sometimes for days."

I tried to imagine hundreds of men wearing masks for a long time, the glass eyes large and terrifying. My brother could not keep it on five minutes. His teeth grew tired and he nearly choked from lack of breath.

I was looking at the mask and I saw that one side of it was black. The black was stiff and had hardened the canvas. "How did this paint get on here?" I said.

"That's not paint," said Albert. "That's blood."

He took the mask from my brother and laid it on the floor. "One night we were sitting near a building and they were shelling the town. We were ordered not to smoke or talk. There was danger of gas and we had our masks in readiness. Suddenly something exploded, the man sitting next to me fell forward and I was covered with blood. This is his blood."

This was the man, all that remained of the friend. He was wearing it, holding the rubber piece in his ghost teeth and breathing.

"Did he make any noise?" my brother said.

"No, he just died."

It was embarrassing sitting there. My father said, "Well, now that you are back, what are you going to do?"

Albert was lost in thought. "Do? Oh yes. I'll find work. It's enough she has worked. It's time I took care of her. Look at her hands. Look how tired she is."

"Hush," said Florence. "Rest. You've been to the war. I'll work for a while yet. There is time enough for you to work."

Later we arose and went home. "He is a strange man," said my mother.

"It's the war," said my father. "He is restless. He will be all right in time."

A long time passed and we discovered that he was not all right. He could not hold a job. He would go out and find work

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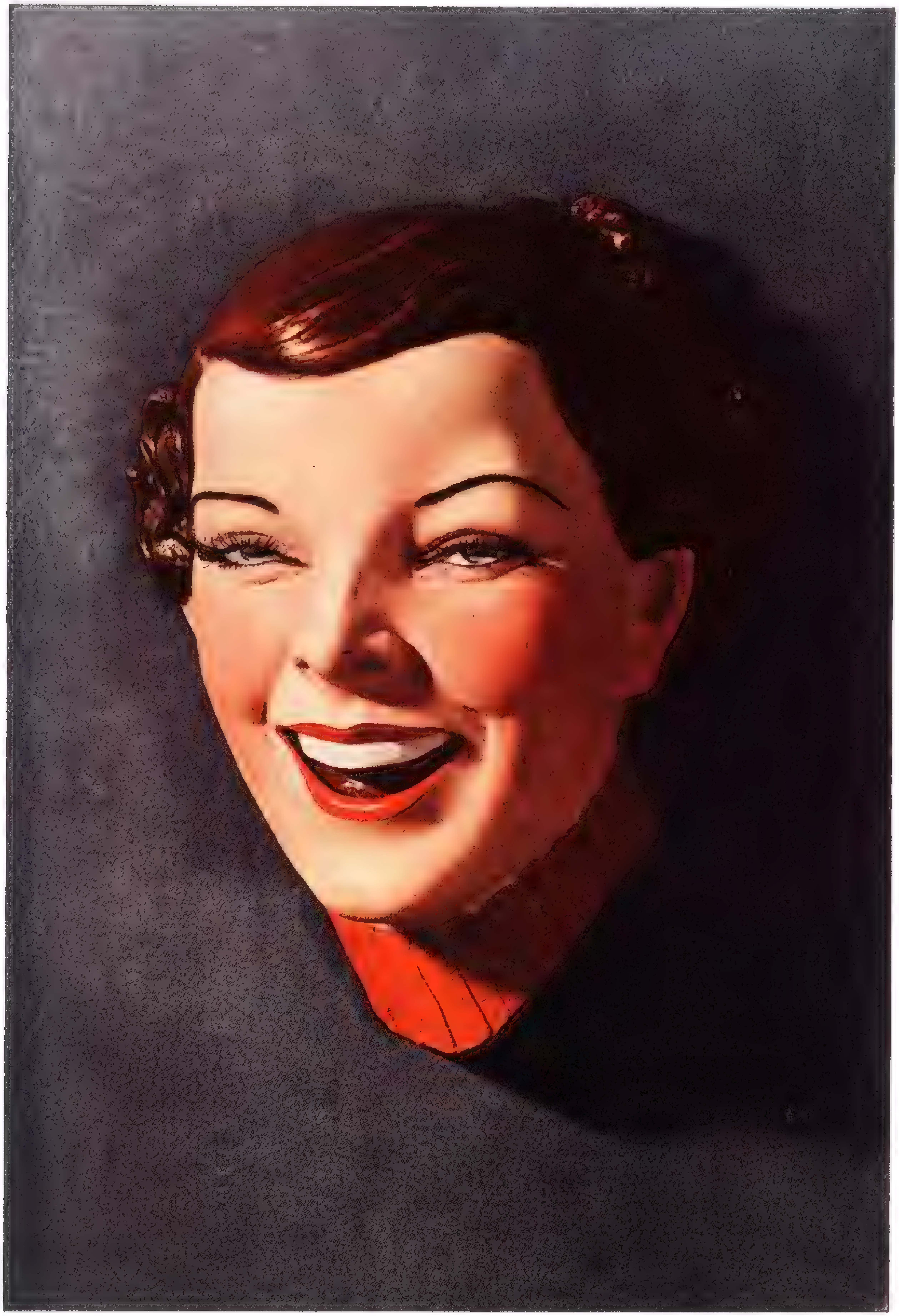


MASK BY H. LIEDLOFF

FEMININE FACE CARDS, NO. 2: WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

IN A red sweater and a black and white checked skirt she'll still take the play away from nine out of ten in tall-priced *tailleurs* . . . with the tinkle in her voice that is the far-off echo of a brogue her least remark will seem edged with wit . . . with her easy adaptability to what the entertainment traffic will bear, she can treat the grandest big evening as casually as a slumming party or vice versa . . . she has that inimitable blend of the peasant shrewdness that can make a meal off a penny's worth of lentils, with the patrician poise that can make it seem a princely feast. They used to say that every man has two countries, his own and France. Should that be amended to read that every man has two sweethearts, his own and an Irish girl?

The Women's Pages

Still edited for the bus

Personal Appearance

Newsreel of the U. S. A. in 1926 featuring the funeral of the Sheik known as Pink Powderpuff

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

COOLIDGE PICTURES NATION PROSPEROUS UNDER HIS POLICIES

there was nothing significant about the morning's trading. The first hour consisted of general buying and selling to even up accounts, but soon after eleven o'clock prices did less fluctuating and gradually firmed

TIMES SQUARE PATRONS LEFT HALF SHAVED

Will let crop rot in producers' hands unless prices drop

RUSSIAN BARONESS SUICIDE AT MIAMI

The gain in listings on the New York Stock Exchange over the last decade measures the country's great expansion in wealth

HUNT JERSEY WOODS FOR ROVING LEOPARD

PIGWOMAN SAW SLAYING

Saw a Woman Resembling Mrs. Hall Berating Couple Near Murder Scene, New Witness Says

Several hundred tents and other light shelters put up by campers on a hill south of Front street which overlooks Hempstead Harbor were laid in rows before the tornado as grass falls before a scythe

3000 AMERICANS FOUND PENNILESS IN PARIS

NINE DROWNED IN UPSTATE FLOODS

Rudolph Valentino, noted screen star, collapsed suddenly yesterday in his apartment at the Hotel Ambassador. Several hours later he underwent

SHEIK SINKING

The seventeen year old son of a veterinary in Castellaneta in the south of Italy was shipped off to this country like a lot of other unmanageable young Italians at the time to sink or swim and maybe send a few lire home by international postal money order. The family was through with him. But Rodolfo Guglielmi wanted to make good.

He got a job as assistant gardener in Central Park but that kind of work was the last thing he wanted to do. Money burned his pockets and how could he make a living when he couldn't keep away from the bright lights?

He hung around cabarets doing odd jobs, sweeping out for the waiters, washing cars; he was lazy, handsome, good-tempered and vain; he was wellbuilt, slender, elastic of step with sidetabs and a smooth olive-shaped face; he knew the tango; he was a born adagio-dancer.

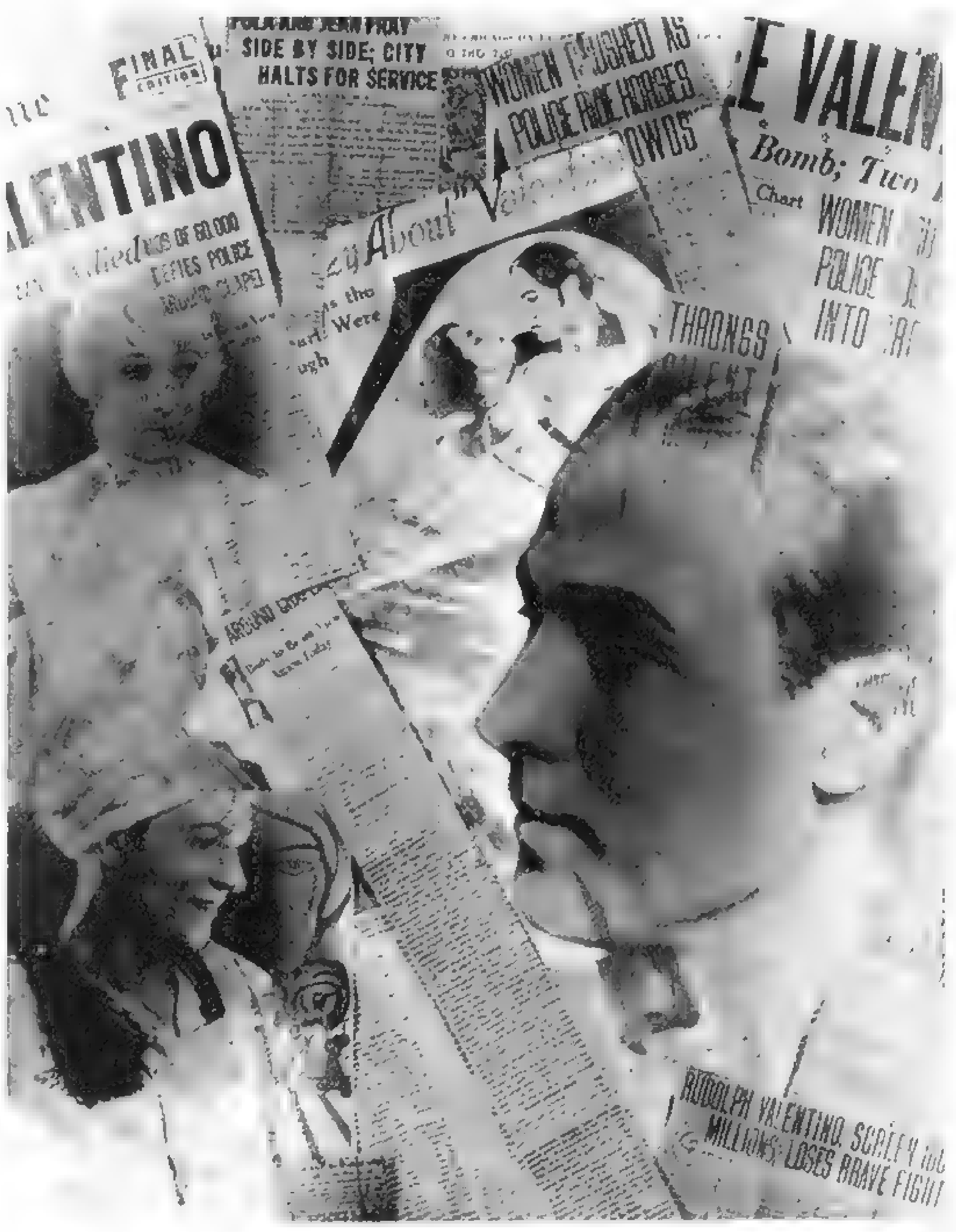
Lovehungry women thought he was a darling. He began to get engagements dancing the tango in ballrooms and cabarets; he teamed up with a girl named Jean Acker on a vaudeville tour, and took the name of Rudolph Valentino.

Stranded on the Coast he headed for Hollywood, worked for a long time as an extra for five dollars a day; directors began to notice he photographed well.

He got his chance in *The Four Horsemen*

and became the gigolo of every woman's dreams.

The automotive boom was on; the men were away all day making money, over their sweeping, over the dishes stacked in the sink, after the shuffle of shopping in the crowded stores, when the housework or typing was done, in Chinese restaurants, dance palaces, beautyparlors, tearooms women dreamed of Valentino.


FINAL EDITION
SIDE BY SIDE; CITY HALTS FOR SERVICE
WOMEN CRUSHED AS POLICE RIDE HORSES
LENTINO
DEFIES POLICE
E VALEN
Bomb; Two
Chart
WOMEN
POLICE
INTO
THRONGS
RUDOLPH VALENTINO, SCREEN
MILLIONS; LOSES BRAVE FIGHT

PHOTOMONTAGE BY KENNETH HEILBRON

They crowded into the ten cent theaters and the new cathedrals of the screen;

(the great age of the matinee idols had gone with the war; the men had had plenty of girls in the whirring mechanical revery offered for sale so cheap in the close quiet of the movie theaters); now it was the women's turn to dream

of their adagio dancer:

Valentino spent his life in the colorless glare of Kleig lights, in stucco villas obstructed with bricabrac, oriental rugs, tigerskins, slicking down his hair in the bridal suites of hotels, lounging in silk bathrobes in private cars, staring at his own face silvery grey in rushes and previews, oliveskinned in mirrors.

He was always getting into limousines or getting out of limousines

or patting the necks of fine horses.

in front of the cameras.

Wherever he went the sirens of the motorcyclecops screeched ahead of him

flashlights flared,

the streets were jumbled with hysterical faces, waving hands, crazy eyes; they stuck out their autograph books, yanked his buttons off, cut the tails off his admirably tailored dresssuit; they stole his hat and yanked at his necktie; valets removed young women from under his bed, in the smoky pinkish gloom and the low moaning swaying boom of jazz orchestras in nightclubs and cabarets actresses letching for stardom made sheepseyes at him under their mascaraed lashes; hat check girls went hot all over when his hand touched their hands when they reached for his hat that smelt of the new leather band and the pomade on his sleek hair.

What could the poor devil do? He wanted to make good under the glare of the milliondollar spotlights of Eldorado.

The Sheik, the Son of The Sheik

Personal appearances.

He wanted to make good

Maybe it was from so wanting to make good that he married his old vaudeville partner, divorced her, married the adopted daughter of a millionaire, went into lawsuits with the producers who were debasing the art of the screen, spent a million dollars on

one European trip,

he wanted to make good.

When the *Chicago Tribune* called him a pink powderpuff

(which was as near as they got in the presidency of Calvin Coolidge to calling a punk a faggot) and everybody started wagging their heads over a slave bracelet he wore that he said his wife had given him and his taste for mushy verse of which he published a small volume called *Daydreams* and the whispers grew about the testimony in his divorce case to the effect that he and his first wife had never slept together

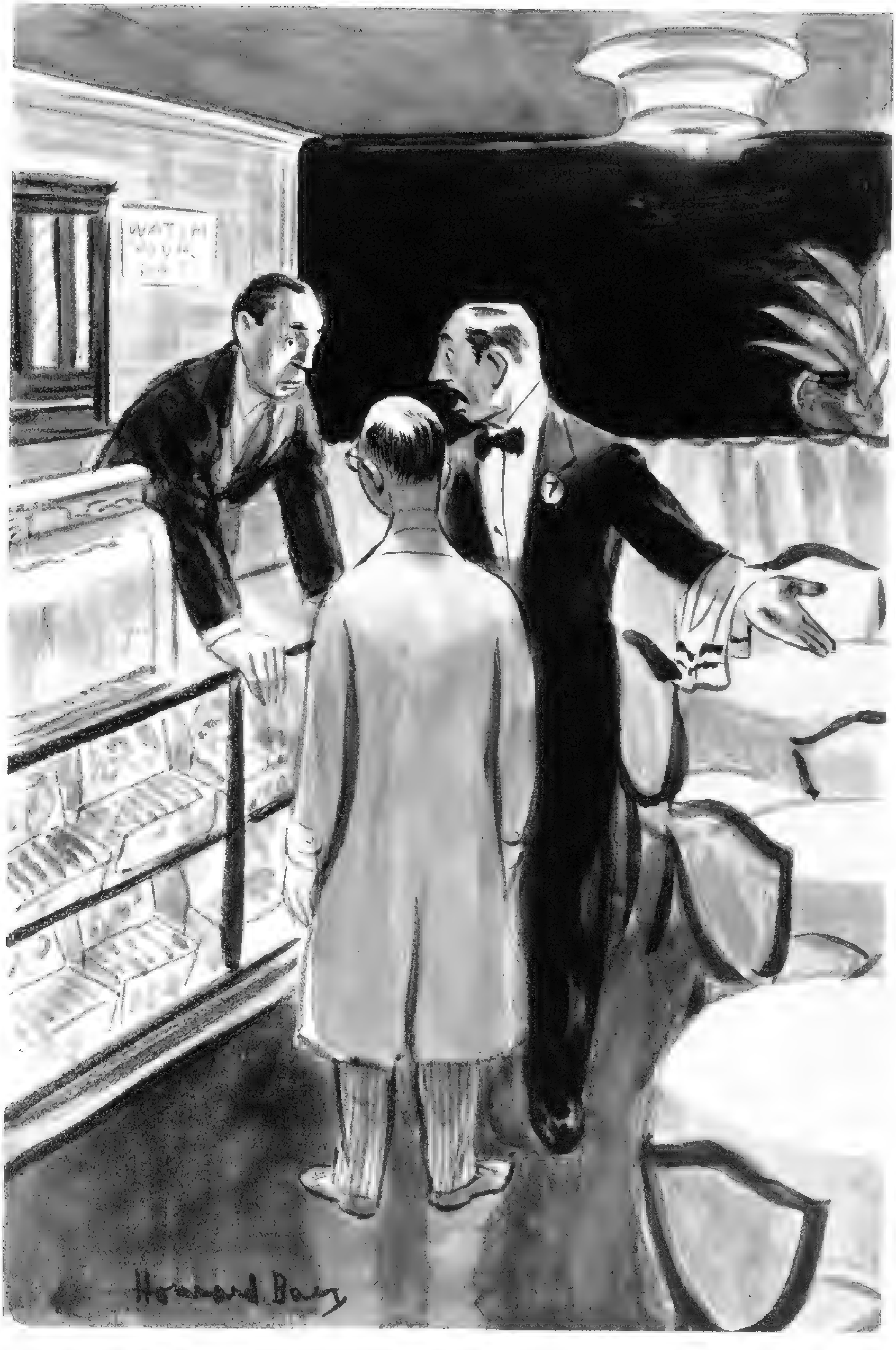
it broke his heart.

Wasn't he an amateur of boxing?

Didn't he have a stable of Arabian horses?

He tried to challenge the *Chicago*

Continued in center of page 181


WATCH
YOUR
HAT
Howard Baer

"He says he kept his hat on so he wouldn't have to watch it, and still somebody swiped it!"

The Other Little Hitlers

Each steps into the spotlight for a moment, sings his little verse, and rejoins the chorus

by JOHN GUNTHER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"I demand that every Storm Troop Leader, just as every political leader, should be conscious of the fact that his behaviour and conduct must be exemplary . . . I wish for every mother to give her son to The Party without fearing that he may be ruined morally . . . Storm Troop Leaders who behave unworthily in public are to be mercilessly removed."

—ADOLF HITLER.

The Perfect Bureaucrat—Frick

LESS publicized than either, Dr. Wilhelm Frick is, after Goering and Goebbels, the most powerful Nazi office-holder. He was appointed minister of the interior for the Reich in Hitler's first cabinet, and he has held this office ever since. Thus he controls the civil administration of Germany, and his influence is strong in the schools, the public services and the police.

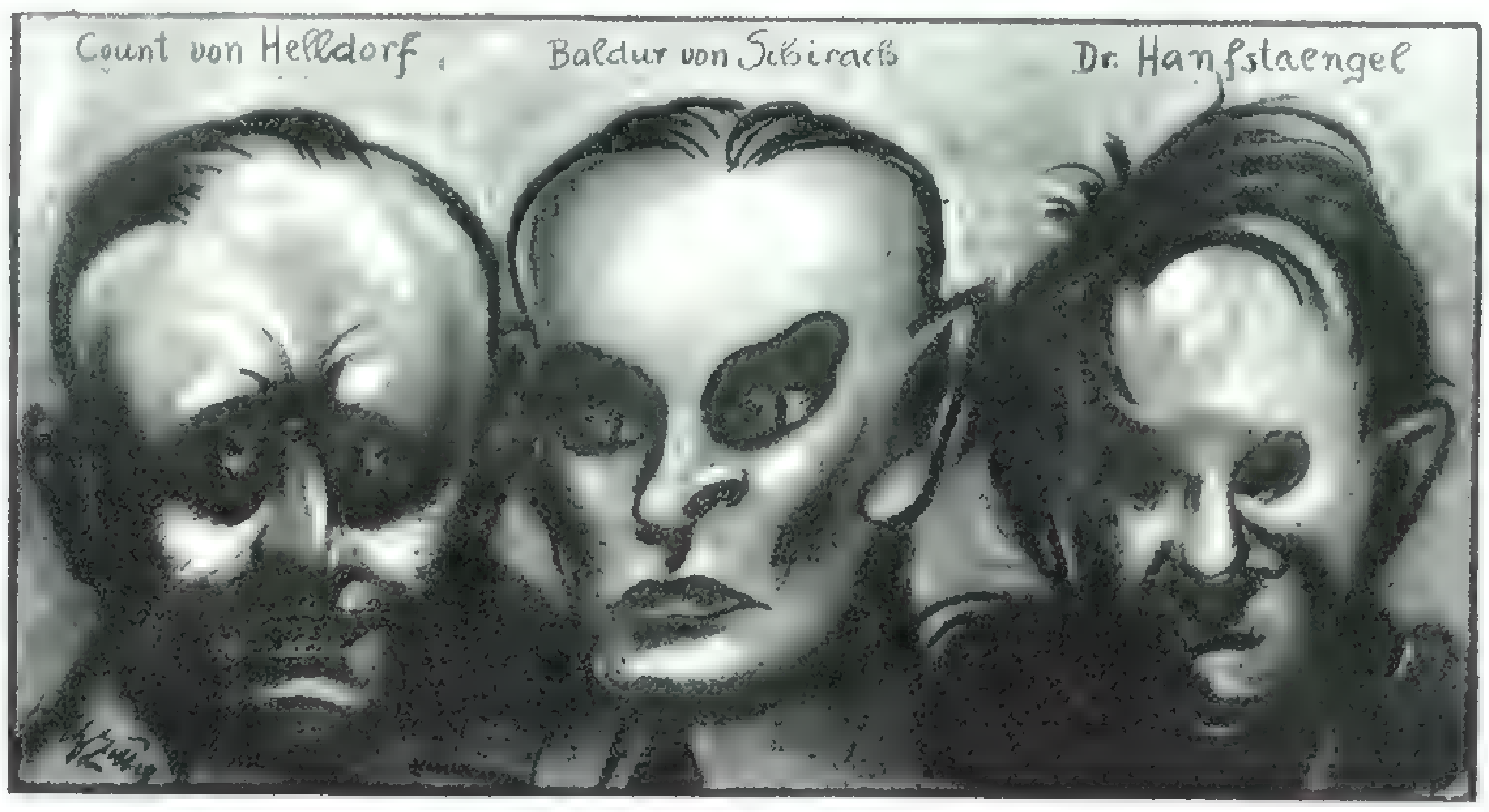
Born in the Palatinate in 1877, Frick studied law and became a *Beamter*, an official. In 1917 he was head of the political section of the Munich police. In this position he was able to do valuable service for the Nazis, by protecting the party when it was small and insignificant, and making things easy for Nazi law-breakers and hooligans. He was assistant chief of police when Hitler made his 1923 revolt, and actively connived with him as "inside" man. As a result he was charged with high treason and convicted, but he never served his sentence.

Frick is an official, a bureaucrat, through and through. Hitler is not intimate with him, but he respects him. He became minister of the interior because he was the only important Nazi with civil service training. Precise, obedient, uninspired, he turned out to be a faithful executive; he has been called the "only honest Nazi."

Yet no one should think that this dry, so-typical German *Beamter* is not capable of great, exhilarating Nazi words and deeds. It was Frick who drafted the Aryan law defining Jewishness unto the third generation. It was Frick, a cabinet minister in Thuringia, who enforced compulsory prayers on all school children: hate-prayers for the destruction of the Treaty of Versailles. And in the Reichstag, as the senior Nazi deputy, Frick once introduced a law for the castration of homosexuals. This did not endear him to Heines or Roehm. Frick has always been on the side of the conservatives in the party, like Goering.

A fierce, intra-party battle for the control of cultural affairs has been waged. Goebbels asserts that all art is propaganda and therefore belongs to him. Rosenberg holds that art is *Weltanschauung* and should thus be in his province. Goering, as boss of Prussia, feels that art is the prerogative of the executive authority, and therefore his. Rust, minister of education, would like culture as part of his domain, but being only a lion of the second magnitude, he is silent while the others bark. And Frick, the while, holds on to all he can.

His seven precepts for the education of the young are the following:



1. Counteraction of the traditional underestimate of the culture level of our Germanic forebears.

2. Fitting treatment of Race, as the basic soil in which all individuals and all peoples must be rooted.

3. Emphasis on the tribal-national (*voelkisch*) idea, since the Germans, more than any other people, incline to wool-gather with unworldly dreams.

4. Inclusion of foreign-Germans (Germanic peoples living outside of the German borders) in all treatment of German history.

5. Precedence of political history over cultural history.

6. Thoroughgoing emphasis on the heroic idea in the Germanic past and its connection with the Fuehrer-idea in our own time.

7. Creation of a heroic philosophy.

(*Morning Post*, London, April 29, 1935.)

And German school books—a profoundly important point for the future—are compact with an appallingly militant, pan-German propaganda.

Frick has recently—with an eye to the prevailing religious winds—become a pagan.

"My Splendid Maurice"[*]

Rudolf Hess, born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1896, is the Fuehrer's personal deputy, the deputy-leader of the party, and Reichsminister without portfolio. When Goering, after the murder of Schleicher, underwent a temporary period of severe unpopularity with the Reichswehr, Hess—had he been bold and assertive enough—might have taken his position. But the talents of Hess lie otherwise. He is the private secretary par excellence, the watchdog, the faithful servant, and little more. Hess, like so many others, was converted to Hitlerism on first hearing the Leader speak; like Goering and Ley, he was a flying officer during the war. He was the first "gentleman" to join the Nazi party. He became Hitler's personal secretary in 1923 and shared prison with him. He is a bachelor, like so many of the men devoted to the Leader.

The strength of Hess lies in his closeness to Hitler. He has no government department, but, a cabinet minister himself, he acts as a co-ordinator between the other ministries. Hitler has given him several thankless jobs: for instance the onus of making the first public apologia for the murders of June 30. It is very difficult to get to Hitler on any political or party business except through Hess. His office is thronged with office-seekers and it has been nicely termed the *Klagemauer* (Wailing Wall) of the Third Reich.

Hess has recorded that in Alexandria he became a nationalist, during the war a socialist, and in Munich after the war an anti-Semite. Therefore his soul was ripe for Adolf's seed. His anti-Semitism is rigorous and extreme. For instance he issued the following order in August, 1934:

> Reports show that *Parteigenossen* (members of the party) are not observing the imperative restraint towards Jews.
>
> Irrespective of the position and possibilities of activity accorded to Jews living in Germany by the prevailing laws, I forbid all *Parteigenossen:—*
>
> To represent Jews before the Courts against *Parteigenossen*.
>
> To speak for Jews in Government and other quarters.
>
> To give certificates of any kind for Jews.
>
> To receive moneys which Jews wish to give for party purposes.
>
> To mix with Jews in public and in public resorts.
>
> To wear party badges during the hours in which they are active as employees in Jewish concerns.

(*London Times*, August 31, 1934.)

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[*] What Hitler calls Hess in *Mein Kampf*.

Hess is retiring in character, genuinely modest, and very popular. At every *Parteitag* in Nuremberg (annual Nazi congress) he receives the biggest applause next to Hitler: far more from the Nazi rank-and-file than Goering, Goebbels, Rosenberg, or Frick. His whole life is devoted to Hitler. His only outside interest is faith-healing, and he has founded a hospital in Dresden devoted to cures by means that scientific medicine does not recognize.

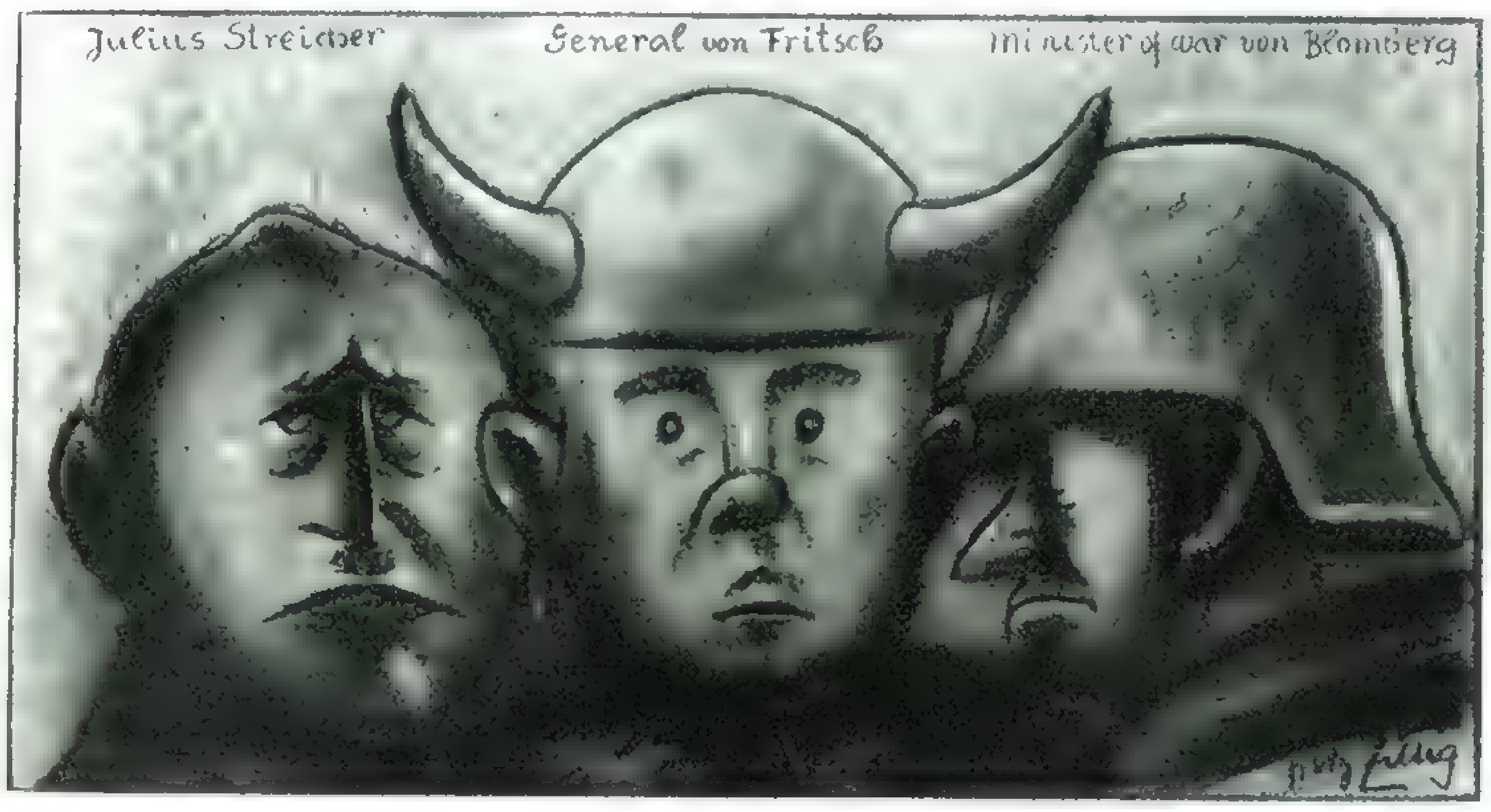
Hitler appointed him to become the head of the political section of the Nazi party in the fall of 1932, after the disgrace of Strasser. Previously, except in Hitler's intimate circle, he had been little known. The appointment was sound politics. With his usual perspicacity, Hitler chose as his deputy the one man in Germany who was not ambitious for a better job.

Boss of the Black Shirts

Heinrich Himmler wears pince-nez and looks like a schoolmaster. He is one of the most sinister personalities in the new Germany.

He is two things, 1, Reich commander of the SS (black shirts); 2, supreme head of the Gestapo, or secret state police.

Born in Munich in 1900, Himmler, like so many of his colleagues, belonged to a nationalist gang of guerilla fighters; like Brückner, Goering, Streicher, Hess and other still prominent leaders, he took part in the *Putsch* of 1923. In 1927 he became deputy leader of the SS, which was being formed by Hitler as a counterweight to the SA of Roehm. In 1929 he became Reichs leader of the SS, in 1933 police president of Munich, in 1934 chief of the political police.



The SS, as we have seen, are the picked Nazi forces. Himmler has said, "The SA is the Line, the SS are the Guards." Every SS man must obey especially strict standards of discipline; he must be of satisfactory height and appearance; he may not marry until he and his bride are certified by the Eugenics Bureau which Himmler has established both as irreproachably Aryan and as healthy potential parents.

This man, holding in his person the double job of policeman and SS ruler, fulfills a double function. The Gestapo and SS between them are invincible. The police arrest people. The SS guard them in concentration camps. Himmler is all-powerful at both ends. Besides, he is a convenient instrument for the civil side of the party, in that he can obey secret orders and fulfill them, while the government officially disclaims "knowledge" of what he does.

Himmler has informally told the world what will happen in the event of an attempt on Hitler's life. There will be, he promises, "unequalled chaos throughout Germany and a great pogrom—even if the attempt is unsuccessful!" He superintended most of the June 30 killings; and was seen that week dining luxuriously at Horcher's, Berlin's most exclusive restaurant—quite content.

Behind Himmler is an even more sinister figure, a former naval officer named Heydrich, an SS group leader. Himmler, it is sometimes said, is only the "front" for this much more brutal and dangerous man. Heydrich was accused of plotting to murder Goebbels on June 30, but after investigation he was reinstated into office. For two months he had been suspended.

Court Jester

The volcanic Dr. Ernst Franz Sedgwick Hanfstaengel, known everywhere as "Putzi," is half-American and he has an American wife. His mother was a Boston Sedgwick; his father owned a famous Munich art firm. Putzi went to Harvard and then opened an art shop in New York. Alexander Woollcott wrote a delightful sketch of him, recalling these lost American days; such is the extremity of Hanfstaengel's Germanism that, reading it, he became enraged to the point of literal incoherence, denouncing the article as an anti-German plot design to humiliate and shame him.

Hanfstaengel is a grotesque, big, stooping figure with lank black hair falling over a caved-in face. His conversation is hard to follow. It is abstracted, amusing, fanciful, forceful, and extraordinarily disjointed. I have heard him, in one sentence, variously refer to Hitler as "the Leader," "the Chancellor," "Herr Hitler," and "Adolf." It was as if a person close to Roosevelt should say, "I must hurry away to tell Franklin that the President must remember that F.D.R. is making a speech to-night." Hanfstaengel was largely responsible for Dorothy Thompson's expulsion from Germany; he had misconstrued her book *I Saw Hitler* as a personal affront. Lately he sued a London paper for a very considerable sum, because it quoted him to the general effect that if the British didn't behave better toward Germany, he would send some of his Nazi swine across the channel and burn down Oxford. He denied ever having made the remark.

His official job is liaison officer to the foreign section of the Nazi party's press department.

His unofficial job is much more important —court musician and buffoon to Hitler.

Bodyguard

Lieut. Brückner, the chief bodyguard, officially known as Adjutant to the *Fuehrer* is, as befits his post, one of the huskiest men in Germany. He is at least six foot four and a tremendous specimen of agile muscularity. Brückner is never far from Hitler. He sleeps just outside Hitler's room. He was born in Baden-Baden in 1884 and, like Himmler, joined a corps of nationalist volunteers after the war. He and the Leader are inseparable; Brückner was the man at Hitler's side when he arrested Roehm. He is in the SA not SS, with the rank of Brigadier General.

Jew-Baiter of Nuremberg

Of all the top Nazis, Julius Streicher is the most unsavoury. This rapacious anti-Semite, the Reichscommisar for Franconia, is a man of 51, beast-eyed, barrel-chested, shaven-headed, in appearance the very incarnation of brutality. Not only in appearance. He has the characteristics of a sadist. At one *Partei-tag* in Nuremberg he was seen beating back a crowd of cheering Nazis outside Hitler's hotel, waiting for a glimpse of their Leader, with a horse-whip. According to *Heil*, in July, 1933 he ordered 250 Jews who had been arrested to pluck grass out of a field with their teeth.

Streicher organized the anti-Jewish boycott held in Berlin in April, 1933 just after the Nazis came to power. This was one great show that Dr. Goebbels did not put on. It was not repeated. Streicher publishes a weekly newspaper, *Die Stürmer*, solid with viciously revolting and pornographic anti-Semite propaganda. Once he issued a special "Ritual Murder" issue. It caused such a storm of protest in the outside world—by the Archbishop of Canterbury for instance—that it had to be suppressed in Germany.

Streicher is quoted by *Time* (April 8, 1935), as follows:—

"With my riding whip, I sometimes give it to prisoners I have had taken into protective custody to save them from the mob. Take that schoolteacher Dr. Steinruck who used to talk so big! I went with several Party members into his cell. He began to talk with a weeping voice and acted like a schoolboy. He did not act like the man I had expected after so much big talk, so I gave him a good thrashing with my whip."

At various times he has been accused of fraud, assault and sexual offences. On his 50th birthday the local authorities made him a picturesque gift—the dossier in the archives of the Nuremberg police which "formerly might have been used against him as incriminating material." Streicher's proudest boast is that he has cleared one Franconian district, Hersbruck, comprising 36 villages and 22,000 inhabitants, entirely of Jews. Not a single Jew remains. Everywhere in Franconia the terror against the Jews proceeds with miserable ferocity. Streicher's ultimate solution of the Jewish problem is to castrate all Jews.

His general culture is not too brilliant. When he came to Berlin in August, 1935 to speak at the Sports-Palast meeting he said: "The great Jew who lived in England, Benjamin Disraeli, became Premier. Later he was elevated to the peerage under the name of Lord Gladstone."

It is no use, as some sympathizers do, saying that Hitler personally "deplores" Streicher's bloodthirsty brutality. Hitler does not deplore it. He has been given every opportunity to get rid of Streicher. He refuses to do so. Streicher is one of his oldest supporters. Streicher joined him in

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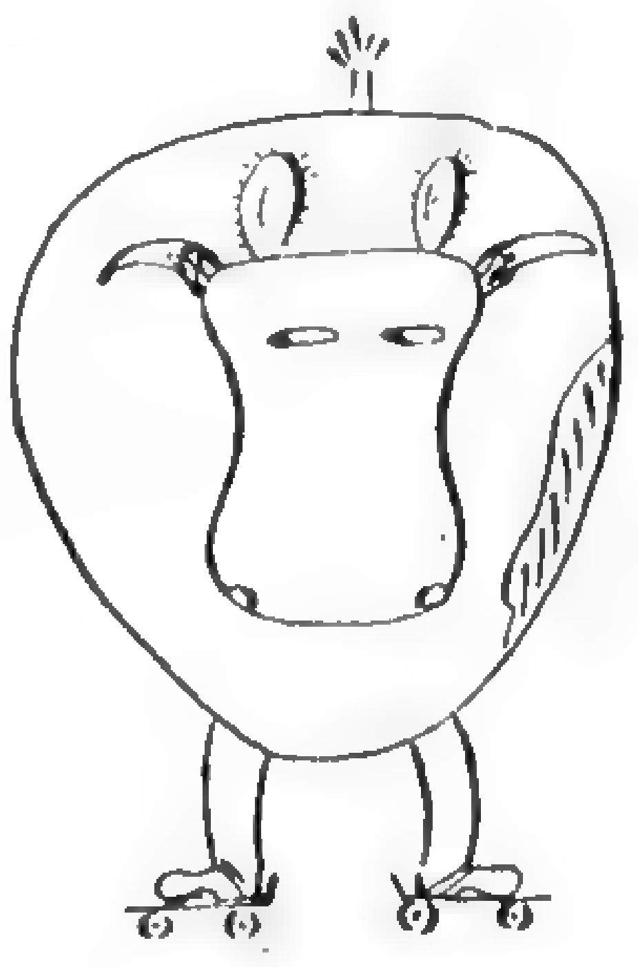
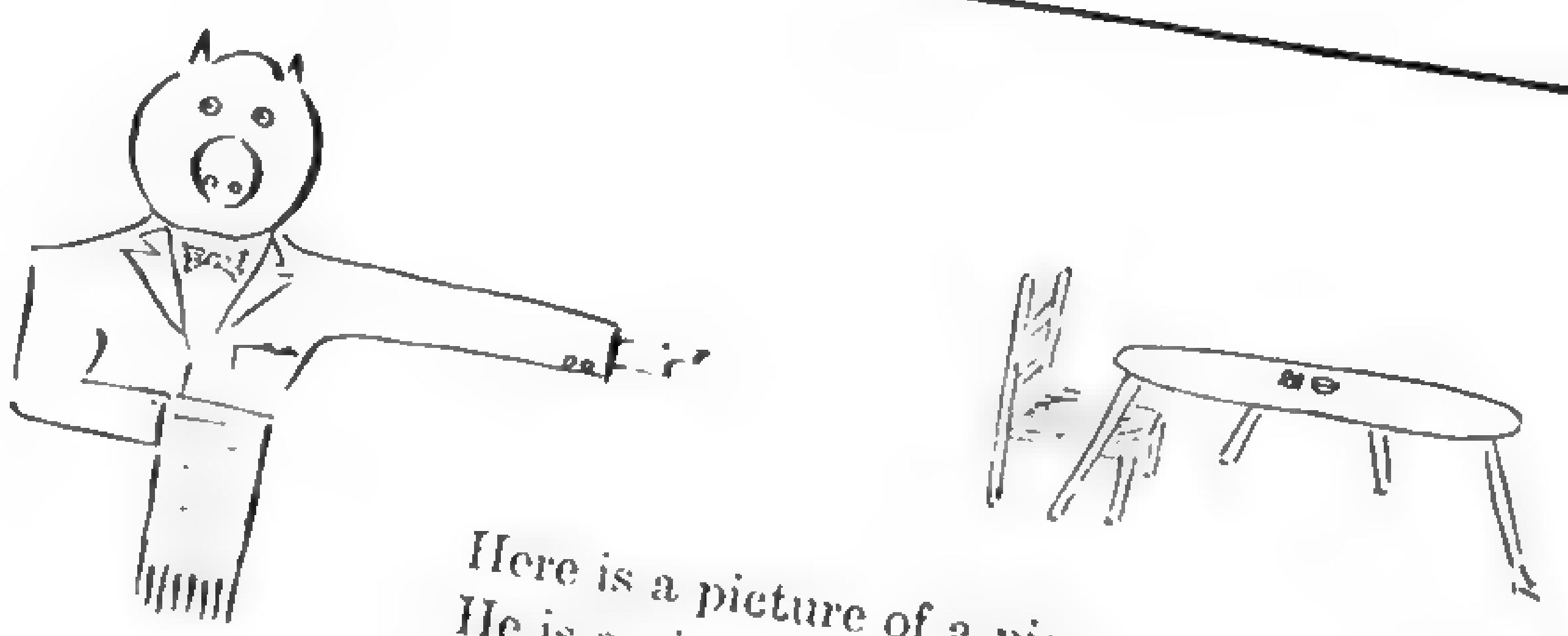
Freehand Fables

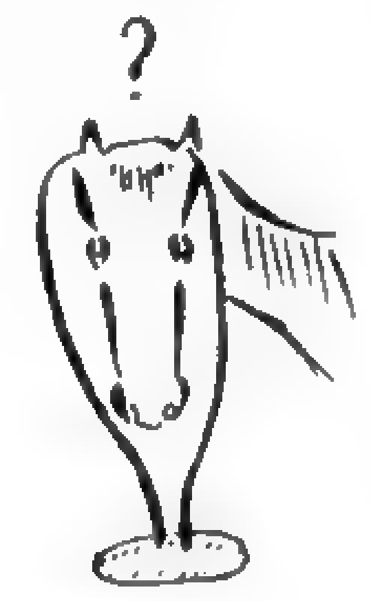
by FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM



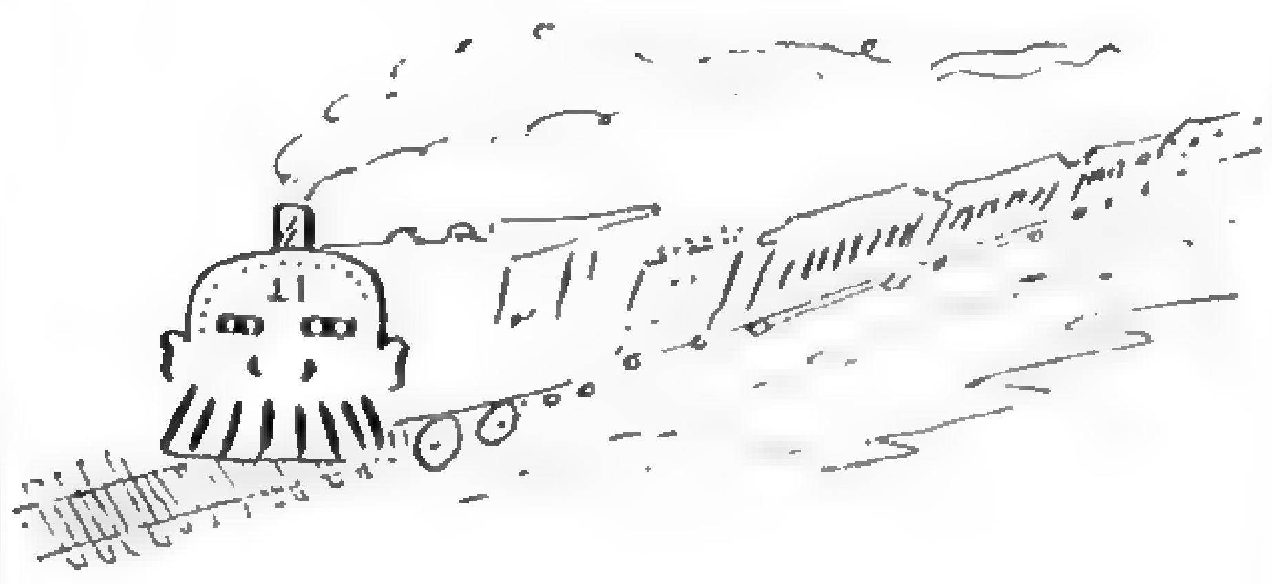
Here is a picture of a cow.
The cow is on roller-skates.
That dark piece which looks like Australia proves that the cow is a Holstein, because Holsteins have dark pieces.
There is some doubt about the cow's other two legs.
If the cow expects to go where she is looking she'd better get her feet pointed in the same direction.
We think that is the tail on top of the cow: or, it might be someone in the back of the class who wants to ask a question.
If the cow would shave her ears once in a while, she wouldn't look so much like a cactus grove.
That is all.



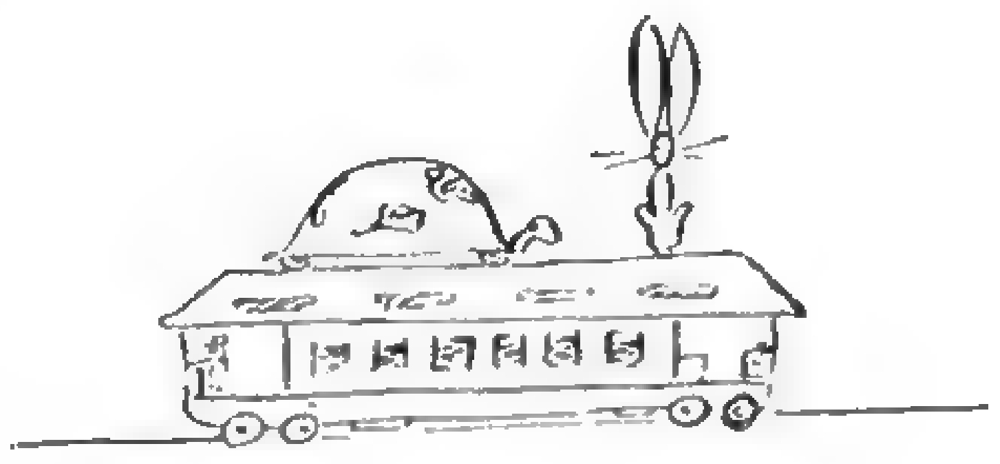
Here is a picture of a pig.
He is a pig with possibilities. Any pig who can wear a tuxedo like that has possibilities.
Or, if it isn't a tuxedo and is only a dark suit, more power to him.
It is clear that he is a headwaiter, since he is pointing out a table.
No one we ever saw could fit at that damn table.
It is too much to expect.
But the pig expects it.
Let him sit at his own lousy table.



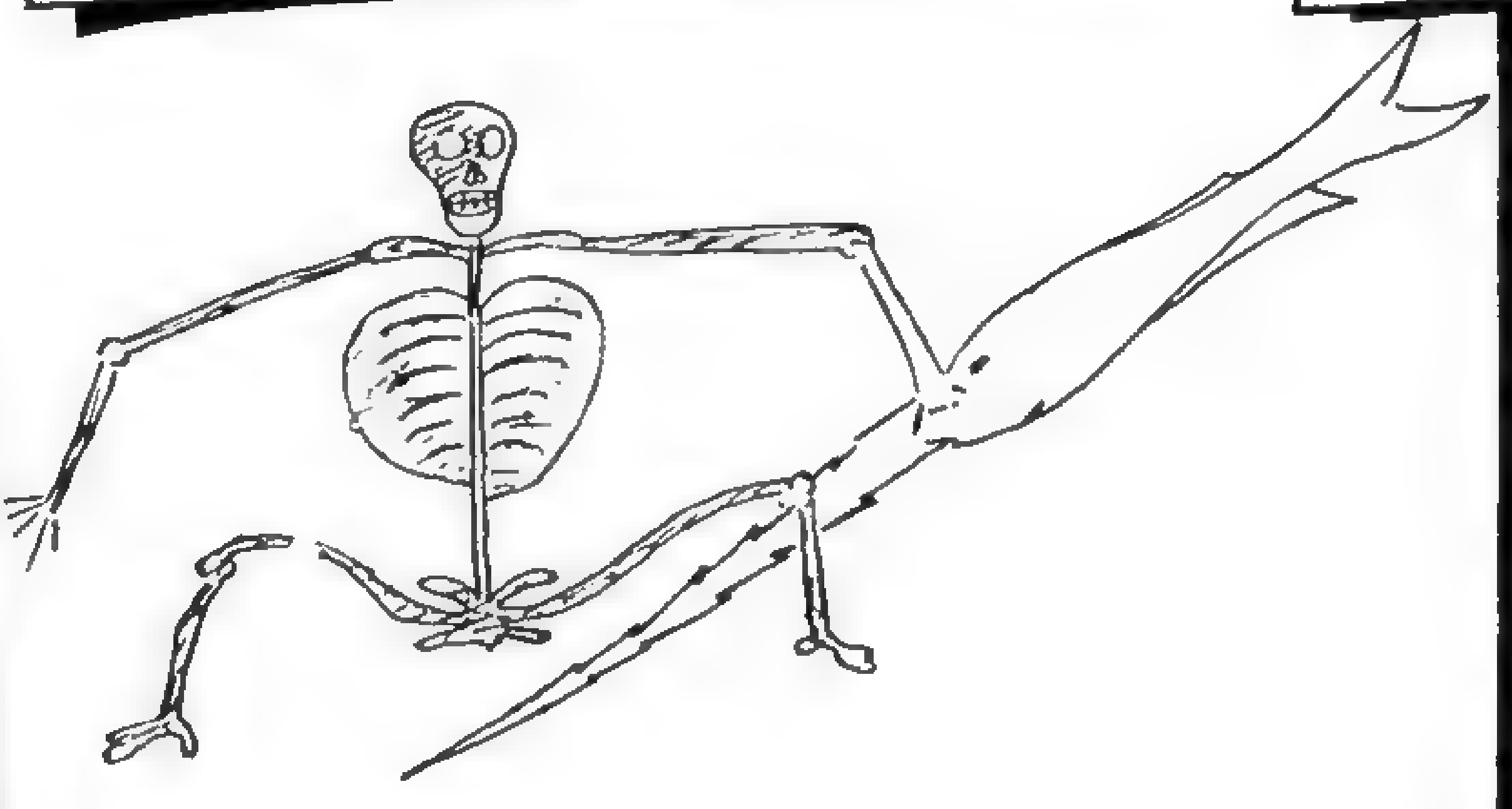
Here is the picture of a horse.
The horse is a long, lean thoroughbred.
He is listening in on a stethoscope.
Look closely, for horses do not often listen in on stethoscopes.
The horse looks puzzled.
We are puzzled, too. We wonder what in hell the horse expects to hear on a stethoscope dangling in the air.
He must think he is a radio set, or something.
No wonder he is thin and has ears like a dog.



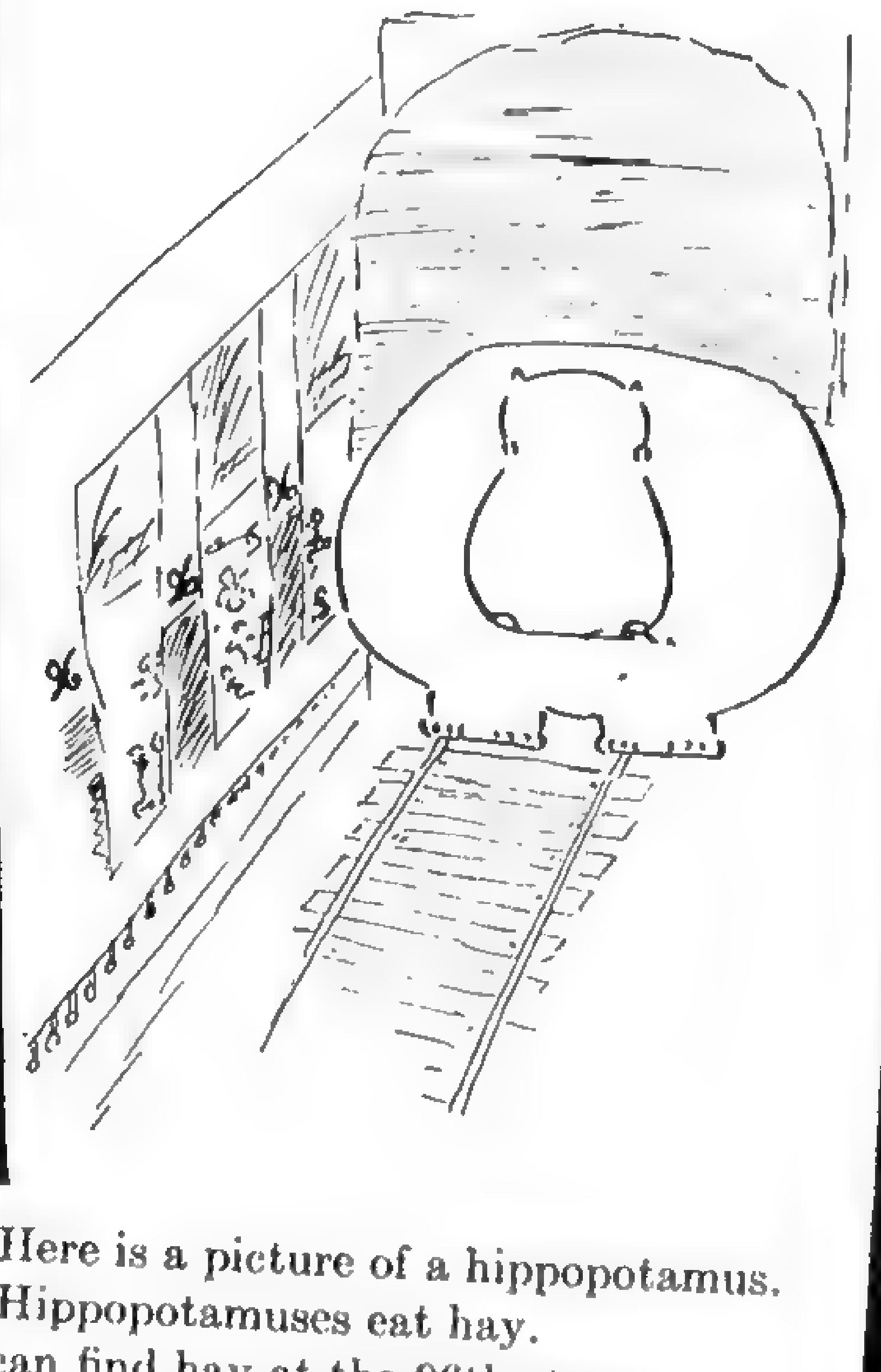
Here is a picture of a train, Number 11.
It is three minutes behind time.
Someone should tell the engineer to hurry up.
Nobody on a train wants to be late.
Maybe there is not much coal. The coal car looks pretty flimsy.
There is smoke, though.
The engine looks like our janitor.
He is usually late, too.



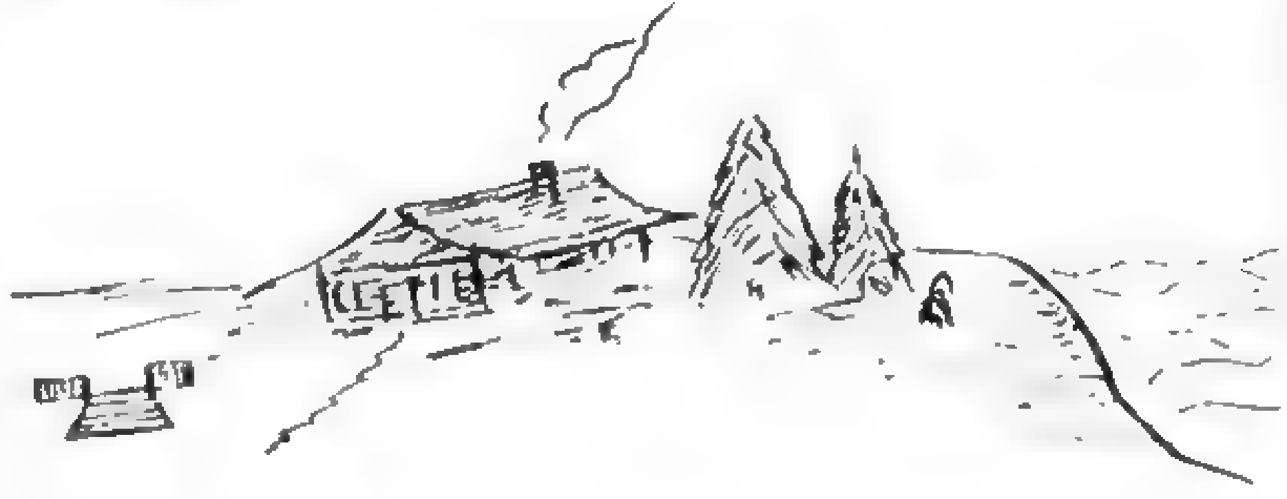
Here are the hare and the tortoise.
They are resting after their race.
They are resting on top of a street car.
They have a hell of a nerve. They must think all the motorman has to do is drive them around while they cool off.
The motorman is a working man.
He has no time for shillyshallying.
It is an outrage. They should be forced to ride inside.
(The hare could let his ears go out a window)
Something should be done about it.
Where is the conductor, anyway?



Here is a picture of a skeleton.
He has a swordfish in his hand.
The skeleton means death.
The swordfish means war.
There is an old saying (I think) that those who live by the swordfish, die by the swordfish.
That is hard on the sea bass, who live right by the swordfish.
The skeleton should be in a closet.



Here is a picture of a hippopotamus.
Hippopotamuses eat hay.
If this one thinks he can find hay at the 96th street subway station, he's crazy.
The people on the station have no hay; they are waiting for a Broadway local.
Even with lights on, a hippopotamus would not look like a local.
He should be in the zoo, where it would not cost a nickel to see him.
Anyway, the tracks must hurt his feet.
He would be better off dead.
Just wait until the local comes.



Here is a picture of a house.
It has nice trees near it.
Birds in these trees would be a menace to sleep.
Maybe it is just as well. If a man walked in his sleep he would fall down that cliff.
That funny thing on the left is the porch.
It ought to be on the house, but it is not.
What a crazy house!

The Euthanasian Garden

Of the origin and growth of the movement to legalize suicide for those who suffer hopelessly

by HAVELOCK ELLIS

• ARTICLE •

DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"I believe in Individualism, that each Individual has a Right to the Sacraments of Sun, Air, and Water, of Love and of Beauty, the Right of Life, the Right of Death. I would say that the present Laws—both moral and legal—in regard to Suicide and Euthanasia are obsolete and need revision, that the Individual has as much Right to Die—proviso it harms no other individual—as to be Born, Married, go on a Journey. In some enlightened future World there will be public Lethal Chambers—both compulsory and voluntary—as there are now Public Baths and Libraries. Individuals will be free to die, may even be taught that it is sometimes their Duty to die. Death will be restored to its long lost Divinity."

I quote from a long letter I have just received from a young woman of twenty-five. She lives in a large English city, where she has done office work for important firms, efficiently I gather. But of late various physical defects and disorders have compelled her to give up office work, while attempts at other work have failed, and she now subsists on the small dole. She has an original mind (note her fondness for capital letters) and has cultivated it by much serious reading and music. She is, as she admits, neurotic, and she feels unable to outlive and forget an old love-disappointment. She sees nothing ahead but death. Her long letter to me, she says, may be one of the last she ever writes.

I do not yet know whether I can persuade my correspondent to consider the matter a little longer before deciding that life holds no further possibilities. But it is the social, not the personal, problem in which I am mainly interested, and as a social problem it is really less concerned with self-destruction than with bringing the lives of others to an end. Today, indeed, the subject is becoming actual. Not long since, a distinguished English physician, Lord Horder, called attention to it, as one of the pressing questions of the immediate future, though, as he pointed out, it is not one in which the medical profession can play a pioneering part, since it is the business of medicine to prolong life, not to end it. But here and there among the general public practical action has been taken in advance of the law.

Thus, last year, a woman in Yorkshire, a Mrs. Brownhill, was charged with the wilful murder of her son, aged 30. It appeared that the son was a helpless imbecile, and unable to do anything for himself; his mother, who was constantly devoted to him, had her bed in the same room so as to attend to all his wants. But she was herself in bad health and the time came when it was imperative for her to go to a hospital for a serious operation. She would not see her helpless son abandoned. She decided to give him a large dose of aspirin to produce sleepiness and then place the gas tube in his mouth. "I have put Denis to sleep," she said. "The time may come," the judge told the jury, "when it may be the law that an idiot may be sent to a merciful death. That is not the law at the present time, and neither you nor I have the right to make laws. We have to take the law as it is." The jury immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty, with the strongest recommendation to mercy." Mrs. Brownhill was formally sentenced to death, but at once put into the prison hospital and not long afterwards quietly released.

More recently in Manchester two sisters were charged with murdering their imbecile brother, who happened to be of the same age as Denis Brownhill, in a similar manner. There was insanity in several members of the family, and the mental condition of this brother was such that he could never be let outside the house; one or other of the sisters had constantly to watch over him. "The thing we have done," said one of the sisters, "has not only been a duty, but a promise to a dying mother. It was loving devotion to a hapless and helpless being." (She meant that her mother enjoined on them always to care for their brother.) "Not to rid myself of a burden," said the other sister, "but because I could go on no further. I had lived for him and loved him." The jury found a verdict of "Guilty but insane," and the judge, in ordering their detention in an asylum added that he would say nothing to add to the trials they had gone through.

The reasonable attitude of the judges at both these trials may be taken to indicate that they might welcome a change in the law. Such a change, at all events, so far as the voluntary aspects of the problem are concerned, has in England been proposed, and notably by Dr. Killick Millard in his Presidential Address to the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has been republished as a pamphlet (with a Foreword by Sir Arbuthnot Lane) under the title of *Euthanasia: A Plea for the Legalization of Voluntary Euthanasia under Certain Conditions.*

Dr. Millard, who is distinguished by his valuable and wide-ranging activities in causes of public welfare, is not content with a mere plea. He has brought together the confirmatory opinions of eminent public men in Church and State, and he is setting up a Voluntary Euthanasia Legalization Society to promote the cause. The cause takes shape in a Bill, The Voluntary Euthanasia (Legislation) Bill, for submission to Parliament. It has now been re-drafted by a legal authority accustomed to the drafting of bills, and will in due course be introduced. It would provide for the application by persons over twenty-one years of age suffering from incurable disease to a Euthanasian referee appointed by the Minister of Health, the application to be heard in camera and to be supported by two medical certificates, and the applicant to have first consulted his nearest relative and set his affairs in order. The proceeding would thus be as cautiously guarded as possible, and furnishes no support for the recent foolish statement of a coroner at an inquest over a suicide that "if everyone adopted this method there would soon be no one left in the world." Nor does it definitely deal with that "humanitarian extermination of imbeciles" advocated by some today as being even in the interests of low-grade defectives

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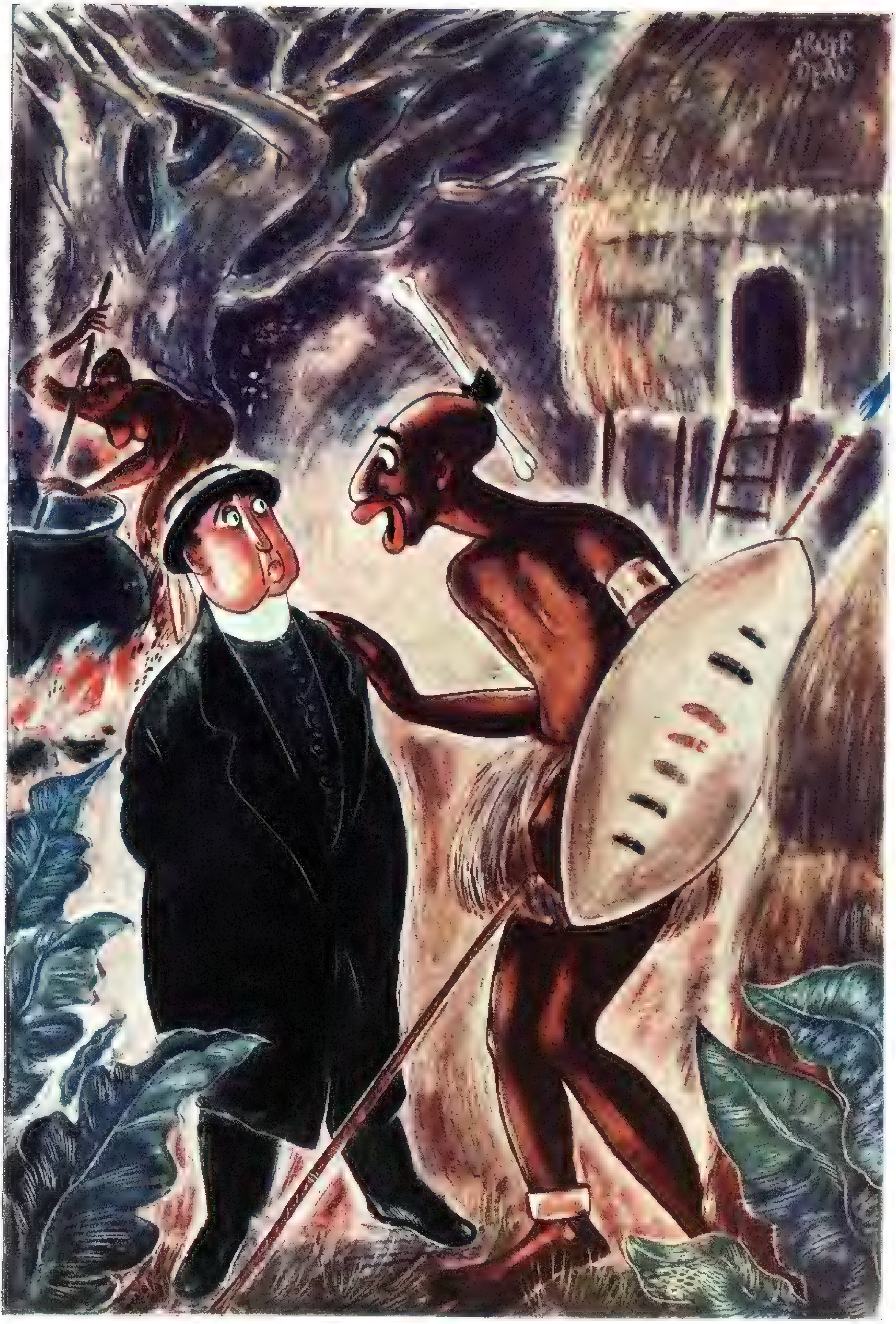
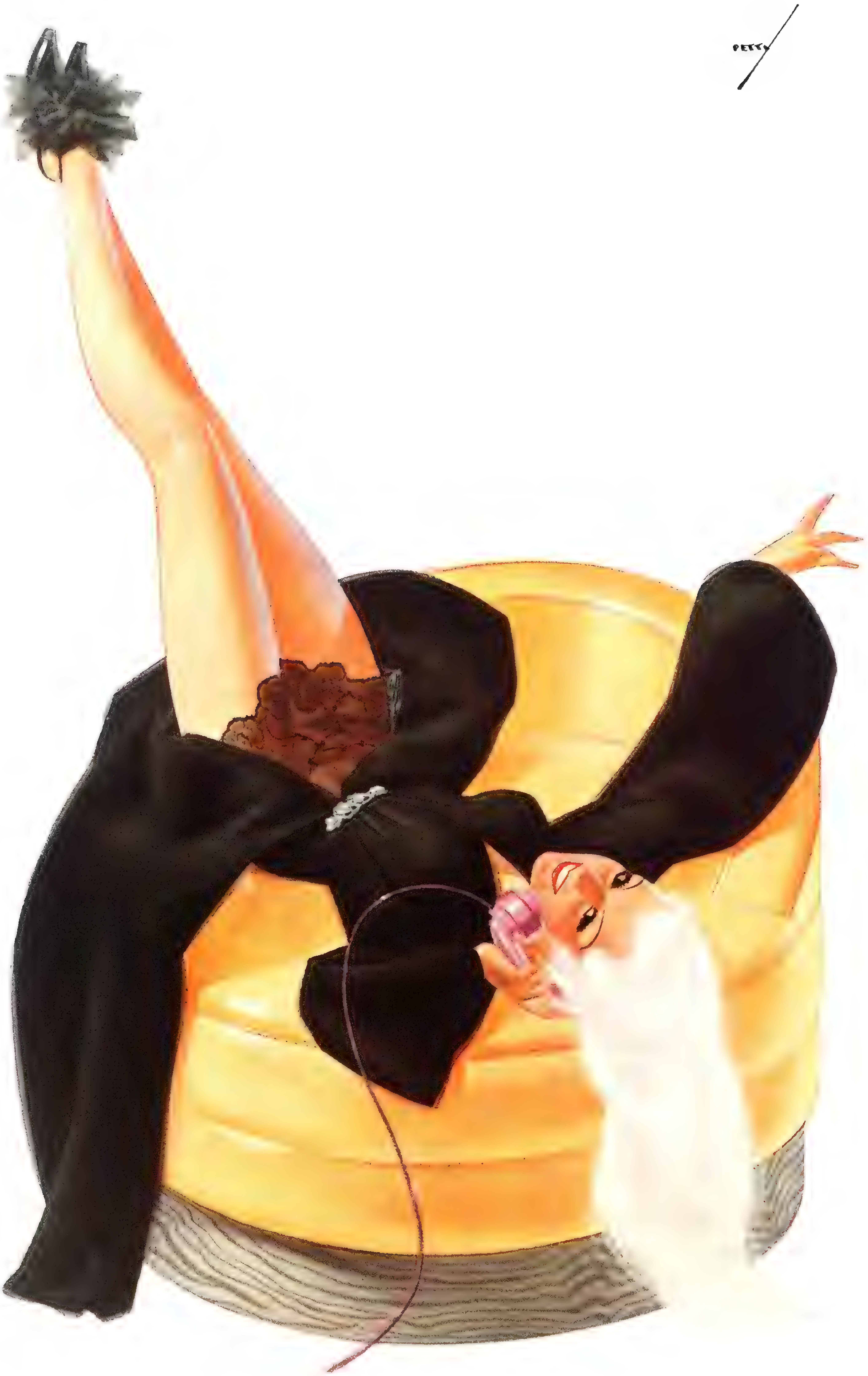


"The wife insists we have you for dinner!"



"It's no use, Philip—When you lost your yacht—something within me died!"

The Crack-Up

A desolately frank document from one for whom the salt of life has lost its savor

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

OF COURSE all life is a process of breaking down, but the blows that do the dramatic side of the work—the big sudden blows that come, or seem to come, from outside—the ones you remember and blame things on and, in moments of weakness, tell your friends about, don't show their effect all at once. There is another sort of blow that comes from within—that you don't feel until it's too late to do anything about it, until you realize with finality that in some regard you will never be as good a man again. The first sort of breakage seems to happen quick—the second kind happens almost without your knowing it but is realized suddenly indeed.

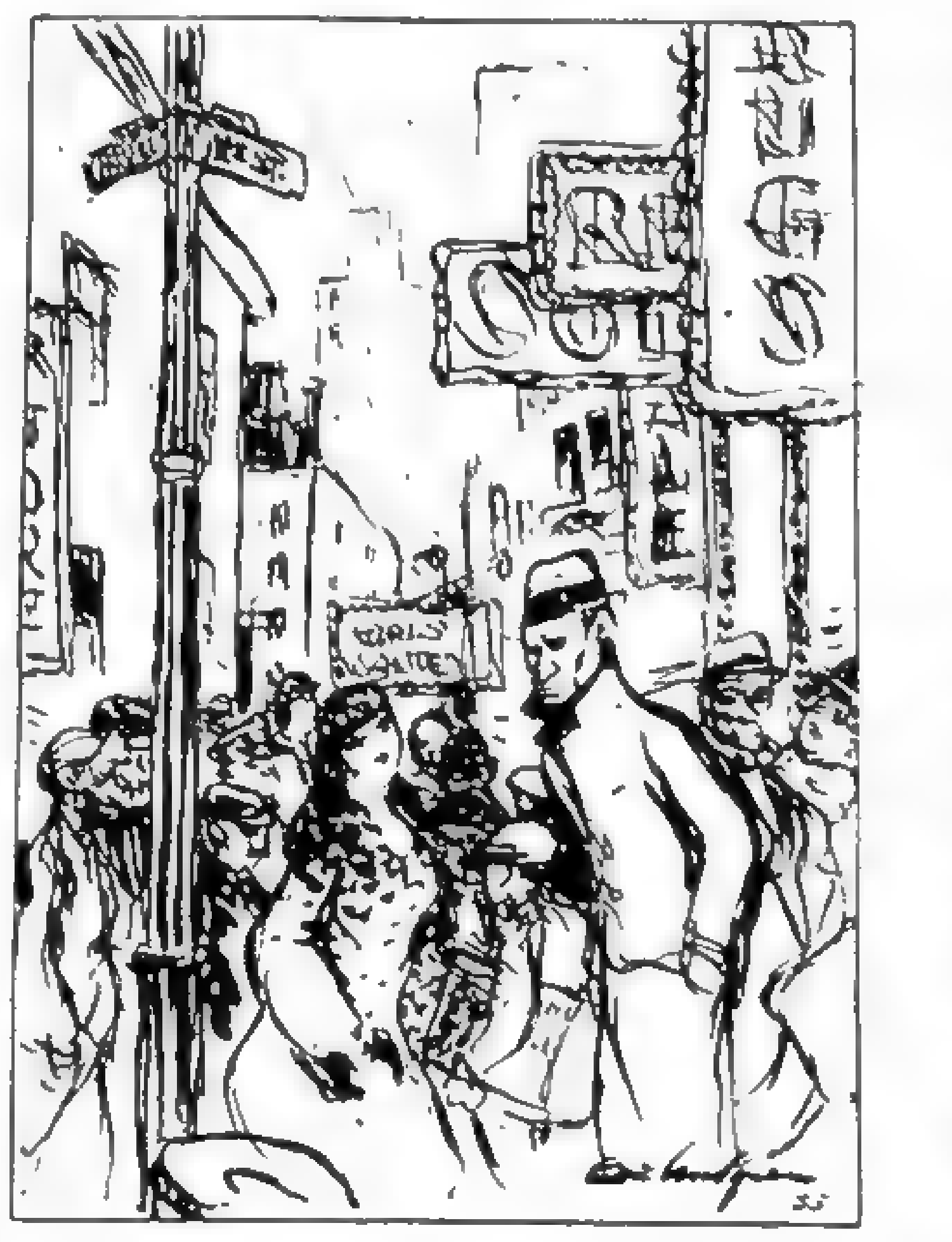
Before I go on with this short history let me make a general observation—the test of a first rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise. This philosophy fitted on to my early adult life, when I saw the improbable, the implausible, often the "impossible" come true. Life was something you dominated if you were any good. Life yielded easily to intelligence and effort, or to what proportion could be mustered of both. It seemed a romantic business to be a successful literary man—you were not ever going to be as famous as a movie star but what note you had was probably longer-lived—you were never going to have the power of a man of strong political or religious convictions but you were certainly more independent. Of course within the practice of your trade you were forever unsatisfied—but I, for one, would not have chosen any other.

As the twenties passed, with my own twenties marching a little ahead of them, my two juvenile regrets—at not being big enough (or good enough) to play football in college, and at not getting overseas during the war—resolved themselves into childish waking dreams of imaginary heroism that were good enough to go to sleep on in restless nights. The big problems of life seemed to solve themselves, and if the business of fixing them was difficult, it made one too tired to think of more general problems.

Life, ten years ago, was largely a personal matter. I must hold in balance the sense of the futility of effort and the sense of the necessity to struggle; the conviction of the inevitability of failure and still the determination to "succeed"—and, more than these, the contradiction between the dead hand of the past and the high intentions of the future. If I could do this through the common ills--domestic, professional and personal—then the ego would continue as an arrow shot from nothingness to nothingness with such force that only gravity would bring it to earth at last.

For seventeen years, with a year of deliberate loafing and resting out in the center—things went on like that, with a new chore only a nice prospect for the next day. I was living hard too, but: "Up to forty-nine it'll be all right," I said. "I can count on that. For a man who's lived as I have, that's all you could ask."

—And then, ten years this side of forty-nine, I suddenly realized that I had prematurely cracked.



II

Now a man can crack in many ways—can crack in the head—in which case the power of decision is taken from you by others; or in the body when one can but submit to the white hospital world—or in the nerves. Wm. Seabrook in an unsympathetic book tells, with some pride and a movie ending, of how he became a public charge. What led to his alcoholism or was bound up with it, was a collapse of his nervous system. Though the present writer was not so entangled—having at the time not tasted so much as a glass of beer for six months—it was his nervous reflexes that were giving way—too much anger and too many tears.

Moreover, to go back to my thesis that life has a varying offensive, the realization of having cracked was not simultaneous with a blow, but with a reprieve.

Not long before, I had sat in the office of a great doctor and listened to a grave sentence. With what, in retrospect, seems some equanimity, I had gone on about my affairs in the city where I was then living, not caring much, not thinking how much had been left undone, or what would become of this and that responsibility, like people do in books; I was well insured and anyhow I had been only a mediocre caretaker of most of the things left in my hands, even of my talent.

But I had a strong sudden instinct that I must be alone. I didn't want to see any people at all. I had seen so many people all my life—I was an average mixer, but more than average in a tendency to identify myself, my ideas, my destiny with those of all classes that I came in contact with. I was always saving or being saved—in a single morning I would go through the emotions ascribable to Wellington at Waterloo. I lived in a world of inscrutable hostiles and unalienable friends and supporters.

But now I wanted to be absolutely alone and so arranged a certain insulation from ordinary cares.

It was not an unhappy time. I went away and there were fewer people. I found I was good-and-tired. I could lie around and was glad to, sleeping or dozing sometimes twenty hours a day and in the intervals trying resolutely not to think—instead I made lists—made lists and tore them up, hundreds of lists: of cavalry leaders and football players and cities, and popular tunes and pitchers, and happy times, and hobbies and houses lived in and how many suits since I left the army and how many pairs of shoes (I didn't count the suit I bought in Sorrento that shrunk, nor the pumps and dress shirt and collar that I carried around for years and never wore because the pumps got damp and grainey and the shirt and collar got yellow and starch-rotted). And lists of women I'd liked, and of the times I had let myself be snubbed by people who had not been my betters in character or ability.

—And then suddenly, surprisingly I got better.

—And cracked like an old plate as soon as I heard the news.

That is the real end of this story. What was to be done about it will have to rest in what used to be called the "womb of time." Suffice to say that after about an hour of solitary pillow-hugging, I began to realize that for two years my life had been a drawing on resources that I did not possess, that I had been mortgaging myself physically and spiritually up to the hilt. What was the small gift of life given back in comparison to that?—when there had once been a pride of direction and a confidence in enduring independence.

I realized that in those two years in order to preserve something—an inner hush maybe, maybe not—I had weaned myself from all the things I used to love—that every act of life from the morning tooth-brush to the friend at dinner had become an effort. I saw that for a long time I had not liked people and things, but only followed the rickety old pretense of liking. I saw that even my love for those closest to me was become only an attempt to love, that my

Continued at top of page 164

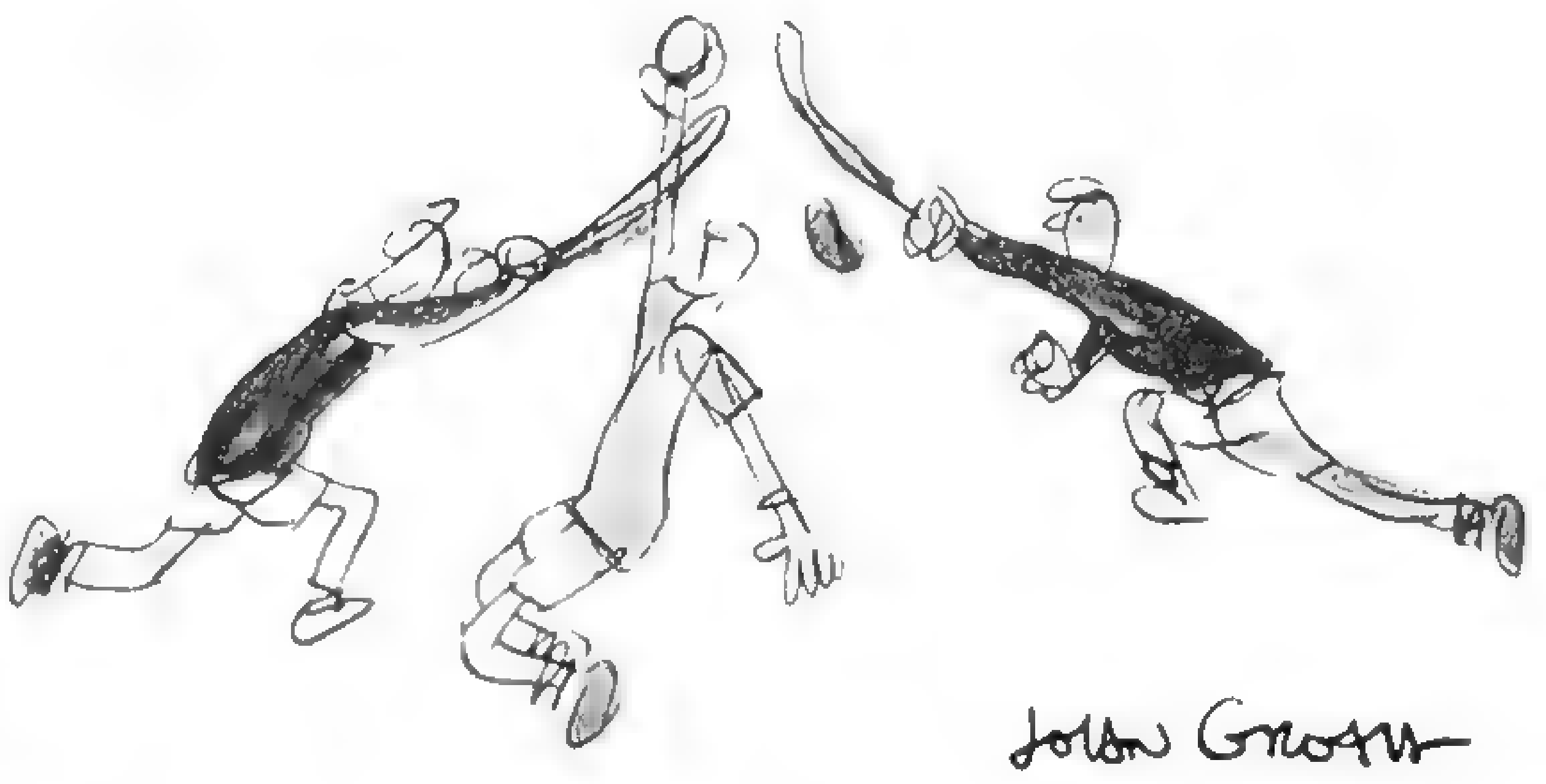
The Game of the Gael

The players vigorously prove it is impossible to kill a Corkman with a mere clout on the poll

by KENNETH RIPLEY

• SPORTS •

THE shining Sunday face of Ireland was turned toward Thurles, the capital of County Tipperary, one hot morning in late summer. It bade fair to be a big day in Irish sport with the accent most emphatically on the Irish. Let it be understood that when one speaks of sport in the Free State one means hurling, a game uncontaminated by alien hands, unaltered by alien rules, about which, glory be to God, there is none of the stench of English influence. It is a sport indigenous to the old sod which hardy Gaels have loved ever since that day when some long-forgotten boyo, while belting a round rock about the fields of Munster with a crooked length of bog oak, hit upon the pretty idea of creasing the skulls of all and sundry who crossed his line of play. Gradually from that innocent beginning a somewhat vague objective was conceived. The lads from the neighboring hills took sides and there and then, to the rattle of shillalah on pate and shin and to the groans of the hamstrung, the game of the Gael was born.



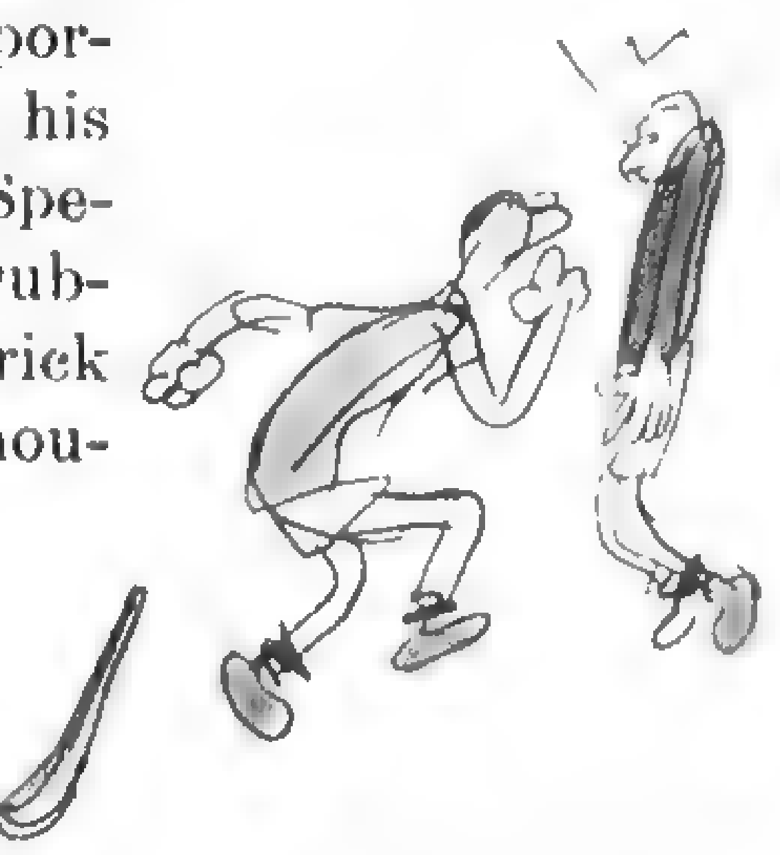
When England was still a mosquito-ridden swamp the Irish were swinging their crooked sticks in character-building competition, while the spectators, on those rare occasions when encouragement to further assault was necessary, roared such pulse-quickening phrases as "God love your arms, O'Leary!" and "think of your mother's people, O'Brien!" As Irish civilization flowered, hurling grew in favor. It became an integral part of Irish life, as native to the country as the peat and as much a part of it as the Hill of Tara. A few simple rules were evolved to lower the mortality rate but it was never a game for the infirm or the cautious. Speed of foot, skill with the stick, strength and endurance were necessary in large quantities as well as a fine disregard for skin and bones. It was a sport worthy of a rugged race and it suited the Gael to the ground, but Erin, heaven protect her, fell upon evil days. England favored her with some attention and when she had finished the Gael was a dejected gent with little time for games. For many long, dark years hurling lived principally in the shadowy memories of the oldest inhabitants who mumbled about it occasionally as they sucked up stirabout by the turf fires. But the spirit of men whose ancestors have played at such a game and actually called it sport is not easy to quench. The fire smouldered long and deeply, the spirit of Irish nationality lived on, and fifty years ago at Thurles the Gaelic Athletic Association came into being with the avowed purpose of fostering and promoting the sports peculiar to the Gael and the stamping out of effeminate importations; or, in the words of the late Archbishop of Cashel, one of the fond fathers of the revival movement, the elimination of the pernicious influence of "young men in parti-colored caps making their way to the tennis grounds." That is how hurling came to be rescued from the limbo of old men's memories.

With the founding of the Free State there came a strong breath of new life for its form. Once more it has become the national sport of Ireland. Children play it at school. Leagues have been formed all over the country, the ambition of every player being to represent his home county in the All-Ireland Final in Dublin where the two winners of the inter-county play meet each September to battle for the national championship.

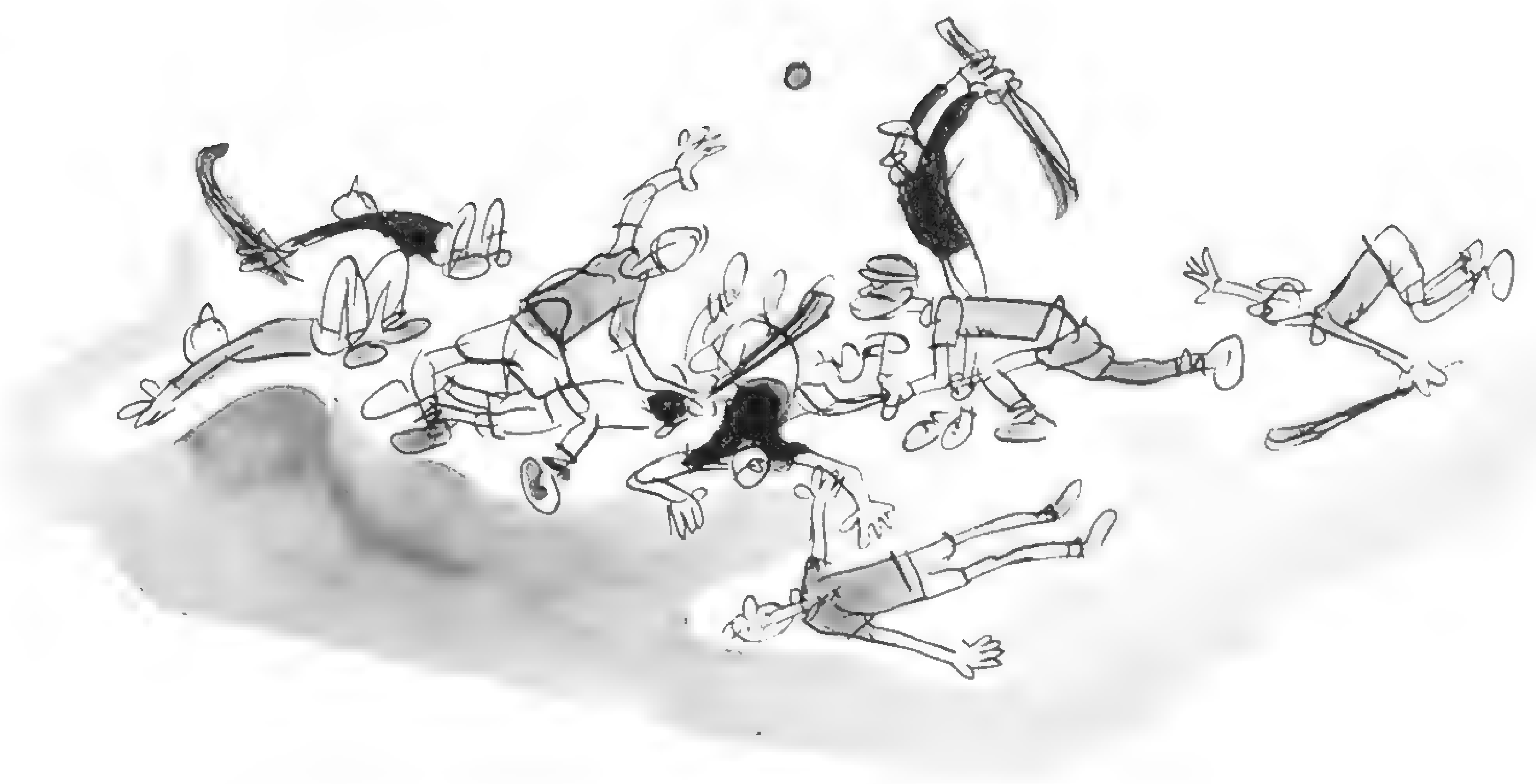
The G. A. A. Official Guide lists the rules which govern the present day matches. The field or pitch shall be not less than 140 nor more than 170 yards long, and not less than 84 nor more than 100 yards wide, which makes the size and shape elastic enough to suit almost anyone's cowpasture. There are goal posts at each end similar to American football goal posts except that the section below the crossbar is backed by a cage. A ball driven into the cage counts as a goal but a ball passing between the uprights above the crossbar goes as a point. A goal is equal to three points in the final score. Thus, if the result happened to be 2 goals and 3 points for Kilkenny to 3 goals and no points for Kildare the match would be a tie. Each side fields 15 men, a goal tender, six backs, two centerfield men, and six forwards. The tools are quite simple, each player being armed with a curved ash stick with a broad, flat face—nothing more. A four-ounce ball and the battle is on. I invite you to Thurles for a match between County Limerick, present All-Ireland champions, and the stalwarts from County Cork.

* * *

From all over Ireland come hordes of enthusiasts tearing the Sunday morning calm to shreds with their roars of "Up Cork," or "Up Limerick." Horse-drawn sidecars carrying quiet country folk home from mass crowd into the ditches to make room on the highway for over-loaded lorries and omnibuses. Leg-weary bicyclists who have been en route since the previous evening pedal doggedly on through clouds of white dust. It's Thurles or die today for every Irishman with any means of transportation and a bob in his pocket for a ticket. Special trains from Dublin, Cork and Limerick City spill frantic thousands onto the little town. The game is scheduled for three forty-five, but at noon the square is jammed with the bone and muscle of the Free State, and a solid tide of humanity is surging along the half-mile of road to the field. The flood swirls and eddies about the ticket windows. By one o'clock every seat is occupied by one or more customers and every inch of standing room is taken. By some miracle of concentration 30,000 volatile Gaels are packed into a space where 10,000 would be uncomfortable. There are no extra police on hand to control this highly explosive mob. Brass buttons are of little interest to an Irishman on homicide bent. Much better have a few priests. There are hundreds of them scattered about but one looks around for possible cover, just in case.



There is a preliminary game, but nobody cares. After it is over the Cork Volunteer Pipers' Band, aided and abetted by the Limerick Boy Pipers, takes the field. When the



skirling is at its best, or worst, the two teams appear. And fine-looking men they are, every one of them over twelve stone weight, tall and fit; the Cork side resplendent in red jersies, and Limerick wearing the green. Together they march around the field behind the pipers and then line up on the white stripe at mid-field. The crowd stands bareheaded and silent while the bands squeak *Faith of Our Fathers*, and then joins with a full-throated roar in the national anthem, *The Soldiers' Song*. The Archbishop of Cashel walks onto the field. The opposing captains kneel to kiss his hand. He says a word of encouragement and withdraws. The goal-tenders run back to their positions, the backs follow, the forwards line up with sticks crossed. The referee drops the ball and runs for his life.

Shades of the good Saint Patrick but the melee is a fright! There are no rules as to how those heavy ash sticks shall, or shall not, be swung. Whirl it around your head, left and right, any old way, the only stipulation being that you swing it hard. Lash out for the glory of Limerick and the devil take the skulls that come between you and the All-Ireland Final! Up and down the field the play races. Fast men, on the ball like a pack of coursing greyhounds, tangle in fierce mixups. Pass any way at all but get rid of the ball! Catch it if you like, toss it up and clout it, but remember that, while you hold it, any opponent has a perfect right to splinter your forearm with his stick. Gradually, very gradually, in the midst of what the newcomer takes to be hopeless confusion, a fine teamwork becomes apparent. Somehow, out of every welter of flying sticks the ball shoots in the direction of a racing Shannonsider who flicks it deftly into the air and wallops it on down the field with the pack in full cry behind. Finally, Paddy Clohessy, star Limerick back, flips a pass to a teammate who scores with a vicious drive past the goal-tender's ear.

"The devil lay you in a ditch, McCarthy!"

The goalie draws a variety of curses and jeers from the crowd, he who stands to face the swishing ash plants with no other armor than the racially characteristic thickness of his frontal bone.

A minute later there is a furious scrimmage in front of the Cork goal. Suddenly the redoubtable Mr. Clohessy is seen to lay down his stick and, with the neatness of long practice, stretch one Mr. Kelly, of the Cork Kellys, flat on his back with a righthanded swing to the jaw. Altercations break out all over the field and there is a waver of unrest among the cash customers. Respect for the cloth, however, prevents a riot. Mr. Clohessy is banished to return no more. His sin was that he dropped his stick. Fists are alright in the home but if you feel the urge to commit mayhem during an authorized hurling match you must use the instrument provided for that purpose by the Gaelic Athletic Association or take the consequences.

Limerick is forced to continue with 14 men against 15 for Cork but, even so, they are more than a match for the Leesiders. The first half-hour ends and there is a seven-minute interval for repairs. Rules forbid that players leave the field so aching muscles must be kneaded, dislocations yanked around, cuts and bruises patched and gums explored for missing dentures out on the seventy-yard line. The crowd watches the renovations with relish and comment is freely offered.

"'Twas a fine flaking Mick got that time. It will teach the murderer, faith!"

"He's askin' for it this long time. Braining Dinny Murphy and he the cleanest man that ever caught a hurley!"

"And will ye look at our brave hero over. Sure you can't see a spot of his mug for plaster!"

"The devil hold you, Cork. 'Tis in jail ye should be for such actions. 'Tis a grand game now. A grand one altogether!"

After play is resumed, Cork, determined to take advantage of superior manpower, forces a furious pace.

Feeling is high on the field and in the stands. Players single out opponents for individual attention. Time out for injuries becomes more and more frequent but the score grows steadily in Limerick's favor. Then there is a mad rush for a loose ball near the sidelines. Five or six players charge after it with sticks swinging.

One of them gets his head in the way and down he goes stretched cold and stiff. A free-for-all seems unavoidable this time but once more the clergy turns the tide. The fallen man is the same unfortunate Kelly from Cork. A doctor takes a quick look at him and calls the nearest priest. The crowd becomes quiet as it realizes that he is dangerously hurt.

"The one what done it should be proud of it!" bawls a leather-lunged Corkman.

"Say a prayer for the poor lad, 'twould be better," admonishes a neighbor.

The players of both sides go down on their knees on the field. Dead silence falls as the priest administers the last rites of the church in full view of the crowd. Mr. Kelly is borne away on the shoulders of a dozen men after which the game continues.

Play is slower now as the men are nearing exhaustion, but they fight on to the end. The whistle blows and the pitch is overrun by the crowd, seething and surging towards the village. The hospital is halfway to the square. A group of Corkmen, friends of the fallen Kelly, cluster around the gate waiting for news.

"Faith and he's all right now. Sure 'tis impossible to kill a Corkman with a small thing like a clout on the poll!" This from Limerick by way of sympathy.

In the town the streets are clogged with people but the worst congestion is near the pubs. Those who can't get inside bawl orders over the heads of suffocating front-line clients.

"'Twas too rough altogether," grumble the Corkmen. "'Tis a shame that fine lad was slugged by the ruffians. And it is dead he is, d'ye think?"

"Sure and we have the side for you. Grand boys, every one. Up Limerick!"

The hands of the barmen are steady on the taps as the heavy, black porter foams into thousands of pint glasses. There are snatches of song and violent argument. Fists are legal tender again.

There are some stones thrown, some glass broken and some teeth knocked out. But it's nothing serious at all now. Phwat harrm, sure?

The traffic tangle unwinds slowly in the early evening. Automobiles take to the road for Ballydehob, for Dublin, for Cork, for Skibbereen.

"'Twas grand sport altogether," roars a heavy voice from a crowded lorry.

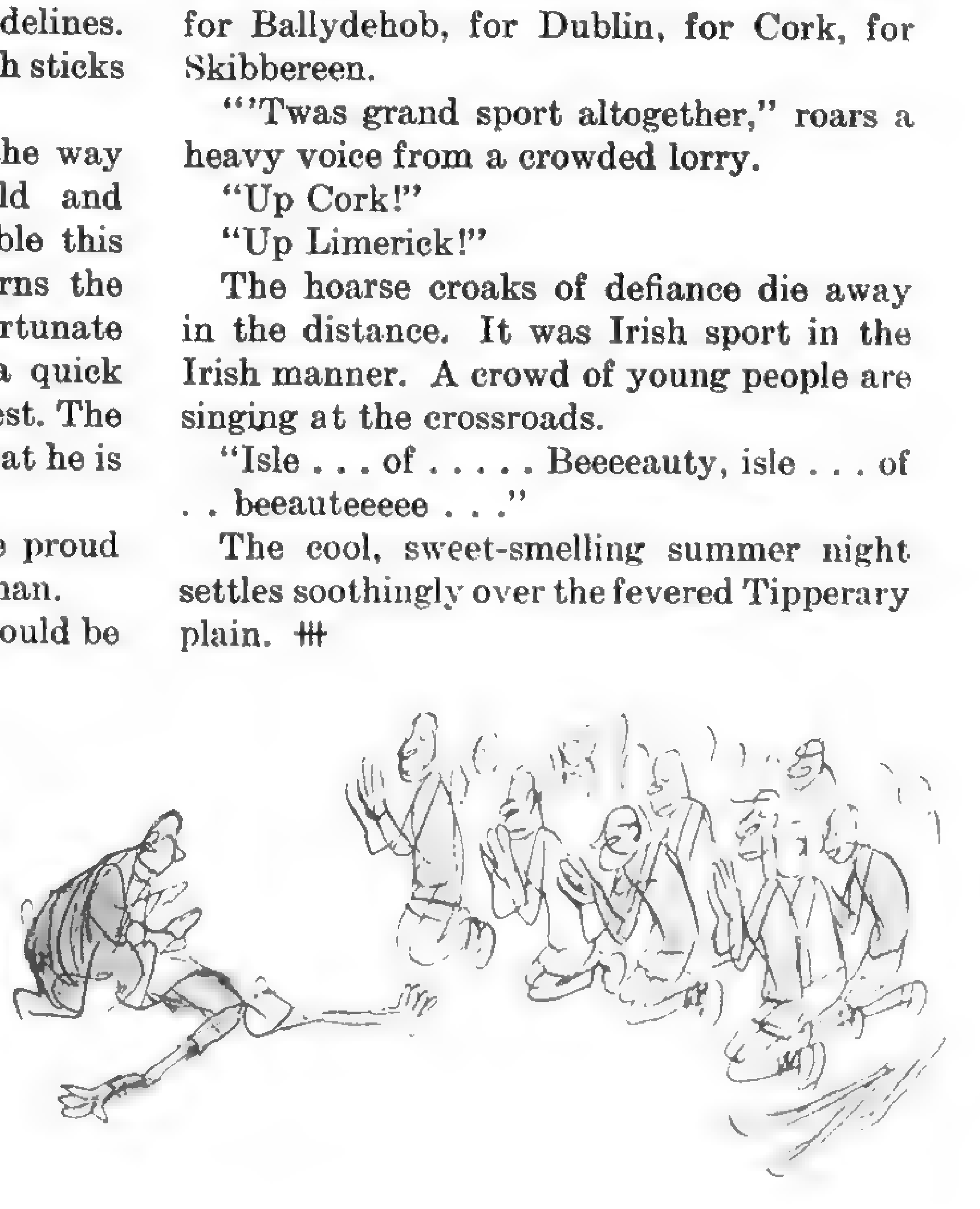
"Up Cork!"

"Up Limerick!"

The hoarse croaks of defiance die away in the distance. It was Irish sport in the Irish manner. A crowd of young people are singing at the crossroads.

"Isle . . . of . . . . . Beeeeauty, isle . . . of . . beeauteeeee . . ."

The cool, sweet-smelling summer night settles soothingly over the fevered Tipperary plain. #



The Letter Writer

The pathos of old age brave but bewildered before a world that lives without flourishes

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

The student Peter was in the hospital laid up with pneumonia his second week when he met old Josef. He had been operated on only that morning, two sections of infected rib removed and drains inserted into the right lung. He was lying, supported on the back-rest two notches forward, the rubber drains chafing at his back, a numb ache in his right arm, when old Josef came down the ward.

Peter stared at the short burly figure in the greenish Mackinaw coat. The man wore a peaked velvet cap—Peter had once seen a picture of Clemenceau wearing such a cap. And on a broad upper lip the man wore a straggling mustache—

"I write letters, hey!" the student heard him mumble at one bed, and "I write letters, hey!" he heard him mutter at the next. He carried a brass inkstand in one hand, a box of stationery under his arm and several ordinary pens sticking out of one fist. Peter's neighbor was an elderly man who had had a gall-bladder operation and was now having the stitches removed. Peter held his breath—his right side felt as though it were filled with liquid—and expected momentarily to see the old fellow driven out. "I write letters, hey!" The interne looked up and waved a rubber-gloved hand. "Hello, Josef," he called and lifted a bit of black silk stitching with his forceps. "I write letters, hey!" the other repeated and went on without another word.

He paused at Peter's bed, too. The student looked up into a leathery face that seemed crushed with wrinkles and was surmounted with warts and moles. Below the velvet cap sandy hair matted his temples. "A letter, a letter?" the old man added. He had caught the interested glint in the other's eyes. "How much?" Peter asked. "A quarter," old Josef said. Then, as Peter's eyelashes fluttered: "Twenty cents—with a stamp."

He sat down at the bedside, put his implements on the little enameled stand nearby and took out a sheet of letter paper. He tried the steel nibs of a pen on a bluish thumbnail and began: "To a wife or a sweetheart?" he asked.

"To my mother."

The old man smiled. "People do not write so much to mothers these days," he said and dipped the pen into the inkstand.

Peter thought rapidly. "I just want to tell her that I am doing well at school and have been too busy to write to her."

Old Josef brought a hand up to his face, found a mole, and tugged at it. "So you are a student," he said absently.

"Yes."

"That is good. I will write you a letter that will make your mother proud." His pen began to move slowly, his hand working gracefully. He covered the entire sheet of paper before he halted. "Is there someone else you would want to be remembered to, Herr Student?"

At this address Peter looked at the letter writer curiously. "You may send my love to my brothers and sisters."

"And to your father?"

"He is dead."

The pen-point again fashioned clean black lines on the ruled paper. "You will sign it?"

"No, you sign it for me. They will not notice," Peter smiled guiltily. "You see, I have never really written to them—much."

The old man finished the letter and then indited the address. He held it at Peter's chest and the student read:

"My dearest mother, the Lord protect you: I take up my pen with a trembling hand to write you these few words to tell you that I am in excellent health. Only diligence in my studies has prevented me from writing to you oftener, dearest mother. I know that I have not been a very good son in failing to keep you informed of all the progress I have been making at the school. But you will understand that I do think of you and pray for you and that every day I reproach myself that I am not so good a son as my dearest mother deserves to have. But I promise faithfully on my honor as a student that I will not fail to let you know how hard I am trying to be worthy of our name. I pray, too, for my dear brothers and my dear sisters and for our beloved father who waits now for all of us at the Lord's throne on high. I send you love and embraces from your unworthy son, Peter."

The student blinked as he read and noted how round the tiny circles were over the i's, how carefully the characters were formed and drawn together.

"It is not good?" the old man asked worriedly.

Peter smiled. "No, no, it is very good!" He reached his left hand into the drawer of the bedside-stand and counted out the twenty cents.

"If you would like me to, I will write you another letter next week."

"I would like to—but you see—I haven't much money."

The old man's dark green eyes lighted. He nodded soberly and gathered his pens, inkstand and stationery. "I will come next week," he said.

When he had gone Peter noticed that the money was still on the stand. He called after him. "Mister—letter writer—Mein Herr!" but the other would not turn around. "I write letters, hey!" he muttered at one bed and "I write letters, hey!" he repeated at the next.

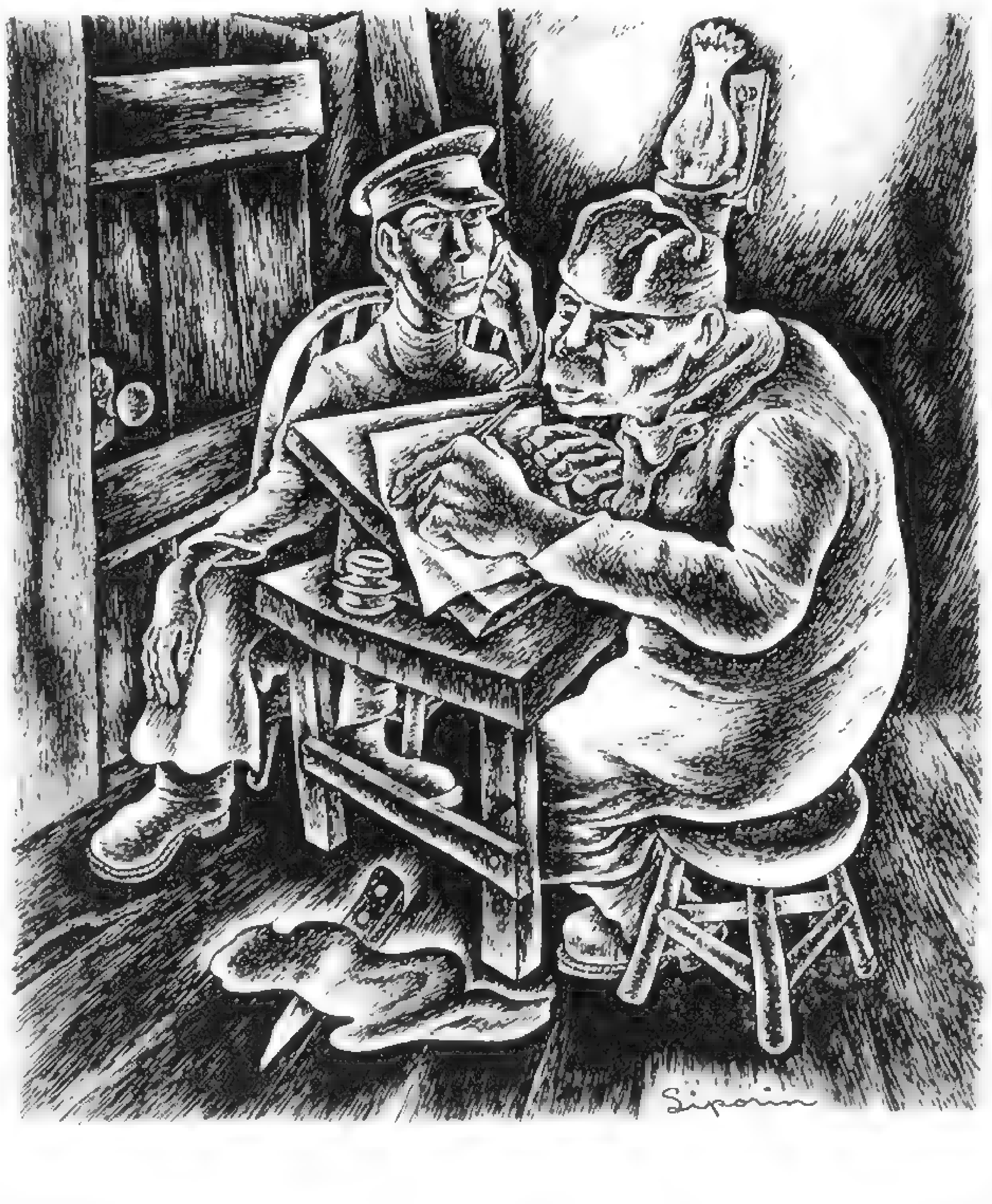
Peter got the address from the supervising nurse. It seemed one of the surgeons on the hospital staff had vouched for old Josef and secured permission for him to visit the wards once each week and solicit the writing of letters. But the following week Josef did not appear. After several weeks had passed the student heard that the old man had himself fallen ill. Months passed and winter came before Peter was well enough to look up the old fellow.

The address was in a foreign quarter where a great many Croats, Slovaks and Moravians lived. But the number he had been given Peter found located in a meat market. "Is there a man by the name of Josef living here?" he inquired of the butcher.

The man tugged at his straw cuffs and rapped his knuckles on the wood-block. "The Herr Professor Hazy?" he frowned.

"An old man—he writes letters—Josef—"

"Herr Professor Josef Hazy!" the the other snapped and pointed with his thumb. "At the rear of the market."



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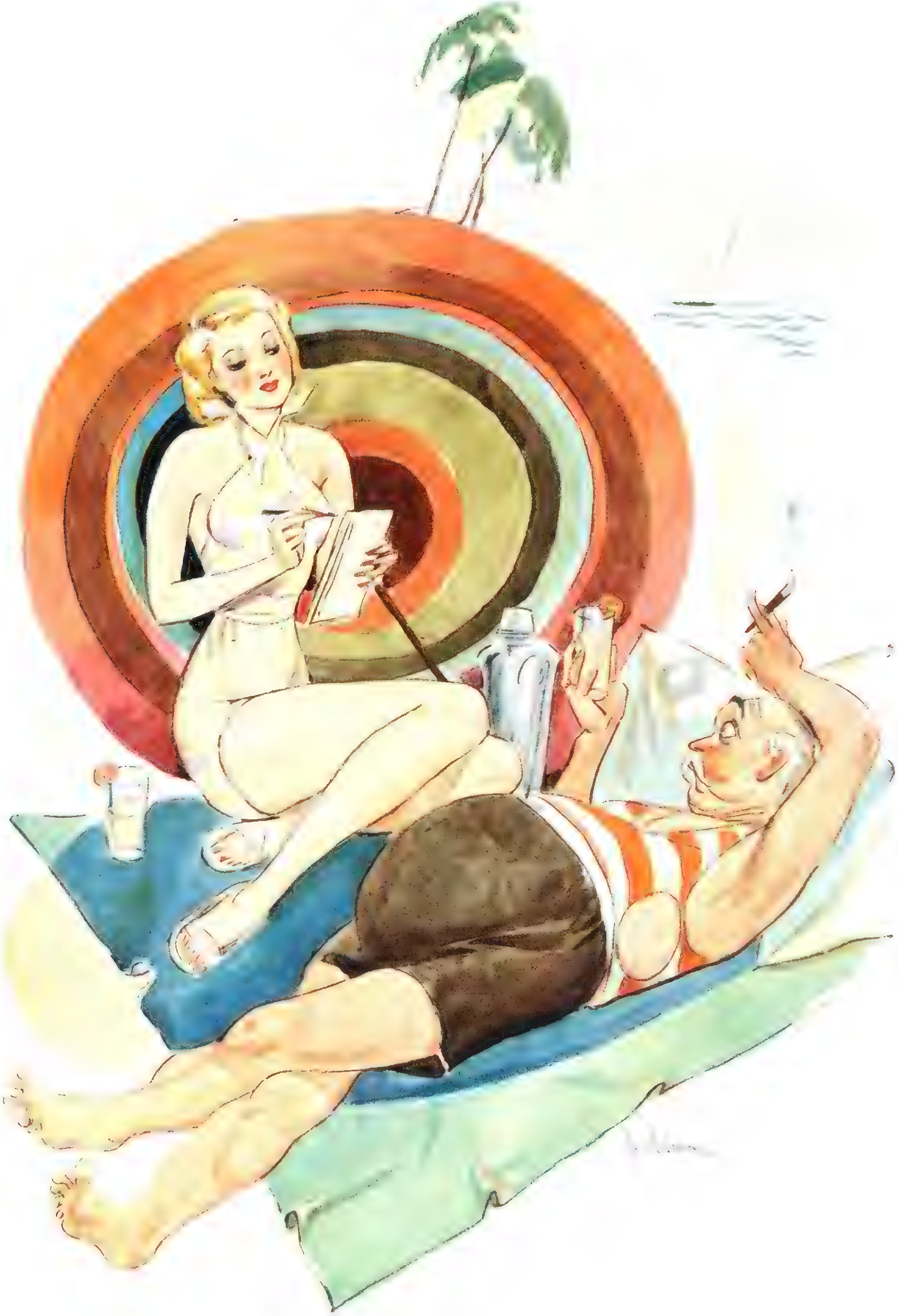
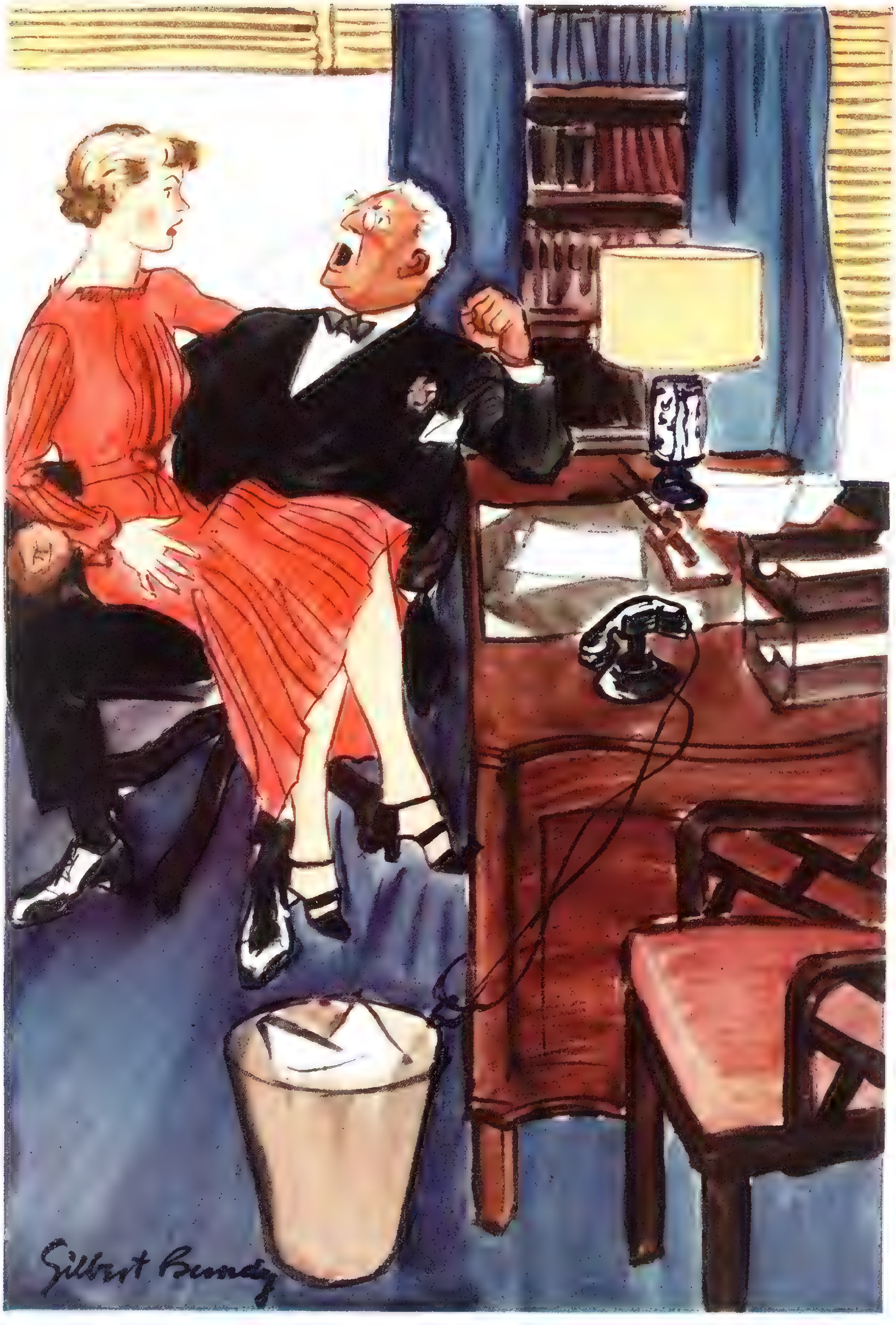


"Take a postcard to my wife, Miss Smith."


Gilbert Bundy

"Of course I want you to answer the phone!—What do you think I hired you for?"

No Screamers Need Apply

The movie Carmen may weigh less than the bull but Hollywood can find plenty to butcher in opera

by CARLETON SMITH

• ARTICLE •

Hollywood's amplifiers can make even a mosquito voice audible. So nowadays deaf people enjoy movies without ear-trumpets. There are, of course, a few good voices on celluloid. Not *big* voices! Because, excepting Tibbett, the great voices of the day remain in opera houses, where they can do their stuff. The Ponselles, the Rethbergs, the Melchiors, the Giglis, the Onegins, the Pinzas, and the Flagstads still draw more money bellowing.

When movie magnates, spurred on by the unbelievable success of Grace Moore's pictures and the consequent rise of Columbia Pictures stock from a 21½ point low in 1934 to a 1935 high in the 80's, stampeded each other to get filmed music on the market, they were wary of the big voices. They no more than sat down in their subscription seats at the Metropolitan, than they decided right-off that the aforementioned ladies and gentlemen would come in handy as movie singers only during fire scenes and shipwrecks. And when their scouts went back stage to interview the "screamers," as they termed them, they were convinced that such hefties could be used only for Amazons or Cyclops, or as back-drops for mountain-ranges—something plump, in any event.

So the Hollywood grandees used their opera glasses to seek out lithe, well-proportioned bodies. They forgot what "Mother" Schumann-Heink told them when they hired her: "You can have either a voice or a figure, but not both."

They got, as a consequence, peanut-sized voices, without either range or volume. But, as we said in the beginning, that's of no importance. To manufacture a high *C* or *B flat* in the movies requires only a turn of the crank. For example, the big tenor aria, "Celeste Aïda," used in *Stars Over Broadway*, was recorded at a retarded tempo two half tones lower than Verdi wrote it. When the film is run off, and the customary speed resumed, the music sounds a full tone higher, exactly as it does in the opera house. Thus, singers who have no *B flats* in their throats acquire them.

Another phenomenon belonging exclusively to the cinema is the power of making a voice equal in volume and quality at all times, no matter whether the singer has his back to us, is in a small room, a large auditorium, or a mountain valley, or is heard through a ten cent store microphone.

Not only that, but with this "dubbing"—the process of recording the songs before the actual photographing, and then having the singer simply move his lips as his voice is played back—the movies accomplish other miracles. For instance, Nino Martini in *Here's to Romance* sings the throat-splitting "Ridi, Pagliacci" with his mouth half-closed. Any fool knows that no guy can sing intensely, that loud and that high, and at the same time smirk like a Cheshire pussy, not showing a wrinkle or a vein. Martini does it. And it sounds about as natural as it did formerly, when one person sang and another acted. Everyone knew it was a fake if the powerful voice of a 300 pound—Luisa Tetrazzini or Nina Koshetz came from the throat of tiny Elissa Landi.

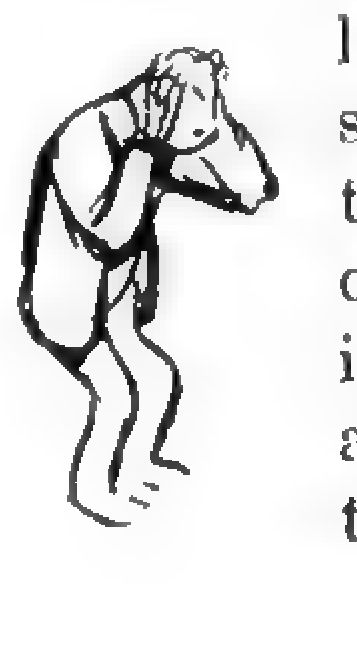
Recall the details of the most believable of the so-called "operatic" films, and, thus far, the most successful, *One Night of Love*, and you will realize that it was filled with incredible happenings. In real life, singers do not lie on the floor for hours, attempting to raise up books with their diaphragms. Moreover, no soprano ever lived who could sing in Wagner's *Siegfried*, Meyerbeer's *L'Africana*, Puccini's *Tosca*, and both *Carmen* and *La Traviata*, all of which Grace Moore (as Mary Howard) was pictured as studying. It is also doubtful if an American soprano, however beautiful, could make her operatic debut in Italy, singing "The Last Rose of Summer" *in English*. Further, sopranos rarely sing Caruso's part in the sextet from *Lucia*, even in an improvisation.

And the now famous Italian courtyard scene from *One Night of Love*, in which, from various corners and balconies, a 'cellist, a violinist, a flutist, a harpist, a clarinetist, a pianist, and a double-bass player all appeared and played miraculously, without direction, a perfect accompaniment to the aria, "Sempre Libera" from Verdi's *La Traviata* could happen only in Hollywood. It didn't matter that Miss Moore walked and did not take short, quick steps, Japanese fashion, as Cio-Cio-San does in *Madame Butterfly*. Or that the stage curtains of the otherwise exact reproduction of New York's Metropolitan Opera House were drawn straight back (in the manner of the Paris Opéra) instead of being lifted in an arch. Or that the wildly gesticulating conductor, like his movie-house confreres, very often did not beat in time with his orchestra.

These things passed unnoticed, like Will Rogers' haircut, which once horrified screen directors, who thought it ridiculous for him to appear in a picture with long hair one moment and short hair the next. "If it's a good picture, they won't notice it, and if it's bad, it won't matter," Rogers said.

One Night of Love was, in the public view, a good picture. Details were unimportant. The whole affair was good entertainment with an affecting romance, and a wholesome one, too. The singing movies, unlike the operas themselves (most opera plots incidentally wouldn't pass censorship), reverse the economic law and make the girl with the least principle draw the most interest. Aspiring cinema prima donnas are all virtuous, want babies, and invariably turn down the chance to marry wealthy men who could buy them a career. They avoid the casting-couch, and all other short-cuts to fame. However untrue to actual circumstances of life, they succeed on merit alone.

Miss Moore did exactly what our audiences enjoy seeing an American opera-singer do. In the bargain, she was young and personable. She could be, as her teacher said, "A Carmen who weighs less than the bull." The idiosyncrasies of musicians furnished many laughs and, as in no previous musical film, all the suspense in the plot was gathered up and carried through the intervals of vocalizing, so that the action did not seem to stop. Movie fans were drawn into the august horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House, not to sit in box seats and watch a social spectacle, but to witness the triumph of a young girl in whom they had become very much interested. They broke into spontaneous applause from the sheer excitement of the occasion. They had a good time and enjoyed it. And they went again.



Thereupon, enthusiastic music-lovers expected to see the entire standard lyric repertoire transferred to the screen. They argued seriously that all Americans had become opera-conscious and were bawling for grand opera at fifty cents a throw. They didn't realize that the stupendous success of *One*

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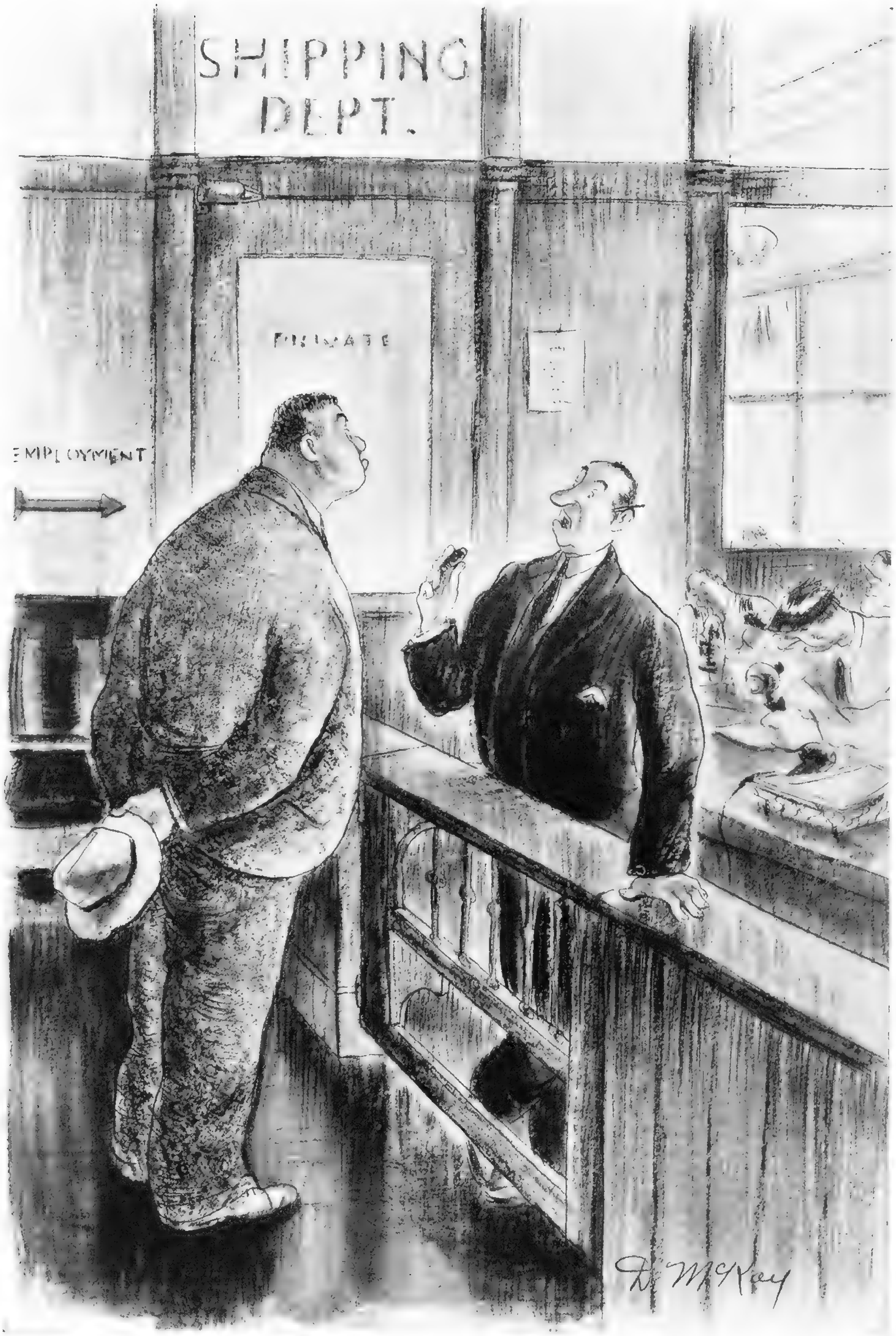

SHIPPING DEPT.
PRIVATE
EMPLOYMENT
D. McKey

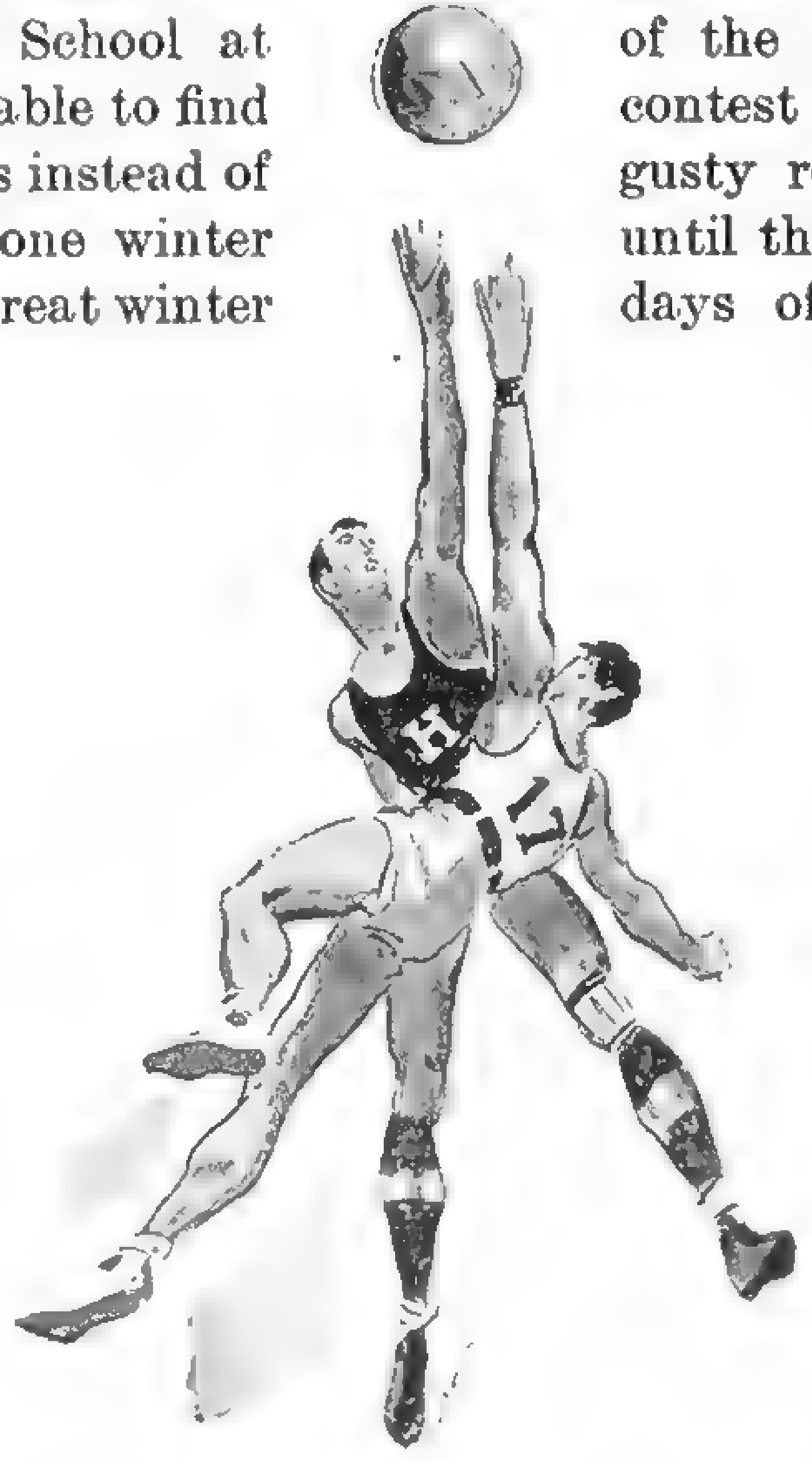
"Ya gotta have a college edjacation here!"

Olympic Hoopla

Basketball, brought back from the status of animated chess, is a U. S. cinch in the Olympics

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •



If the janitor at the International Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Mass. had been able to find a couple of old 18-inch boxes instead of a couple of peach baskets one winter day 'way back in 1892, the great winter indoor sport that has so much appeal for America's sports-loving millions probably would have been box-ball instead of basketball.

At that time of course no one had even a dream that half a century later this gym class pastime would be a special feature of an international competition, but so extensive has been the game's growth that this winter players of twenty of the fifty nations where the sport is now extant are drilling and competing in eliminations for the honor of appearing in the XI Olympiad in Berlin next summer. Statisticians estimate that in the United States alone more than 5,000,000 games of basketball are played annually, while all over the world 18,000,000 players compete in games every season. How many more millions watch these games is not discoverable, but it is significant that eight cage events staged at the Madison Square Garden in New York last winter drew 100,000 spectators.

All the way from the first, the career of basketball has been marked by two outstanding characteristics—first, a facile popularity that led to its rapid spread around the globe, owing no doubt in part to its easy adaptability to all kinds of playing conditions; and secondly, from the beginning the game has always been in the throes of a continuous conflict between the theory of non-contact play, and the actual contact of the playing court, which has brought fluctuations in the popularity of the sport with the spectators who always get so much vicarious reaction out of violent contact.

While basketball from the start was never provided with the seating capacity of football, throughout the long winters it has offered untold entertainment not only in the large cities but also throughout the vast expanses of lonely little prairie villages. Although the game deteriorated somewhat as an attraction during the experimental years when contact was being ruled out, since the rule reforms of 1933, it has come back swiftly as public entertainment. In the early days the games were little more than brawls with the ball and the two goals the focal points of action. That was the heyday of the sport for the spectators, the contest fostering continuous gales of gusty roaring from the first toss-up until the final gun. In those old wild days of the game, the crowd was always in a continual, surging, screaming uproar from start to finish as the squadrons of players rushed up and down the floor between the baskets, charging, floundering, dribbling, fighting for the ball. The game then satisfied and revivified the same emotions as the old Roman Colosseum. Here was action, contact—clawing, scrambling clash and scrimmage. One could see in the game the back-and-forth of the waves of attack and defense. There was no holding back for technic. The rush of dynamic desire would sweep one team forward, to be met by the stolid and determined resistance of the other, like white-fringed waves beating upon sleek, solid, black rocks. There was fire and fury and action in the game, sharper and more continuous even than in football. And the millions turned out for these games, and went away stimulated, revived, and satiated.

It was only with the over-refinement of the theorists that basketball sagged, temporarily at least, and lost some of its drawing power. When the reforms of 1933 were made, the game had slowed down to the point where Dr. Walter E. Meanwell of Wisconsin, one of the game's shrewdest students and analysts, said, "The game has cancer." At that time the rule forcing the attacking team to cross the center-line within ten seconds after getting the ball, and the rule forcing the man in the hole on the pivot-line to get rid of the ball within three seconds, were put into the code, with very beneficial results. The ten-second rule was especially helpful, putting an end to the stalling game which many teams had used in the effort to draw out the set defense cooped tightly in its own half of the floor.

Unquestionably basketball was one game, in contrast to football and baseball, that lost some of its public appeal with its long process of refinement. It became too refined for its own good. It lost the clash of arms. It evolved out of a Bull-in-China-Shop Tempest-in-a-Teapot riot into a version of animated chess. With the contact, tension and duress bred out of the sport, it became emaciated. True, as the authorities pointed out, the game became more skillful; the individual technic and team play became immensely more intricate and complete than formerly, but for the spectator skill can never substitute for the flashing sparks of fire generated by hot, dynamic contact.

While football also along with basketball was softened up by the rule-makers over the years, the grid sport gained in favor with the fans because the changes opened up the play and made it more spectacular. But most of the rule changes in basketball, until the valuable reforms of 1933, slowed down the action, eliminating the pell-mell melee with the result that many fans cooled to the fidgety, feinting, faking styles of attack that usually brought more free-throws than thrilling shots from the floor.

Nevertheless, this contact problem was inherent in the very embryo of the game, and it has come up time and again as the tempo of play accelerated, bringing the roughness of men moving at high speed in a restricted area that so satisfied the fans. The pivotal idea of the game at the start was to play the ball instead of the opponent, and as the many systems of play developed, contact was further restricted by additional fouls. These in turn brought reaction from the fans in the form of unsportsmanlike booing of the officials, and dissatisfaction from all sides over the results of games decided by many free throws. This problem of contact still hangs like a pall over basketball, and if the Olympic Games at Berlin next summer manage to precipitate another World War, there's a good chance that the Y.M.C.A. gym class game of basketball may turn out to be the petard of Sarajevo!

Basketball was not born of haphazard chance, but was instead the outcome of a deliberate research problem. In the winter of 1892 the dean of the Springfield Y.M.C.A. college gave young James C. Naismith the assignment of devising some game for the gym classes to supplement their apparatus work during the months they were confined indoors.

"One day while sitting at my desk," explains Dr. Naismith, "I began to think in this way. They all like football. Why? For one thing it has a large ball which is easy to handle. Why not football? I saw at once, of course, that tackling on the hard floors would not do. I decided then that our new game should be played with a large ball, with no running with it. We used a soccer ball at first. I was satisfied that I had my first

Continued in center of page 196

Too Much Neck

How to hunt the wild gwe-duc which is nothing but a clam when and if you get down to it

by DOUGLASS WELCH

• ODDITY •

I DON'T know why, in this highly credulous age of ours, there should be so much incredulity about the gwe-duc. I don't know why seemingly intelligent people should refuse to believe in a clam the size of an eight-ounce boxing glove and having a neck from eighteen inches to a yard long.

"It's just too much neck," is the criticism you hear on every hand.

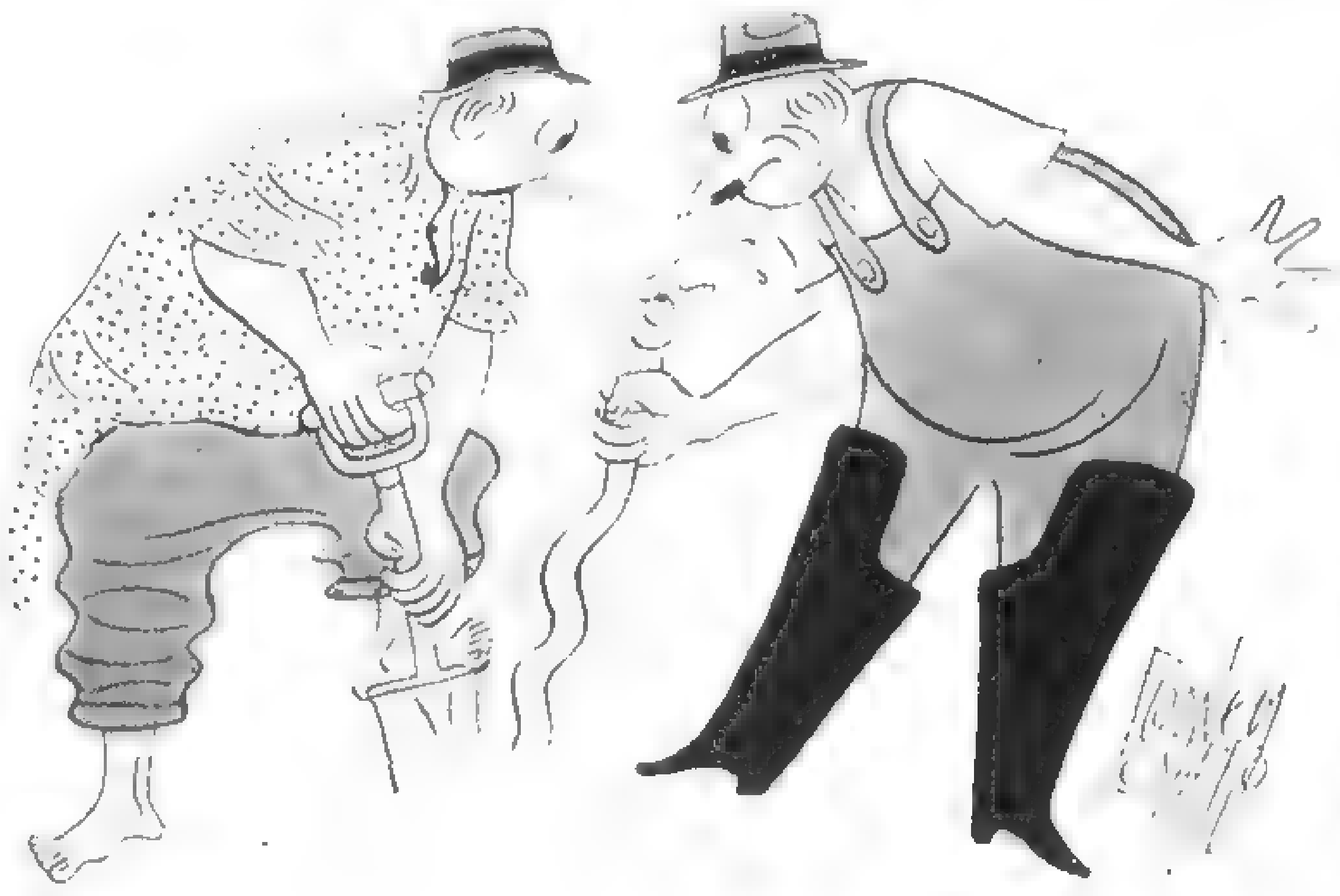
I don't know why the same man who will listen patiently while you tell how you landed a twelve-pound fighting trout will begin to smile absently when you describe how you lay all night on a wet beach, grasping the end of a gwe-duc's three-foot neck while a companion dug like mad down to the gwe-duc itself.

That's the principal drawback to being a confirmed gwe-duc hunter. In the first place, people won't believe there are such creatures. In the second place, they won't believe you have to "hunt" them. Even when you produce documentary evidence they remain as unconvinced as the giraffe who saw his first farmer.

But you'll have to take Webster's word for it. The staff of the *New International Dictionary* (advt.), which wouldn't know a gwe-duc if it paraded by in a two-pants suit, has this to say of the critter:

"GWE-DUC, a very large clam, *Panope Generosa*, of the Pacific Coast of North America, which burrows in the sand at the low water mark sometimes to a depth of four feet, its siphons extending over the surface. It is highly esteemed for food."

"Siphons" is Webster's elegant way of saying "neck." But you won't want to use the term "siphons" among old-time gwe-duc hunters, because you'll be misunderstood. To them a siphon is a device widely used during prohibition to remove gin from bathtubs, nothing more. When you're talking about gwe-ducs, you say "neck," and you say it as if you meant it, too!



Just to keep the record straight, there are several ways of spelling gwe-duc, all equally difficult to remember. Certain illiterates, who can't take their nomenclature or leave it, insist on "goe-duck." The Washington State Game Department, which rather fancies itself the Great White Father of all gwe-ducs, transposes the "o" and "e" and arrives at "geo-duck" ("earth-duck," get it?) And along the shores of Hood Canal and along the beaches of Puget Sound, where gwe-duc are found in the greatest number, the old inhabitants call them "gooey-ducks," as if they were ordering up a double banana split with plenty of whipped cream, please. But gwe-duc is probably as close as one can come to the original Nisqually Indian term, which, translated freely, means "big deep" or "plenty down under." I don't know why I am telling you all this.

Professor Trevor Kincaid of the University of Washington, who has delved into the love-life of these monstrous bivalves (and found it singularly unexciting), says they are indigenous to Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and Northern California, being found as far south as the Monterey peninsula, but not being California boosters in any sense of the word.

The first zoölogist to dig one up probably put it right back again and said nothing. They seem to have been classified, however, as early as 1850. They are found at minus tides in quiet inland sounds and bays and are widely hunted because they are large and interesting and most tasty. The only reason they haven't been exterminated long ago is that they are a lot smarter than some of the people who try to dig them up.

The novice is quite likely to give himself up to hysterics when the solemn technique of gwe-duc hunting is first outlined to him. At this point we seasoned gwe-duc hunters usually walk away.

"Oh, smart guy, eh?" we say. "All right. Go out and try to get one your own way."

So the novice rushes down on the beach with his bright new shovel, sights a miniature telltale geyser (gwe-ducs and clams have the same lamentable lack of table manners) and begins to excavate a hole large enough for the basement of a six room house. At the end of an hour he has the lumbago and no gwe-duc. So he goes home and asks his wife to rub his back, and two days later comes crawling to us with something like a decent humility.

Then we take him in hand, as we would a small child, and explain how difficult this business is. We tell him it is far easier to bring down a Chinese pheasant with a shot gun or stalk a deer than it is to dig up a gwe-duc with a long-handled spade even when you know the gwe-duc's address. We tell him that most gwe-duc hunters work in pairs, one man to hold the neck while the other digs. Of course, here and there you will find a super man who can hold the neck with one hand and dig with the other; but that ought to make another article in itself, maybe even a full-length book.

We caution our novice that he can't go stomping about the sands and hope to get gwe-ducs. Gwe-ducs are suspicious, gloomy creatures, always expecting the worst, and they are extremely sensitive to vibration. They will pull in their necks at the slightest provocation. And they won't be in any hurry to stick them back out again, either. If there is anything a gwe-duc *has* got, it's plenty of time.

We tell our novice that we must crawl or tiptoe over the sand and grab that neck before the gwe-duc quite knows what's up. We need that neck to guide the shovel-man down to the gwe-duc. Without the neck to guide him, he'll soon lose direction. He's digging, remember, at the very water's edge and his hole is filling up with muck almost as rapidly as he can excavate.

A good many people have the mistaken notion that the gwe-duc burrows like some maritime mole, and that he scampers away for other parts of the beach as soon as he hears the shovel bite into the sand above him. This isn't true; it doesn't do the gwe-duc justice. He's more of a sportsman than that. He's willing to remain where he is and take his chances. He knows perfectly well that if you haven't got him by the neck, you'll never reach him. I don't know what he thinks when you *have* got him by the neck, but I suppose he's a fatalist about such things. You couldn't live under four feet of sand and muck without being something of a fatalist.

I suppose a gwe-duc admits of a mild surprise when somebody grabs the top two inches of his neck on the beach above. I do know that he immediately reels it in, sometimes with enough force to break it off in the hunter's hand. This leaves the gwe-duc and the hunter both feeling pretty silly. The correct procedure, of course, is to follow the neck down until you're lying flat on the beach with one arm completely out of sight and your hand smack in the middle of the gwe-duc's parlor, bedroom and bath. The shovel-man, in that case, follows your arm down, and, more often than not, nicks it once or twice with his blade. It's a matter of pride with shovel-men to draw a little blood occasionally.

Almost anyone can learn, with a little patience, to be a fairly proficient shovel-man. But not everyone can become a good

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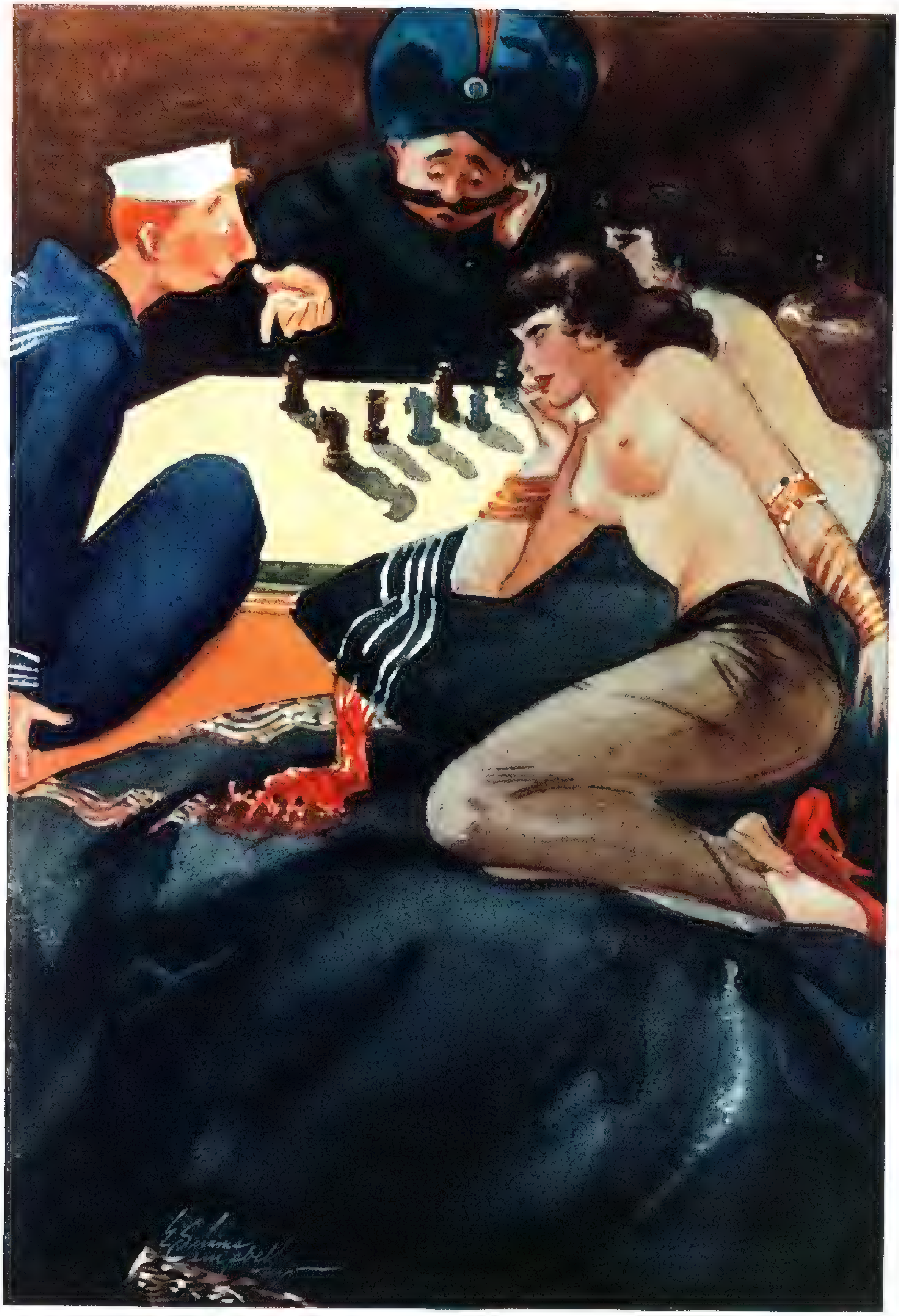
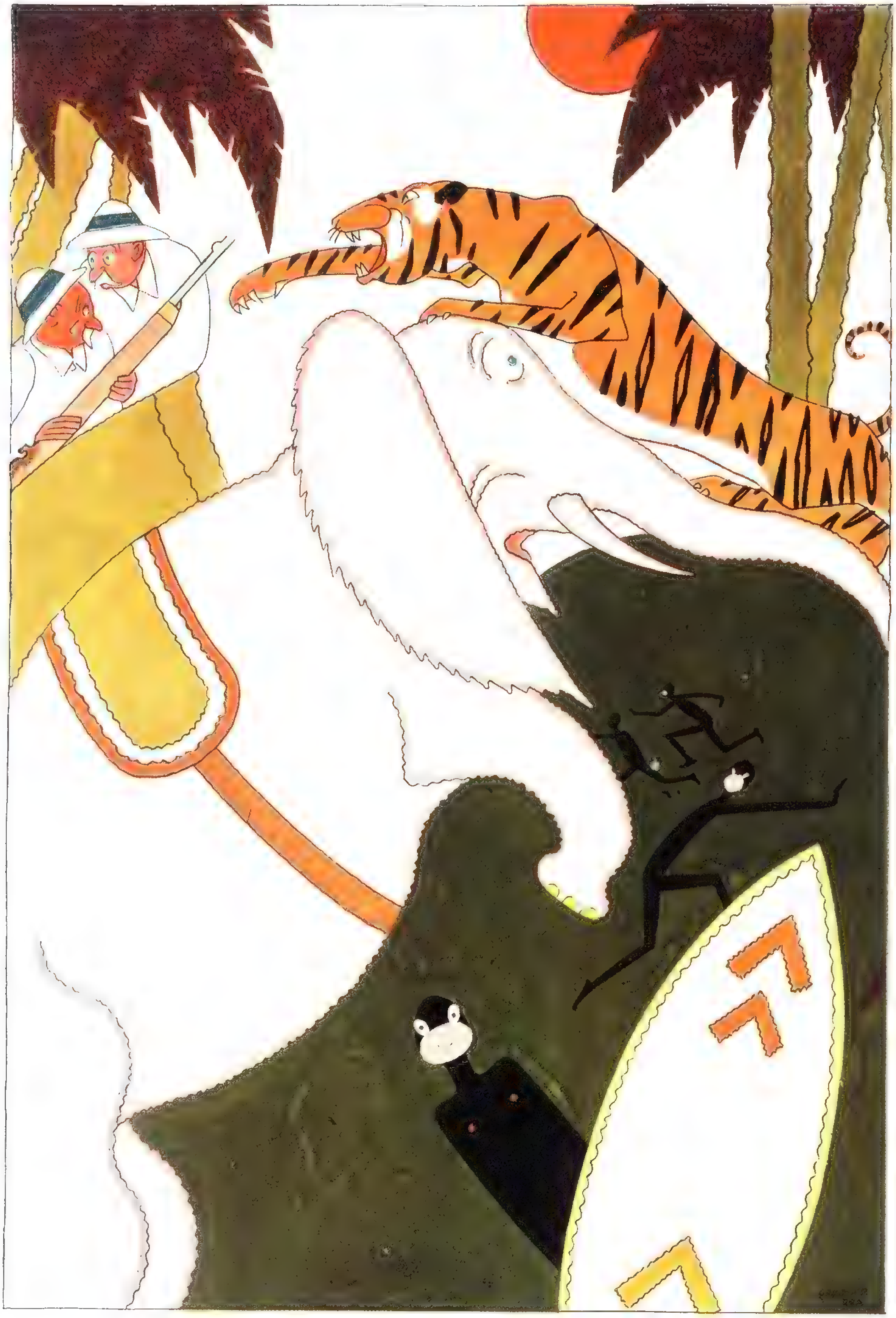

E. Simms Campbell

"What would you do if you were in my place?"



"Honestly, I can't do it—I'm an old Princeton man!"

Fox Hunting Per Se

No red coat paraphernalia for plain folk who have an ear for beautiful dog-talk in the hunt

by W. C. CAPEL

▪ SPORTS ▪

There is a serious misconception prevalent in this land of ours that I am rising to correct. It is concerned with that ennobling and slightly eccentric sport of Fox Hunting. This misconception owes its being to the publicity given only a minor branch of the sport; that branch which concerns itself with chasing the fox over hill and dale on horseback attired in red coats. There is a vast difference between Fox *Hunting* and *Chasing* the Fox. So vast a difference that to call the sport that gallops about shouting "Yoicks" true Fox Hunting is to commit a libel on a sport! I have nothing against anyone who enjoys that sort of thing, I even have friends who like raw hamburger, but it simply ain't fox huntin'.

To the ordinary layman a fox hunt means the ordered ceremony of the hunt meet, where the M.F.H. is the stern arbiter of destiny, and the customs are as rigidly prescribed as the opening of Parliament. We have grown accustomed to prints showing the gentry of this land of so-called democracy galloping about shouting "Tally-Ho" or simply "Ho" as the case may require. True, these affairs, carried on in broad daylight, have become pretty well established as fox hunts and are even so called, but they are really hunt rides, or fox *races*. They can only be indulged in by a comparatively few persons who have the considerable wherewithal to buy or rent horses and costumes and meet the expensive club dues. The hunt is necessarily restricted as to terrain, because of the obvious fact that while a horse can go a lot of places the majority of riders cannot, and even the best horse cannot go where the fox would rather have him go. Indeed, many races are conducted by means of non-existent foxes the scent of which the hounds pursue with all the thwarted ambition employed by the doggies who chase metal bunnies for their biscuits. The races are thrilling, dangerous, and enjoyable enough, and the colorful costumes, the whole gala trappings of tradition have given it a degree of social prestige but the sad fact remains that no matter what you do it is not fox hunting.

A sporting event in which the fox is to be at a prearranged spot at a given time, or does not exist at all, can hardly be called a *hunt*. When he dashes across open fields valiantly pursued by assorted dogs, horses and humans it is a RACE, yes, but, . . .

A fox *hunt* is a different matter. It is a serious sport with a long and honorable history, and deserves to hold a spot in American sport equal to its snooty cousin, fox racing.

My introduction to fox hunting per se came casually. A friend of mine in North Carolina who lives not twenty miles from Pinehurst, one of the seats of the traditionalized races, asked me one afternoon if I would care to go on a fox hunt. I had visions of myself in all the trappings of the hunt, and reluctantly agreed if he would guarantee to furnish me with a nice, safe horse. In amazement he asked me why on earth I wanted a horse, and roared with laughter at my reply.

"We," he stated with simple dignity, "are going on a fox hunt." There was a world of meaning in those words.

He went ahead to explain the matter to me and ended by telling me to be dressed and ready by eleven that night. In addition I was cautioned to wear plenty of old, warm clothes. Still considerably in the dark about the whole affair and half suspecting a practical joke on the order of the snipe hunt, I attired myself on the general lines of an Arctic explorer and awaited developments.

Promptly at eleven a car towing a small trailer-like contraption packed to overflowing with dogs pulled up at the door. I crowded in and we were off.

We drove some six or seven miles over some of the weirdest roads I have ever seen, penetrating deeper and deeper into the thick pine woods, until finally my host pulled to a stop on the crest of a small hill where we were joined by some six or seven other cars.

As the occupants alighted, each dressed as his own fancy dictated, I recognized most of the more prominent members of the community looking no different as to garb from the farm hand who piled out of the next Ford towing his own dilapidated "pot-liker" with him.

In all there were twelve in the party and twenty-one or two hounds. Immediately the dogs were released and shuffled off into the night. Four or five of the party, after giving voice to a series of high carrying yells, struck off down the road carrying lanterns. The rest of us settled down, they to talk, and I to listen in wide-eared amazement at the incomprehensible jargon of "dog-talk."

Within twenty minutes a sudden deep bellow broke the silence.

"That's Bell, they've struck," exclaimed my host.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that you can tell which dog is which in all that crowd by just one bark?"

"Shore," drawled a long countryman, "I kin tell ary one of them hounds the minute they open their mouth even in the pack."

"Any fox hunter can do that," added my host. "And we can tell if they're runnin' a rabbit or a fox. 'Course a good hound don't run rabbits, but puppies will." The barking grew distant, intermittent. There would be an excited yipping from one dog for a few seconds, then silence. Another hound from an entirely different quarter would "open," carry on a conversation with the first pup, and then lapse into silence again. Their voices, all of various pitches, sounded strangely muffled.

"That's because they're trailin'," I was told. "They keep their nose on the ground while they're trailin' and the sound is muffled, some dogs don't ever bark at all while they're trailin', others do a heap of barking."

By this time it was obvious that the trail was leading away from us and so we piled into the cars and sped along in their direction over some more circuitous roads until we reached another almost identical hill somewhat in front of the dogs. When the motors were stopped we could hear them plainly.

The dogs continued to trail, now active, now silent, but always changing ground, doubling back and across. I was getting rather tired and distinctly cold when close

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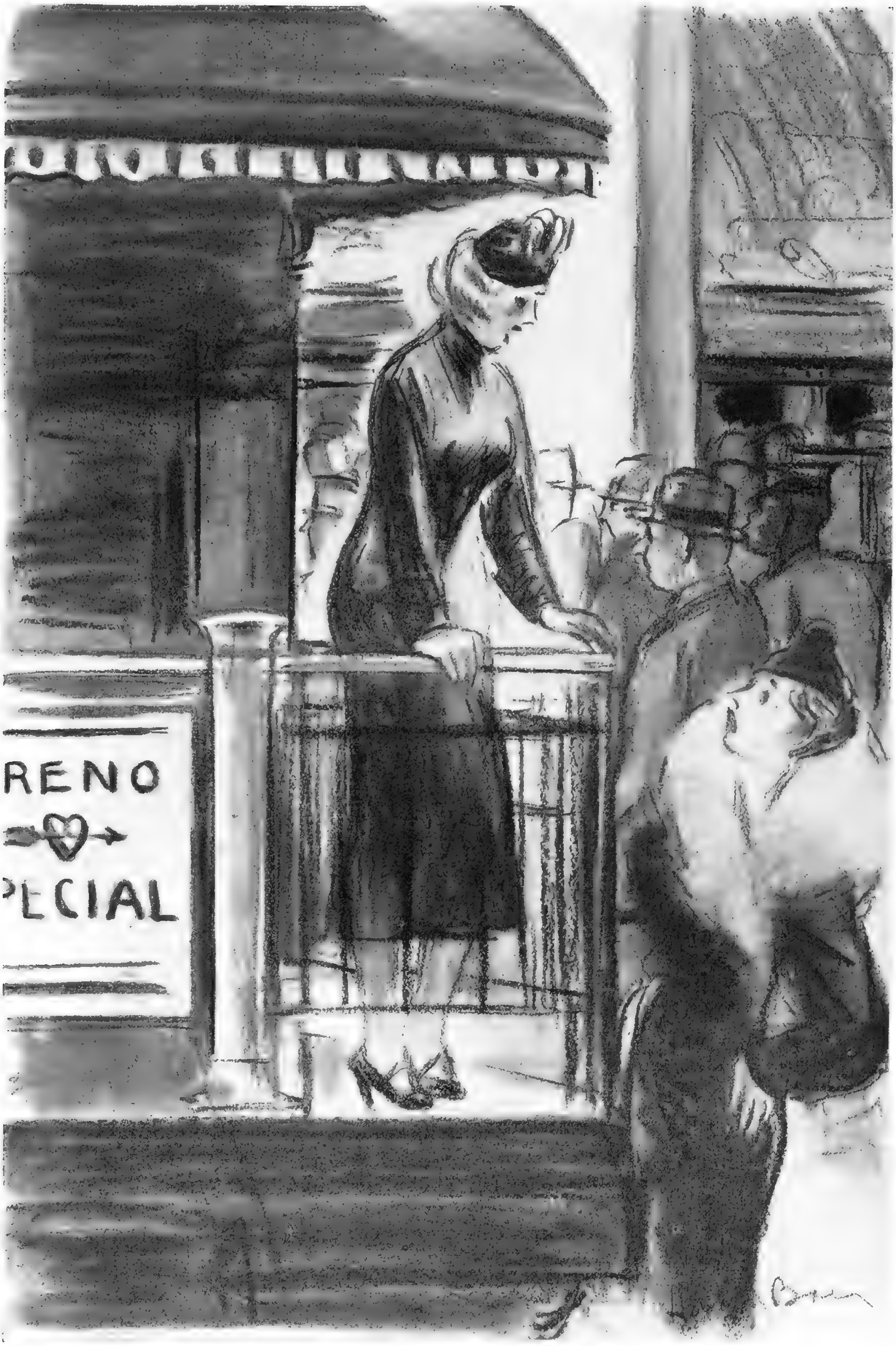
RENO
PECIAL

"It's getting to be just a vicious circle: love, marriage, divorce; love, marriage, divorce"

There's Something About a Soldier

An intelligent woman partially suspends the truth she knows, to ease a lost befuddled sheep

by THEODORE PRATT

▪ FICTION ▪

All day long the detonations of the sham battle taking place just over the hill shook the entire village, resounding against the walls of the houses, rattling windows, and causing dogs to cower in fright and keep their tails between their legs. When the smell of gunpowder wafted through the streets in slow, acrid puffs, it affected people variously. Some pretended not to notice it, and that was the way it touched them. Others laughed, or sniffed it impressively, or were nervous. The men lounging in front of the drugstore spoke of it grandly, boastfully, in a large, objective way; a few of them had known that odor in France.

The Daskoms were aroused and interested. They had not foreseen that a part of their experience while spending the summer in the country would be a military rehearsal. In the afternoon Mary persuaded her husband to toil up the hill to see it, Peter stomping along the dirt way, she lithe, with springy, rounded calves beneath her. But near the top they were stopped by a soldier whose bayonet, elongating his rifle, reflected a harsh warning in the powerful sunlight. It was not allowed to go further.

Early in the evening, just before dinnertime, they stood in the doorway of their little house watching the passing of a long line of army trucks, preceded by several motorcycles with side-cars. Interspersed, there were also pieces of field artillery and mobile machine-guns. The trucks were jammed to full capacity with standing soldiers. In each vehicle they made a solid mass of olive drab. As they passed the house sometimes a section or two of these masses would detach an arm and wave or call out. Mary waved back. Her interest had not been calmed by the afternoon's failure; if anything, it was quickened by the disappointment. Her fine yellow hair, flowing down to embrace the back of her neck and meet the sides of her brown throat, sharpened her even, eager features as she watched the soldiers go by. Peter, tall, spare, and a little bitter, viewed them without enthusiasm.

They were both surprised, however, when a small detachment of men on foot appeared. The line of laden trucks and guns had passed, returning to their base, the Citizens' Military Training Camp, some miles away. Now here were these men marching. Surely they weren't going to walk all the way to the camp, starting at this time of day after maneuvers that had lasted since early morning.

The detachment came on, kicking up the gray dust of the road with its measured tramp. At its head marched an officer, a little older than his men, and with definitely more the air of a soldier about him. Probably he belonged to the regular army. He saw the Daskoms and looked at them and at their house speculatively. He turned to his men as if he had decided something, walked backward in front of them a little way, and when the head of their brief column reached a point directly opposite the door, he called them to a halt.

Mary and Peter were rather startled when the officer stepped across the few intervening feet separating their door from the road, and addressed them. He explained that one of their trucks had broken down and though most of the men it carried had been squeezed in the others, a number were left for whom there was no transportation back to camp. The truck would be repaired tomorrow when parts were brought back by the others returning to resume the maneuvers. For tonight it was necessary to find quarters for these men in the homes of private citizens. When he asked if they had any room he was not apologetic. His speech ended with what was more of an order than a request. Waiting for them to answer, he seemed to attend for obedience rather than agreement.

Mary glanced from him to her husband. Peter had flushed and his thin cheeks were blown out a bit. Mary knew what he would say when he opened his mouth to speak. He would refuse. Before he could do so, involuntarily, she said: "We can take one."

Peter turned to her in surprise. She looked at him and asked: "Oh, Peter, don't you want to?"

His surprise passed, and became reluctance. "Well, if you do," he grumbled.

The officer called at his men. "Dickson! Step out of ranks!"

A sturdy, frightened youth broke from the others and came forward. He looked hardly more than a boy. He received instructions for assembling in front of the town hall at seven o'clock the next morning. He was asked if he understood. He replied in a low, shy voice: "Yes, sir," and saluted. The officer returned his salute. He saluted Mary and Peter and then marched on into the village with the rest of his men.

The Daskoms stood looking at the young soldier who had been left with them. He was awkward and hot in his ill-fitting uniform, and his astonished black eyes, set in round, attractively shallow sockets just above shining red cheeks, expressed the wonder of what he should do next. By agreement he was to enter this house and make himself at home. But he was much too bewildered to think of doing any such thing on his own initiative. He stared at the Daskoms. In his gaze, behind his helplessness, there could be seen his pride in being a soldier, his delight in the uniform. This alone shone like a live thing in him, glowing and assertive.

Mary, after a moment, made a sound that was half a laugh, half an exclamation, and spoke to the soldier. She introduced herself and her husband, and graciously asked him to come into the house.

The soldier followed them timidly, a sudden guest not sure he was welcome. No matter how gingerly he stepped, his heavy, coarse shoes clicked roughly on the waxed floor. He stopped suddenly, his feet caught in a half-stride, afraid to move any more.

Mary told him not to mind the floor; smiled at him encouragingly, and said she would show him the room where he was to sleep. She led him to the spare bedroom next to that of Peter and herself. Past her he went into it as if obeying orders. Once there, and on his own, he stood hesitantly. He mumbled his thanks, and then, as if he could bear association with a strange person no longer, he closed the door.

Going back to her husband, Mary found him grumpy. He muttered things about the peremptory manner of the officer. He wanted to know what had possessed her to say they would put up the soldier. Mary tried to soothe him by pointing out it would be only for a night. But he would not be placated. He didn't like the soldier, he didn't care for the army, and he damned everything to do with war generally. This was one of his pet anathemas, and it never failed to rouse his voluble indignation. It roused it now, having a soldier staying with them. He reiterated his usual contempt for why wars were made and completed his comments by

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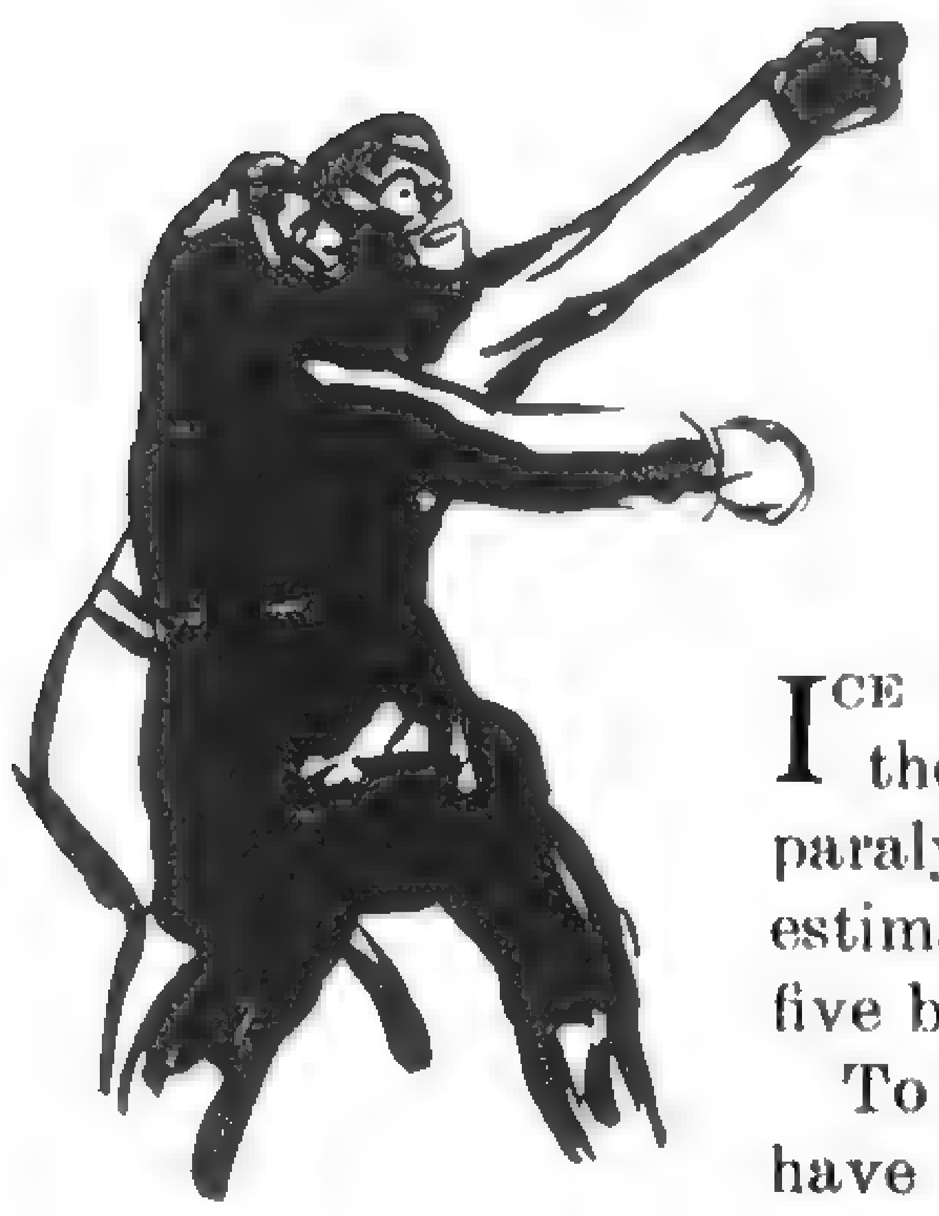
The Haunted Lake

Over fields deep with snow, a siren's voice calls prospectors to follow along the path of fire



by CAPT. PATRICK ALEXANDER

• FICTION •

Ice crystals hung in the air. It was cold, paralyzingly cold. Tom estimated it to be fifty-five below.

To me, it might well have been a hundred. Every breath was an agony, and for all my heavy underwear, mackinaw clothing, and fleece-lined parka, the bitter wind from James Bay and the Arctic cut through to my marrow.

Tom, taciturn and detached, carrying the light pack, was breaking trail, while I floundered along on unaccustomed snowshoes, bearing the heavy load, over a third of my weight. My eyes smarted from snow glare, and my neck muscles ached from the unaccustomed strain of the tump-line which encircled my forehead and shared with my shoulders the weight of pack, tent and sleeping bag. Tom stubbed against a stump, lost a snow shoe, and spat in disgust, a quid of tobacco landing on one moccasin. In sudden passion, off went his pack, up went his hands clenched in defiance toward the cold, grey sky, and in picturesque but lurid blasphemy he demanded of his Maker, "—Haven't I enough to carry!"

I laughed. It was the first glimpse I'd had of the old care-free Tom in three days.

"Tae hell with it," he growled. "Let's boil up."

Nothing loth I slipped off my encumbrances and selecting a small dead tamarack, vigorously wielded my axe and soon had a fire going that raised the steam from our Hudson Bay "billy."

Gratefully sipping the scalding black tea, I pondered on the strangeness of life, and my sudden impulse to do a year's prospecting in the Canadian wilderness. Restless with longing for a change of scene, I had, while drinking cocktails in a Calcutta Club, voiced a decision to visit my one remaining relative in Canada. Calhoun, of the Political Intelligence, and my immediate superior, had said laughingly, "Look up my brother Tom while you're there." I had landed in Vancouver, completed my visit and arrived eventually in Quebec. Deciding to revisit boyhood scenes in the old country, I booked a passage for Cobh, and then having three days before the ship sailed, began an exploration of quaint old Quebec. Wandering one night, I surprised three thugs viciously attacking a man, who, although slightly built, was putting up a terrific scrap. I rushed to his assistance and the cowardly trio hastily decamped. The victim of the attack was quite drunk, but he straightened himself and with solemn dignity and a heavy Scotch burr said, "By God, Sir, a Calhoun never forgets a service."

"Not Ian Calhoun's brother?" I asked eagerly.

"The same, and where did ye know Ian?"

I explained, and the upshot of that chance meeting had changed my plans bringing me a hundred and twenty miles north of the Canadian National Railway to stake gold claims on Haunted Lake at the source of the Bear River.

Tom had been brooding as only a Scot can. Now he interrupted my thoughts with a question. "Alick, ye mind the story I told about the gold deposit on Haunted Lake bein' the richest strike in the East?"

I nodded.

"Weel, there's more tae it than that. The Indians say that no man will ever get that gold. Mind ye, it may be all superstition, for tae my certain knowledge, no straightblooded white man has ever seen the lake—only Scotch or French Indian breeds. Old Duncan Ross was up there and struck a vein three feet wide running southwest toward the lake. Now Duncan has prospected this country clean across from the Klondike. He's a good man and knows rock, and he claims the find is a second Hollinger, but Duncan won't go back. He dislocated a leg on that trip, and swears that it was done by some unnatural power, pulling him out of his lean-to at night!!"

I laughed and made some jesting remark to the effect that it must have been a hearty "leg pull."

Tom however was in dead earnest, surprisingly so for a man of his happy-go-lucky temperament.

"Alick, I'm no sayin' but what it might be all nonsense, but there are more things on this earth than we ken about. Maybe you've heard stories of the Indian jungle, strange, irresistible callings of men tae destruction, and of spirits that guard certain spots."

I admitted that I had but sitting on four feet of snow in sub-zero weather was not conducive to talking about djinns in tropical jungles. "Let us move along," I suggested.

Tom twisted into his snow shoes, and over my protests, shouldered the heavy pack. Despite his light build, he made a better job of carrying it than I had done. The snow had a good crust, and travel was easy. We made a steady four miles an hour, and as I broke trail through the dark pine woods, my mind reverted to the peculiar anomaly of Tom Calhoun.

Old-time prospectors and mining men sought and deferred to Tom's opinion, and conceded him to be a better man in the woods than they. Why he had chosen this life, I do not know, for Tom was a B.A. and B.Sc. of Glasgow, and a highly trained chemical engineer. Yet here he was a prospector giving credence to a lot of half-breed ghost tales! Of course the vast silence of these Canadian woods, relieved only by the crunch of snow shoes, or the sound of an occasional tree bursting under the intense cold did affect one's nerves, and I could well understand how men became afflicted with woods' madness which caused them to do or imagine all kinds of things.

"Stop a minute." Tom again interrupted my thoughts. He pulled a sketch book from his knapsack. "If Duncan's map is correct, we must be about a mile from his discovery stake, and southwest claim post. Bear east a bit over this ridge, and look out for these damn elders. They sting like fury.

"Alick," Tom's voice sounded apologetic. "I feel uneasy about this trip. There's too much truth in the stories and I must admit they have an uncanny influence on me. Roger Le Bouef was one that came up here. He died shortly after he got back, and the strange thing about him was he would eat nothing but moss and grass. Andre Broussier was another. He talked of a beautiful woman—seemed as if he were light-headed, and complained that he was on fire. Finally he committed suicide by jumping from the spire of the church in Duparquet. Neither of them would talk much of their experiences."

"For the love of Mike, Tom, shut up," I expostulated. "Do you want to turn back?"

"Nae, lad. I wouldn't go back—couldn't. I must see it through. But I'm telling you in case anything should happen, don't stay to search for me. Just head back due south for the railway 'steel.'"

Tom's tone impressed me. He had changed from the man I had known in the city. Perhaps the woods did it. There is a very true saying that you never know a man until you have camped with him. In Bousquet and Abittibi though where Tom and I had spent several weeks, he had proved an ideal companion, showing no

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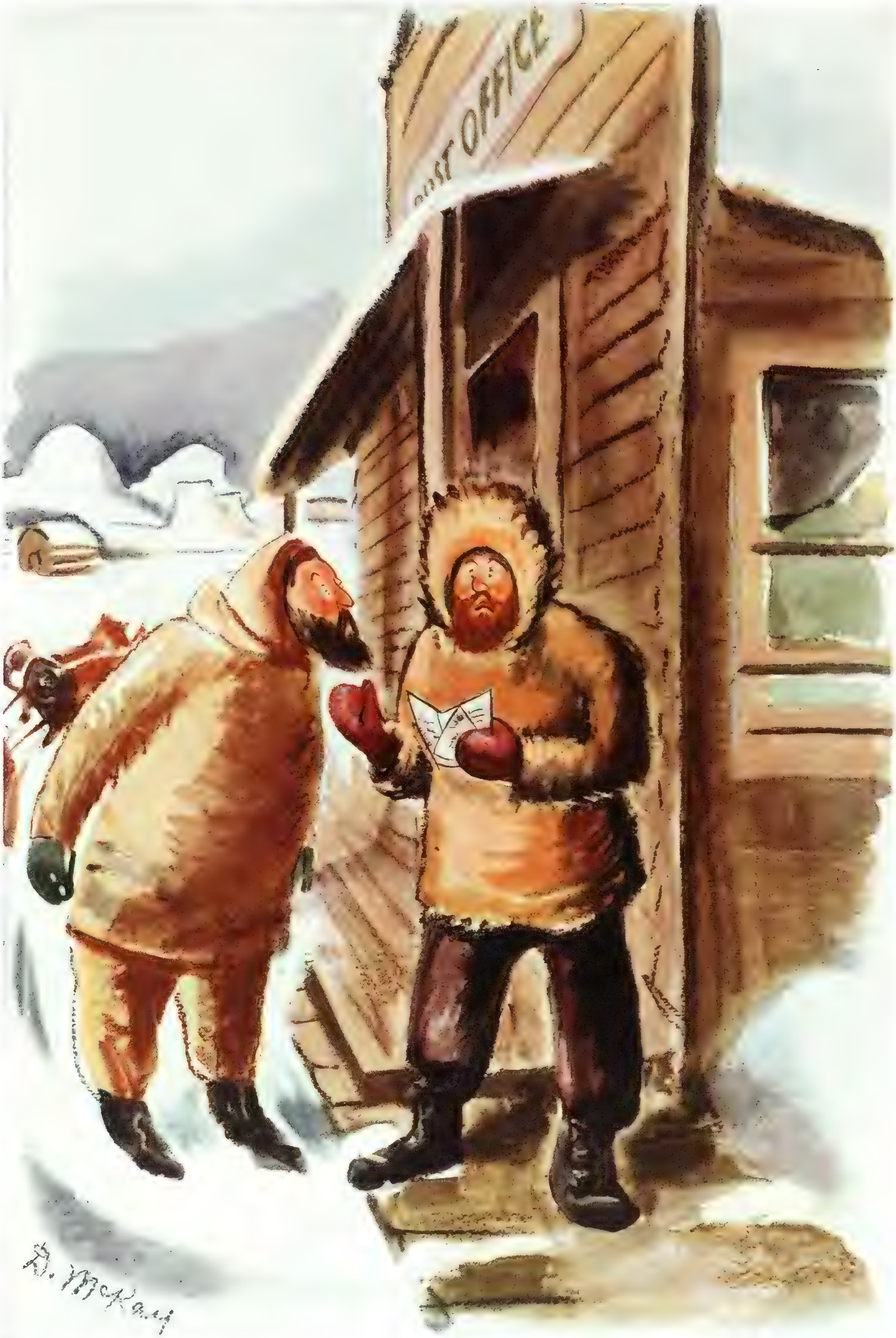
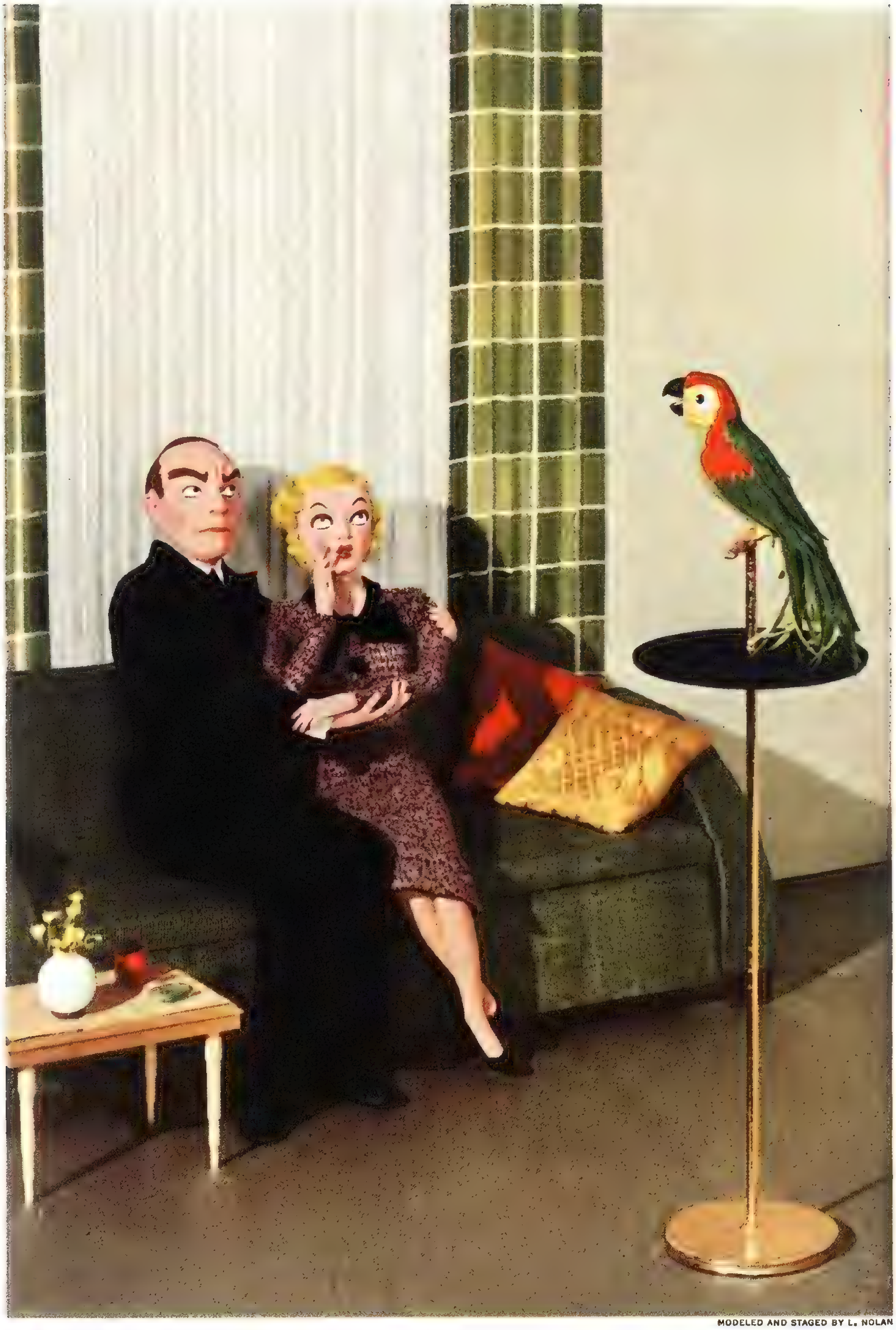

POST OFFICE
R. McKay

"How long we bin away, Bill?—I got twins!"



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

*"Why, Mr. Keefer, how dare you! . . . Why, Mr. Eichner, how dare you! . . .
Why, Mr. Hadlock, how dare you! . . ."*

Art's a Funny Thing

A farmer called sour-puss has a logical thought as to whom art-prizes should be awarded

by PETER DE VRIES

• SATIRE •

He was out in the field cultivating when he first saw them riding slowly down the road, three autos full of them, talking and laughing and looking all about at the countryside. When they saw him they waved and shouted. Then they passed on slowly, chattering and calling to each other. A moment later he had forgotten them.

But next thing he knew the three cars had turned into his driveway and stopped next to the house. Peering out from under his immense straw hat he saw his wife come down the back steps and walk over to them. She stood there for several minutes talking to those in the first car, straight and severe next to the running-board, and of course not very amiable, he could tell by the way her arms were folded in characteristic austerity. Finally she turned and beckoned for him to come from the field. "Clem! C'm'ere!"

Some of them had gotten out of the cars but most of them stayed in, lounging easily on the seats and whispering and smiling. The one who seemed to be the leader was a tall skinny man who had long protruding teeth and who wore a cadaverous grin and custard neckwear. He had brown, quivering popeyes like twin scoops of gelatin. But his manner was pleasant and friendly, so that his face was a mixture of something corpse-like and kindly. It was the queerest mixture Clem ever saw. He seemed to keep his hands in readiness at his waist for fear of his pants sliding down. He tugged at them at least three times before Clem got into the yard. Clem looked the invaders over coldly.

"What is it?" he asked his wife.

"They want to paint the barn," she answered sharply with a short nod toward the big red barn. "They're artists."

The tall fellow jerked his pants and took a step toward Clem. "Your place struck us as being especially picturesque," he said with a grin he really couldn't help wearing because of the way his teeth stuck over his lower lip. "Especially the barn. We're art students on a sketching trip and we'd like to stop here and paint your barn if you don't mind."

Clem looked at them for a moment. "Oh from the city." The man nodded. "My name is Cartwright and I'm the instructor."

"Oh and this is the class," said Clem looking around the man to the people in the car.

A fat man in knickers and with hair heavily oiled but mussed from the driving in the wind came forward. "Isn't very often you can find a place with the character your farm has," he said. "Interesting place." He gave a vague look around. Clem didn't like him, and immediately took in every unpleasant detail about his appearance—the dirty tie and shoes, the way his shirt hung out of his checked knickers and his round greasy nose.

"Very," said Clem's wife curtly. "Specially interestin' out there in the field—where they's work to do." Then she drew her lips tight.

Some in the cars laughed. "There's an angle you overlooked in your flair for the idyllic, Homan," a young man shouted from one of the cars. Clem's wife bent forward and looked over to see who it was. "A E and the beauty of the bean fields," another laughed. "Swell to look at, eh?"

Cartwright spoke again, "Well, what do you say? We'd appreciate it very much." He grinned and grinned while Clem was quiet.

Clem looked at him, squinting his eyes and jutting his narrow pointed chin out. Cartwright beheld an altogether belligerent face. "So doggone many of you," Clem finally said. "Don't want you clutterin' up the place."

"Oh, no, we'd be very quiet and orderly and take up as little room as possible. And you have such a fine large yard here."

"But 'twas never meant for a park," said Clem's wife.

"You keep out o' this, old woman," said Clem. He turned to Cartwright. "Well, I guess it's all right, as long as you don't bother us none. How long'll you be?"

"Oh . . . today and tomorrow."

"What! two days!" snapped Clem's wife. "I thought it'd only take you a little bit. Couple hours or so. But two days. . . . That's a long time to have a troop hangin' around in your yard when they's work to do." He pushed out his lower lip.

"Oh, but you won't have any trouble with us," said Cartwright. "Please." He argued with Clem for a short while, Clem's wife standing formidable and silent in the background. Finally Clem said, "O.K." and waved his hand.

The others immediately got out of the cars, talking and laughing, and hauling out boxes and folding chairs no end. They walked around the barn, looking at it from every angle, as though they were preparing to attack it. It took them fifteen minutes to choose their places and finally the barn was surrounded with folding chairs, easels and canvasses and drawing paper and brushes and rags and tubes of paint and what not. Clem's wife stood on the porch looking down silently. Twelve of them, she counted. Once in a while one of the students looked around at her, but turned quickly away again. Clem started back toward the field.

While the other students were getting arranged, the fat man in the sloppy knickers came over and talked to Cartwright at the edge of the yard next to the chicken coop. They talked earnestly for a few minutes, now and then looking to where Clem was walking in the field. Cartwright kept nodding at what the fat man said. Finally the fat man left Cartwright and started out across the field after Clem.

"Hey, there!" he called. "Hey, mister!"

Clem turned around and waited for the fat man. "What is it?"

"Say, listen," the fat man said, "you know what?"

"What?"

"I'd like an awful lot to paint you." He looked at Clem like he had said something astounding.

"Paint me?" said Clem.

"Yes. You'd make an awfully interesting subject. I mean you really would."

"I would? Why? What makes you think so?" Clem's chin jutted out.

"Why—your face. It's an awfully interesting face."

"Oh, 'tis, is it?"

"Yes."

"What's interestin' about it?" Clem's voice was sober and matter of fact.

"Why—the character that's in it. The—"

"Kind o' character?"

"Why—well, there's a certain—" The fat man waved his hand around as he groped for the word.

"Certain what?" The fat man was surveying Clem's features. "What do you see in it?" Clem said challengingly, his voice cool and level. His chin seemed to be coming out farther and farther as though he might have some secret contraption by which it slid out.

"Well, there's ruggedness . . . sternness . . . and . . ."

"You mean to say I got a sour lookin'

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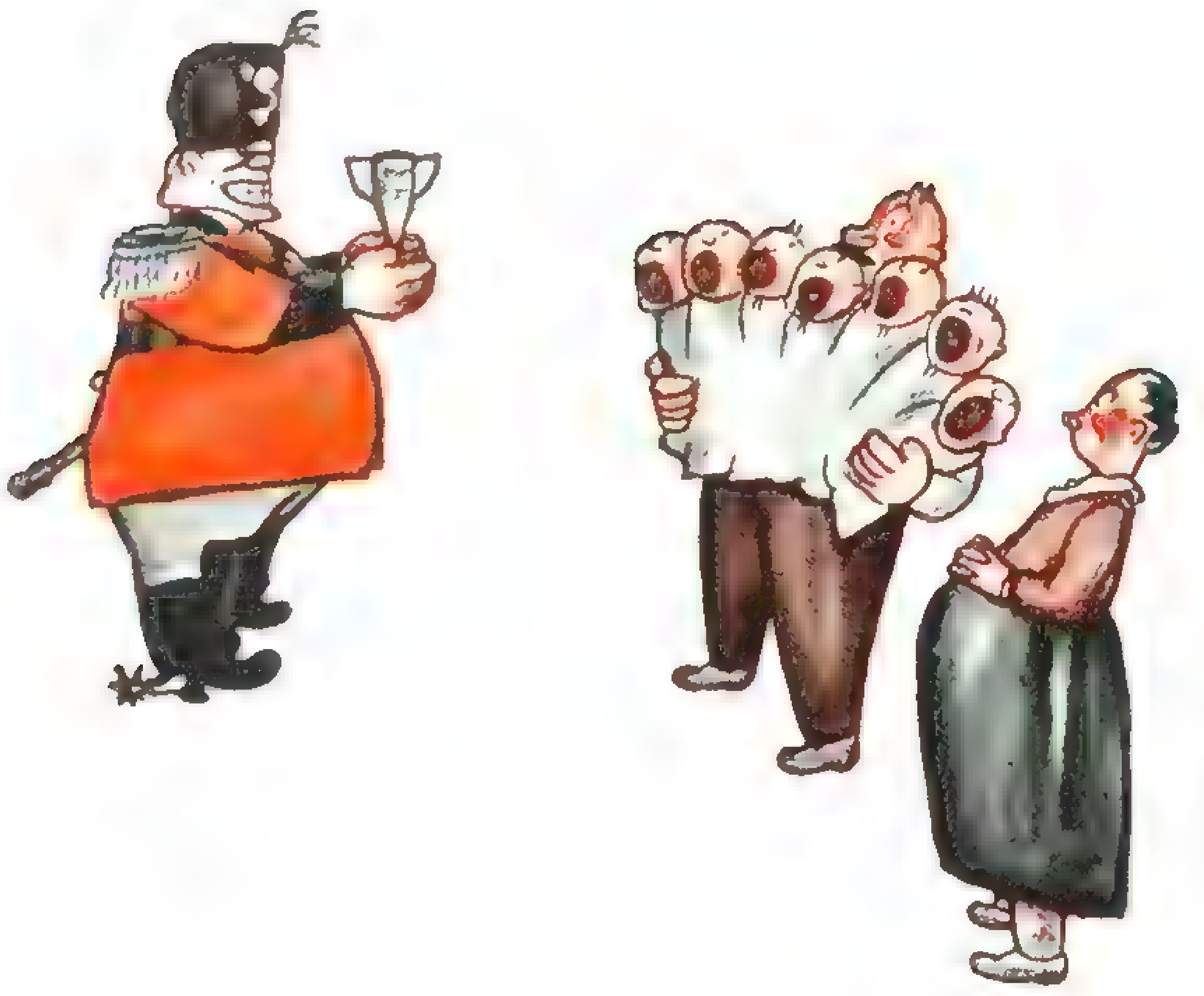
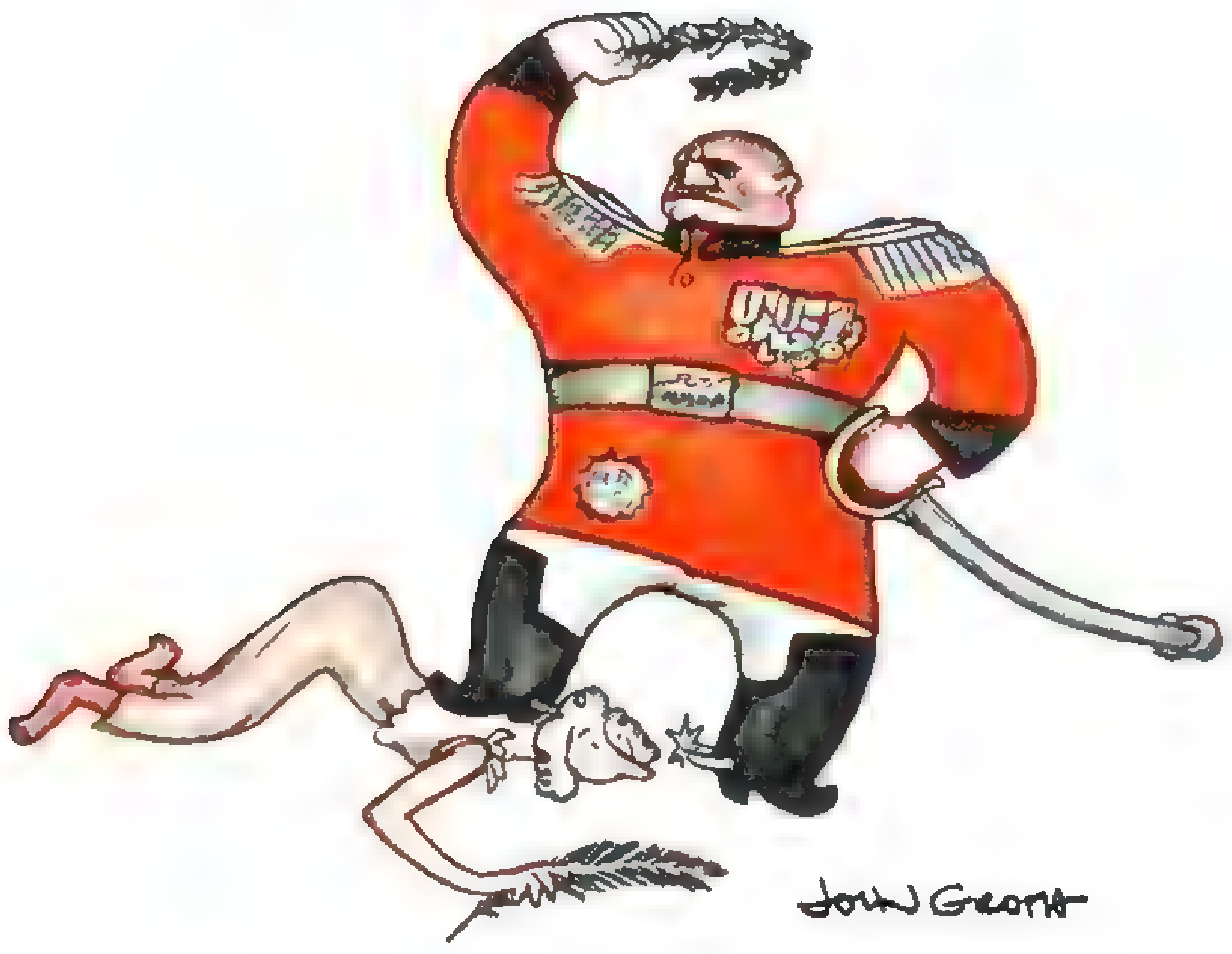
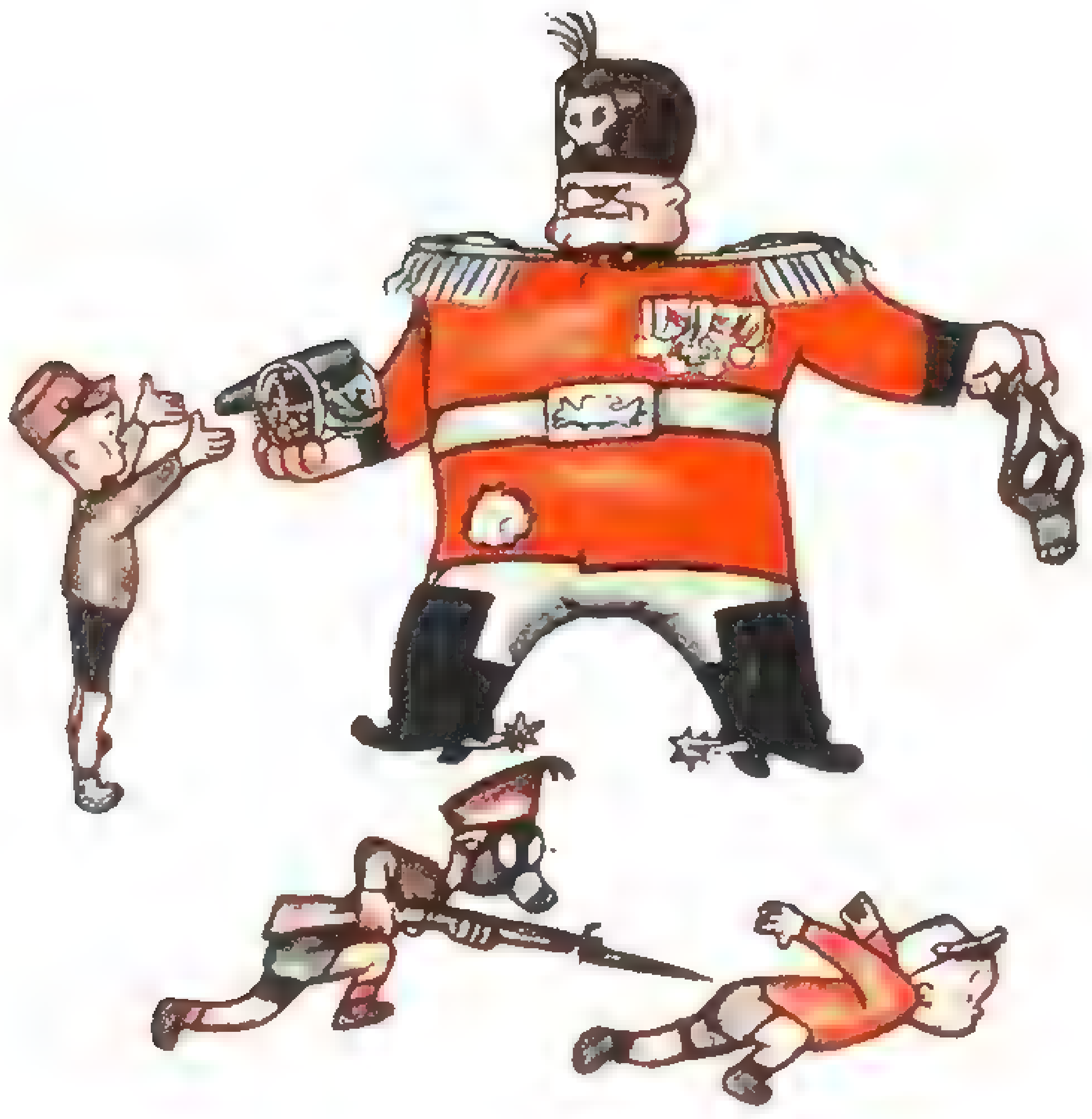


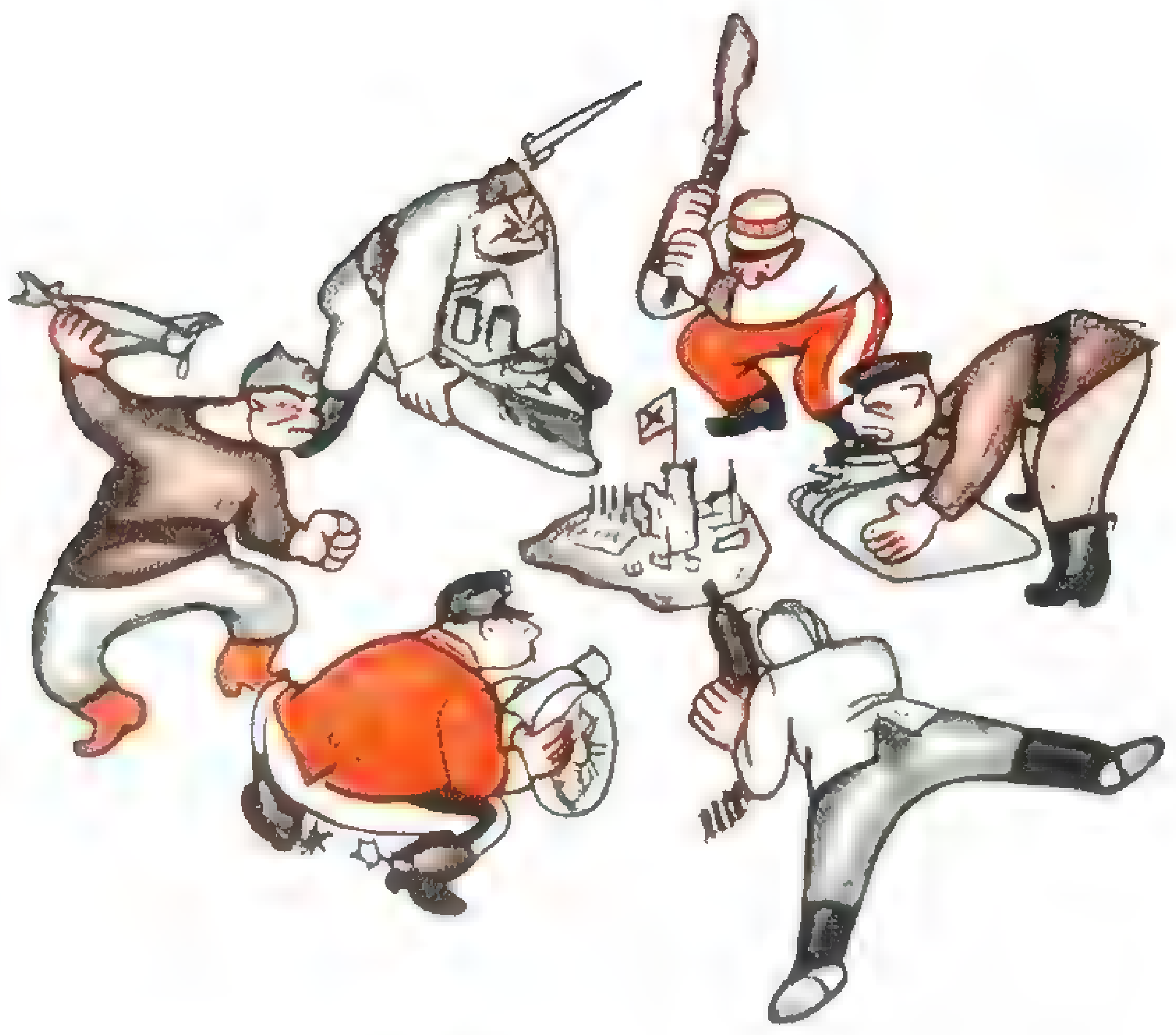


Recipe for a Dictatorship

by OGDEN NASH

First catch your country,
Which is not so difficult for a demagogue of sufficient ruthlessness,
plausibility and effrontery,
But if you catch it by war or revolution debilitated,
Your task will be facilitated.
Its neck is what you place your foot upon,
And then you tell it that by every other nation in the world it is
put upon,
And you wear some kind of childish raw head and bloody bones uniform
because you wouldn't be a dictator if you weren't a good
showman,
And you keep repeating that your people are hemmed in by a steel
ring of predatory foemen,
And as there is really lots of room for everybody in your country
because there aren't so many people in it as there were before
the war,
Why, you shout that there aren't enough people to defend the country
from its evil neighbors and you command all patriotic
citizens to have a lot more,
And you offer prizes for triplets and twins,
And the race begins,
And the birthrate leaps like a startled fawn,
And you urge it on and on and on,
The cry is breed! breed!
Breed with speed!
The big bad enemy is at the gate,
Breed for the state!
So every hut produces its enormous family,
And you go around and pat the children on the head and the fathers
on the back and smile a big smile with your teeth all
glistening and enamelly,
And pretty soon you have your country populated as full as the Bronx
Express during the rush hour and you say My gracious me!
What a wonderful, progressive, up-and-coming, expanding nation
are we!
We'll have to take over somebody else's country because in our own
there isn't room for us,
And everybody in the League of Nations is a rotten egg if they don't
say Rah rah siss boom for us!
So then you go out to take over somebody else's nation,
And that takes care of your surplus population,
So then you find you haven't got as many people in your country as
your ambitions need,
So you inform your people again that they had better hurry up and breed
Which maybe they don't and maybe they do,
And again maybe, dear dictator, they begin to cogitate about you.





TEMPERA DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH

Law's Glorious Uncertainty

Even a disbarred lawyer can defend himself on the plea of insanity and win his case

by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

• ARTICLE •

"THE LAW," said the august highest court of Massachusetts some years ago, "assumes the beauty and precision of the sciences."

The Supreme Court of Missouri, on the contrary, declared in 1912, "The uncertainty of a lawsuit is the only certainty about it;" and an Illinois appellate court once specifically decided, "A wager upon the decision of a court of last resort is staked upon an uncertain event."

That the members of the legal profession do not accept the smug pronouncement of the Massachusetts court is evidenced by the fact that for more than a century and a half lawyers here and in England have responded enthusiastically to the toast, "The glorious uncertainty of the law." And well they may, for the law's follies make lawyers' fees; and chief among those follies are the law's complexity, uncertainty, and unpredictability.

As a classic example of this unpredictability there is the case of the Minnesota lumberman who, some thirty years ago, was summoned into court simultaneously in two lawsuits. In the first his wife sought a divorce on the ground of impotency, and in the second the hired girl sought to have him adjudged the father of her illegitimate child. Whether because of a biological paradox or because of a miscarriage of justice, he had the distinction of losing both cases.

A more recent example is presented by the case of Jim Moore, a colored baseball player of Memphis, Tenn. Jim had two criminal charges hanging over his head at the same time. The one was that he had committed an assault with a deadly weapon, to-wit: a pistol. The other was that he had been carrying a concealed deadly weapon, to-wit: a pistol, on his person. He was tried first on the assault charge, and then while the jury in that case was deliberating on his fate, he was tried on the gun-toting charge before a second jury. The first jury filed in with its verdict just as the second one retired to do its duty by the state and by Jim. The verdict of the first jury was guilty. But hardly had that verdict been filed than the second jury returned to the court room with its verdict, and that verdict was not guilty. So according to two equally intelligent juries, Jim was guilty of committing an assault with a weapon that he didn't possess. No wonder he asked, "Now is it or ain't it?"

One of the best known instances of the law's working in this anomalous fashion was the case of former Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall. He was duly convicted, after years of delay and the use of every quibble known to the law, of having accepted a bribe; but the man from whom he was alleged to have obtained the bribe was acquitted when he came to trial. Thus the man on the receiving end of the transaction went to jail while the one on the giving end went free.

The case of the notorious George Remus offers another illustration of the same strange operation of the machinery of the law. Remus, a former boot-legger, ex-convict, and disbarred lawyer, killed his wife in the state of Ohio in 1927, and when brought to trial conducted his own defense and pleaded "not guilty by reason of insanity." Though three impartial alienists appointed by the court pronounced him sane, the jury acquitted him after only nineteen minutes deliberation. He was committed to an institution for the insane but within a few months applied to the courts to be released on the ground that he was not insane, and the state Supreme Court found that his plea was well founded, that he was a perfectly normal individual, and gave him his freedom.

Virginia had a *cause célèbre* a few years ago that will long be remembered as an example of the inexplicable workings of the law and the jury system. It started with the lurid charge of a Mrs. Dorothy Skaggs, of Portsmouth, that she had been criminally assaulted and robbed while on a visit to Norfolk and that her assailant had been a Negro. Later she identified one William Harper, a 21-year old worker in a bottling plant, as the criminal. The police in a short time professed to have Harper's confession, and he was brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to die.

Harper's white lawyer, appointed by the court, however, was not satisfied and quickly dug up some new evidence casting grave doubt upon the justice of the verdict already returned. This evidence was in part to the effect that the complaining witness, Mrs. Skaggs, had not been in Norfolk on the night of the alleged crime but had spent the evening at a dance across the line in North Carolina, some forty miles away. The witnesses who stood ready to testify to these facts were eight or nine white persons, one of whom was a married man who claimed to have been Mrs. Skagg's escort to the dance.

On the strength of the showing made by the attorney for Harper, a new trial was granted; and at that trial, because of the new evidence to the effect stated above, Harper was acquitted. Following that trial, the grand jury indicted Mrs. Skaggs and another witness, Mrs. Catherine Ketchum, for perjury. The former was found guilty when brought to trial, but the jury disagreed in the case of Mrs. Ketchum. Then Mrs. Skaggs succeeded in getting a new trial and in due time was also acquitted. So after five court trials, this is how matters stood: Harper, once sentenced to death, was a free man because the jury in the second trial thought Mrs. Skaggs had lied on the witness stand; Mrs. Skaggs was free because the second jury trying her thought she had told the truth; and Mrs. Ketchum was free because the jury in her case could not decide who lied and who told the truth.

It may, of course, be said that the outcome of this group of cases is chargeable rather to the frailties of human nature, to the undependability of the witnesses who testified, or to the lack of mental acumen on the part of the jurors, than to the shortcomings of the law. But witnesses and

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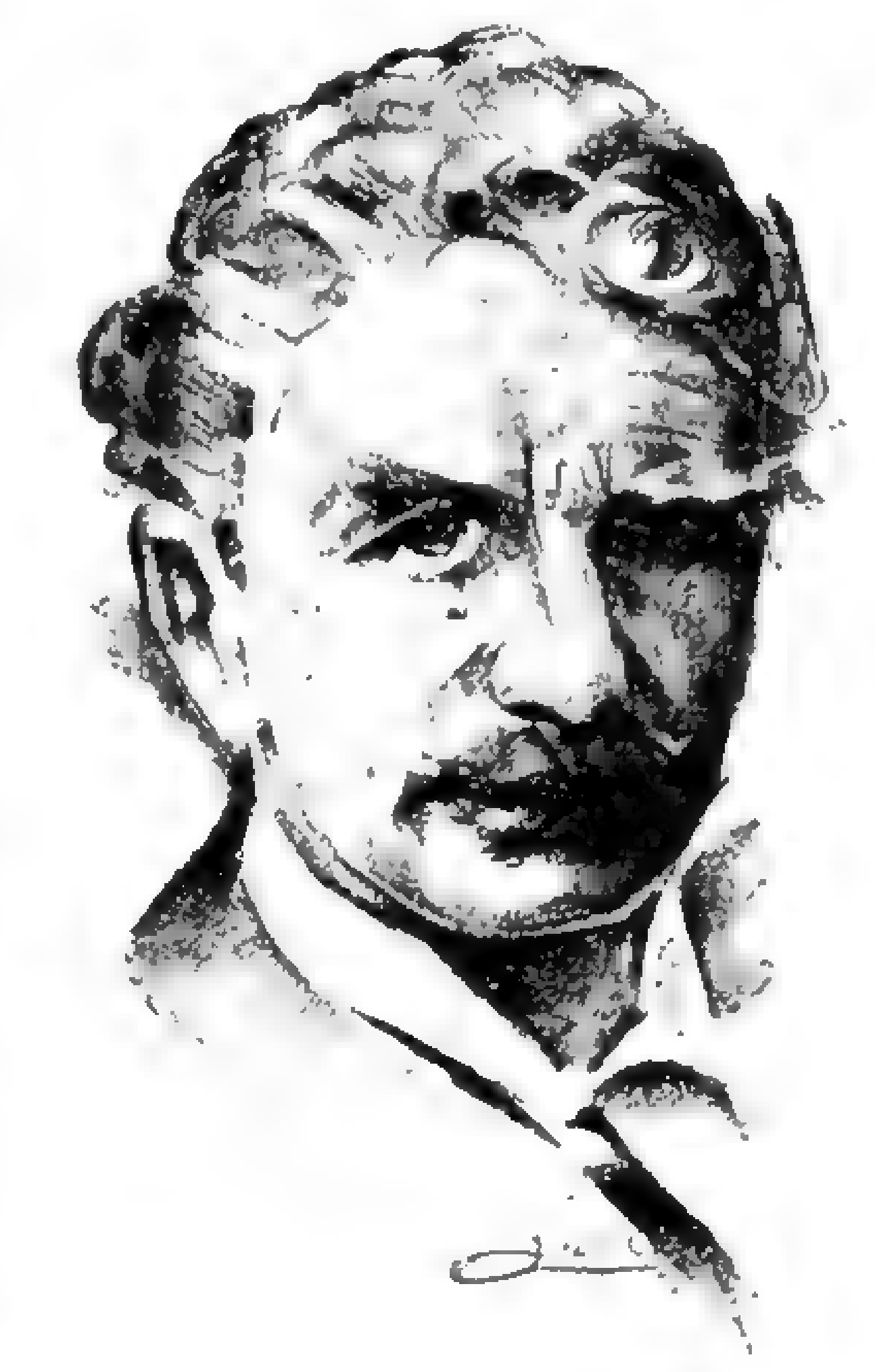
The End of Ambrose Bierce

Bits of evidence at last form a whole picture that explains his mysterious disappearance

by TOM MAHONEY

• ARTICLE •

Mystery and horror were favorite subjects of Ambrose Bierce during his long career as a writer but he penned no story so baffling as his own disappearance in Mexico. An elderly but healthy man, with means and friends, he vanished in the 20th century in an area upon which the attention of the world was focussed. No shred of his body was found and only recently has wide investigation produced a satisfactory explanation of his fate.



That a 71-year-old man should go voluntarily into revolt-torn Mexico was remarkable but Bierce always had been remarkable. He was a thirteenth child. He was a boy major on the staff of General William Hazen in the Union army. As a young man, Bierce was the most widely quoted San Francisco journalist. While honeymooning in England, he so impressed the exiled Empress Eugenie that she retained him to edit her political magazine. So eerie were his tales of war, death, and the supernatural that critics acclaimed him the greatest master of the short story since Edgar Allan Poe. In Washington, Bierce wrote a column of bitter comment titled *The Passing Show* for the Hearst newspapers similar in fame to Arthur Brisbane's *Today.*

Though Bierce retired from active journalism in 1909 to edit his collected works, he continued to live in Washington and it was from there that he started his fateful journey. This was not a sudden project. The Mexican rebels attracted him as the Greek rebels a century earlier attracted Lord Byron.

"Why should I remain in a country that is on the eve of woman's suffrage and prohibition?" Bierce asked his daughter, Helen, then Mrs. H. D. Cowden, when he visited her at Bloomington, Ill., in 1912.

"You're well provided for and my proof reading stunt, four years of it, is over. In America you can't go east or west any more, or north, the only avenue of escape is south. I'll take some letters along with me and strike the border near El Paso. It will be easy to get along. I'm going to buy a donkey and hire a peon. I can see what's doing; perhaps write a few articles about the situation; and then pass to the west coast of Mexico. From there I can go to South America, cross the Andes and ship to England. This fighting in Mexico interests me."

He told her that he was particularly tired of Washington where, he said, "politicians masquerade as statesmen." A few months later he sent farewell letters to many friends.

"I'm going away and have no notion of when I shall return," he wrote Mrs. J. C. McCrackin, on Sept. 10, 1913. "I expect to go to, perhaps across, South America—possibly via Mexico, if I can get through without being stood up against a wall and shot as a gringo. But that is better than dying in bed, is it not?

"Yes, I shall go into Mexico with a pretty definite purpose, which, however, is not at present disclosable," he explained. "You must forgive my obstinacy in not perishing where I am. I want to be where something worth while is going on, or where nothing whatever is going on. Most of what is going on in your own country is extremely distasteful to me."

On Oct. 1, he wrote to Mrs. C. A. Bierce, the wife of his nephew at Oakland, Cal., as follows:

"Dear Lora:

"I go away tomorrow for a long time, so this is only to say good-bye. I think there is nothing else worth saying; therefore you will naturally expect a long letter. What an intolerable world this would be if we said nothing but what is worth saying! And did nothing foolish—like going to Mexico and South America.

"I am hoping that you will go to the mine soon. You must hunger and thirst for the mountains. Civilization be dinged!—it is the mountains and desert for me.

"Good-bye—if you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be Gringo in Mexico, ah, that is enthusia!

"Ambrose."

The evening of the next day, Oct. 2, 1913, he left Washington by train. On his way south, he visited the Civil War battlefields where he fought as a soldier and which he described in his book *In the Midst of Life.* He continued to New Orleans and gave lengthy interviews to three reporters.

"I'm on my way to Mexico because I like the game," he told a *Times-Picayune* man. "I like the fighting; I want to see it. And then I don't think Americans are as oppressed there as they say they are, and I want to get at the true facts of the case.

"There is no family that I have to take care of; I've retired from writing and I'm going to take a rest. No, my trip isn't for local color. I've retired just as a merchant or business man retires. I'm leaving the field for the younger authors. My wants are few and my royalties give me quite enough to live on."

He arrived at San Antonio on Oct. 27, visited the Alamo, and was given a banquet at Fort Sam Houston by officers who had been his friends in California and Washington. He was reported at Laredo Nov. 7th. There he remained several days visiting the United States soldiers at Fort McIntosh and the Mexican federals at Nuevo Laredo. Apparently planning to return to Laredo or perhaps to leave Mexico at that point, he left a trunk containing manuscripts and books at a Laredo hotel and went to El Paso. With some $1,500 and a knowledge of Spanish from life in California, he crossed to Juarez and the rebel domain of General Francisco "Pancho" Villa, most picturesque of Mexican revolutionary leaders.

Bierce followed the victorious Villista army southward. From Dec. 16 to 26, at least, he was in Chihuahua City which Villa occupied Dec. 8. Otis Aultman, famous photographer now living in El Paso, saw Bierce in Chihuahua City at the time. He also wrote letters from there to his daughter, his secretary, Miss Carrie Christiansen, and J. H. Dunnigan, a friend. These were the last letters, so far as investigators have been able to discover, that were received.

He wrote his daughter that she would hear from him as regularly as he could get letters out of the country. In one dated Christmas Eve, 1913, he asked his friend Dunnigan, to "pray for me—real loud." The letters to Mrs. Cowden apparently contained nothing significant. The letters to Miss Christiansen, including the final one to her dated Dec. 16, were destroyed by her under old orders of Bierce. The secretary, however, made some notes from the letters for a personal record. The one of Dec. 16 acknowledged a check. As she said it had been written in an optimistic vein and the actual letter had not been preserved, first investigators paid little attention to her notes.

Miss Christiansen, to whom he wrote most regularly, was the first to become concerned about Bierce. She wrote Marion Letcher, then United States consul at Chihuahua City. He could not recall nor find any record of Bierce in Chihuahua City. This was not surprising as Chihuahua City had a population of nearly 40,000 and Bierce had not gone to Mexico to see Americans. The author's daughter also enlisted the aid of both state and war departments. Mexican authorities conducted inquiries.

Before any of these agencies could gather

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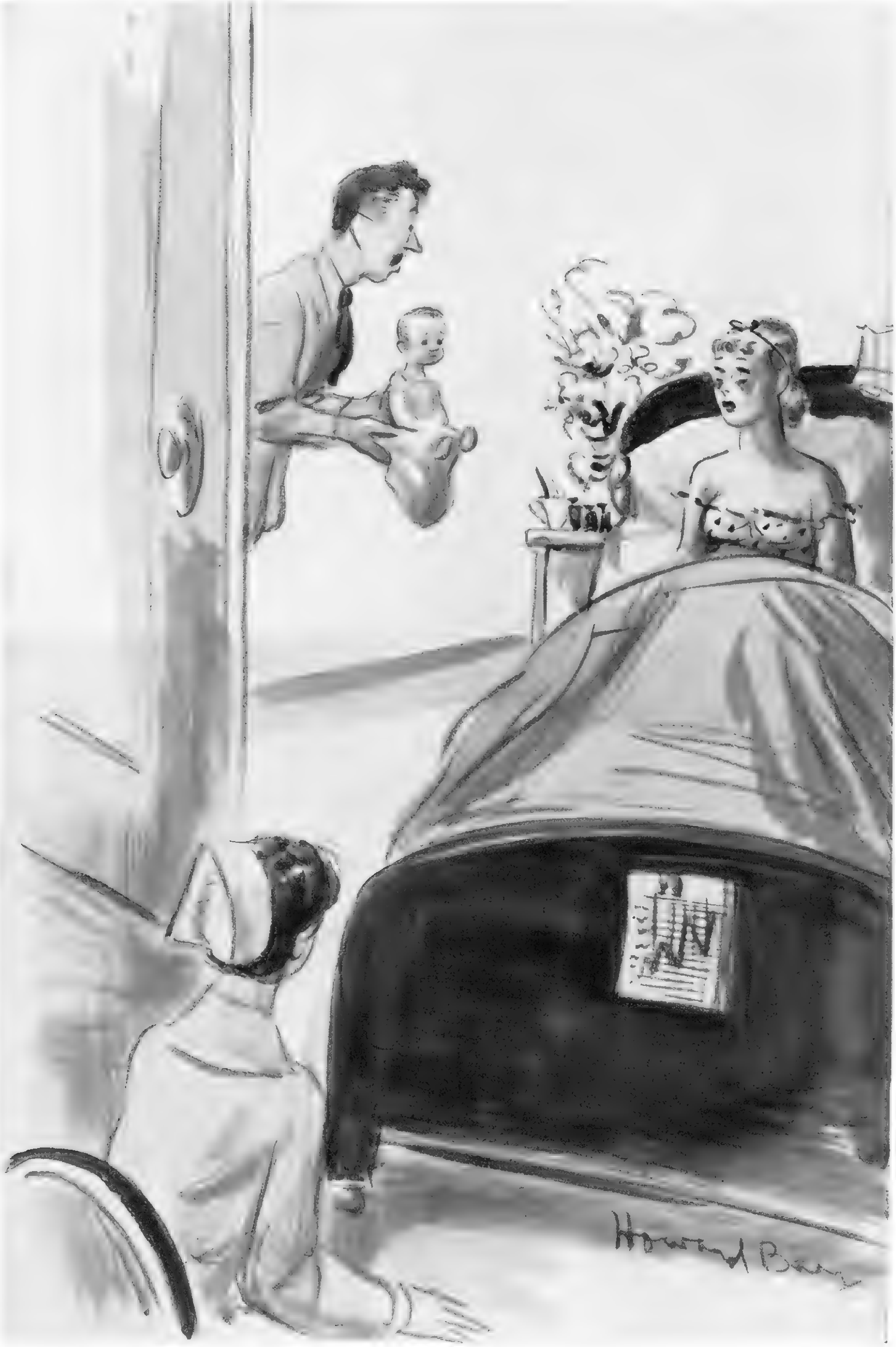
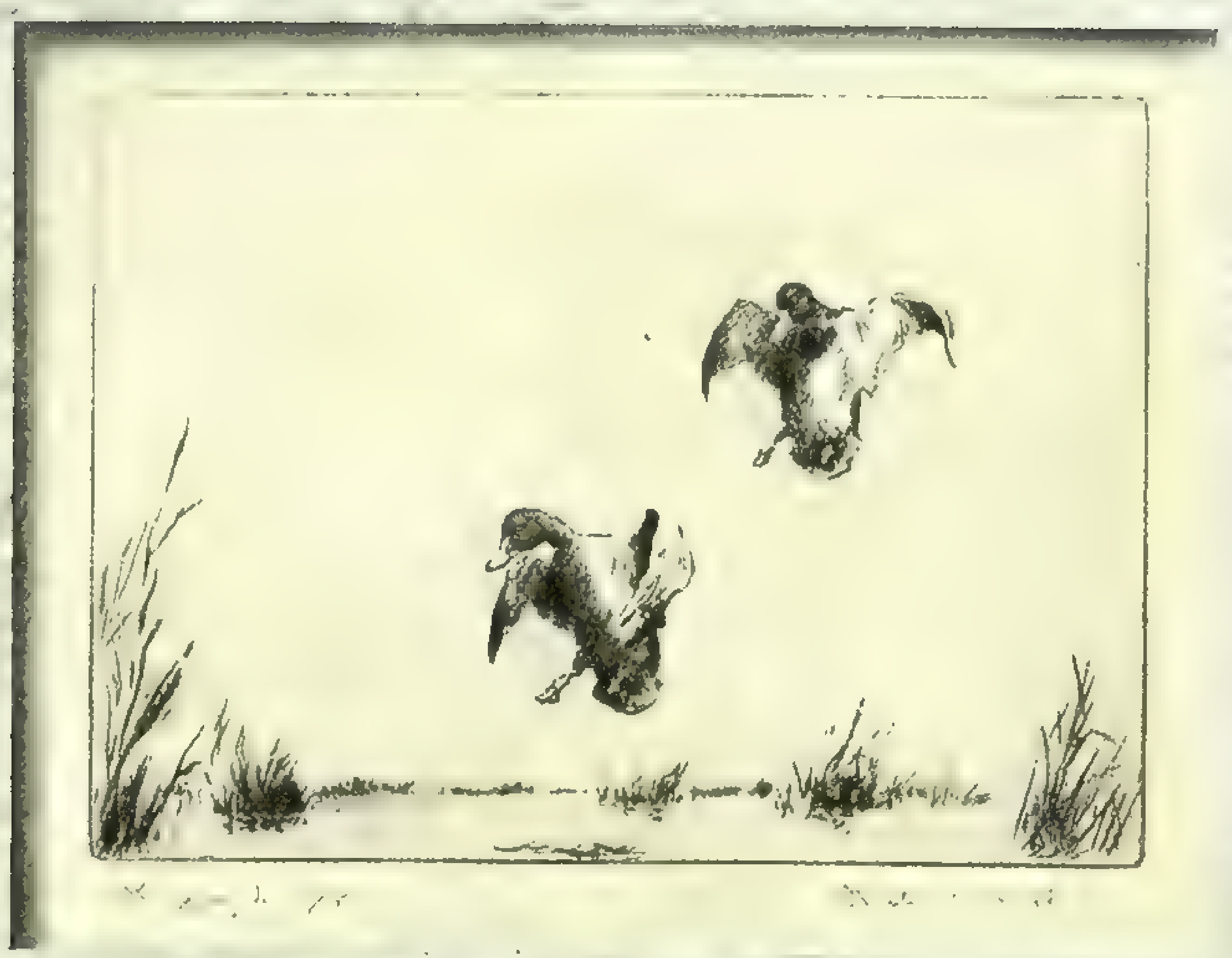
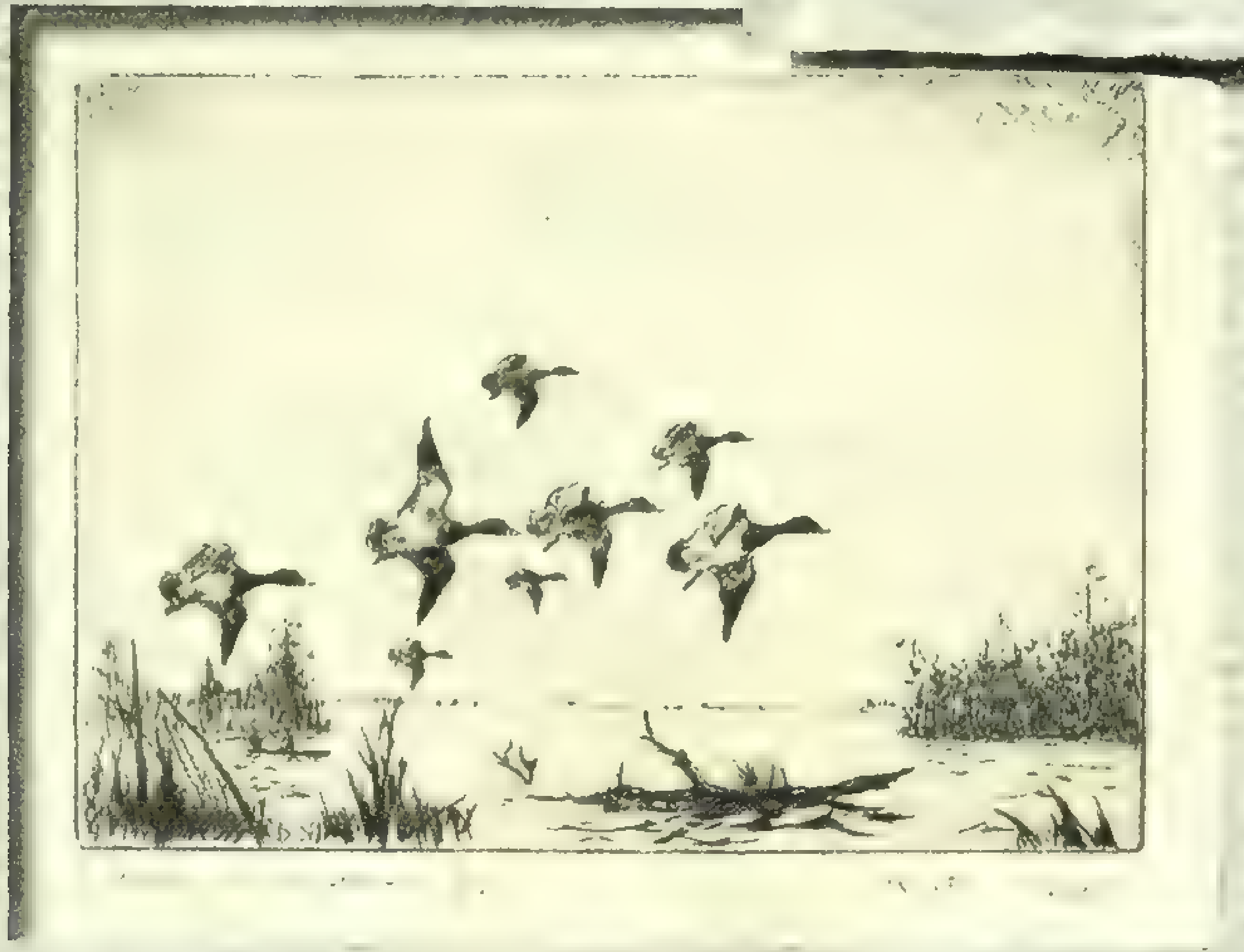
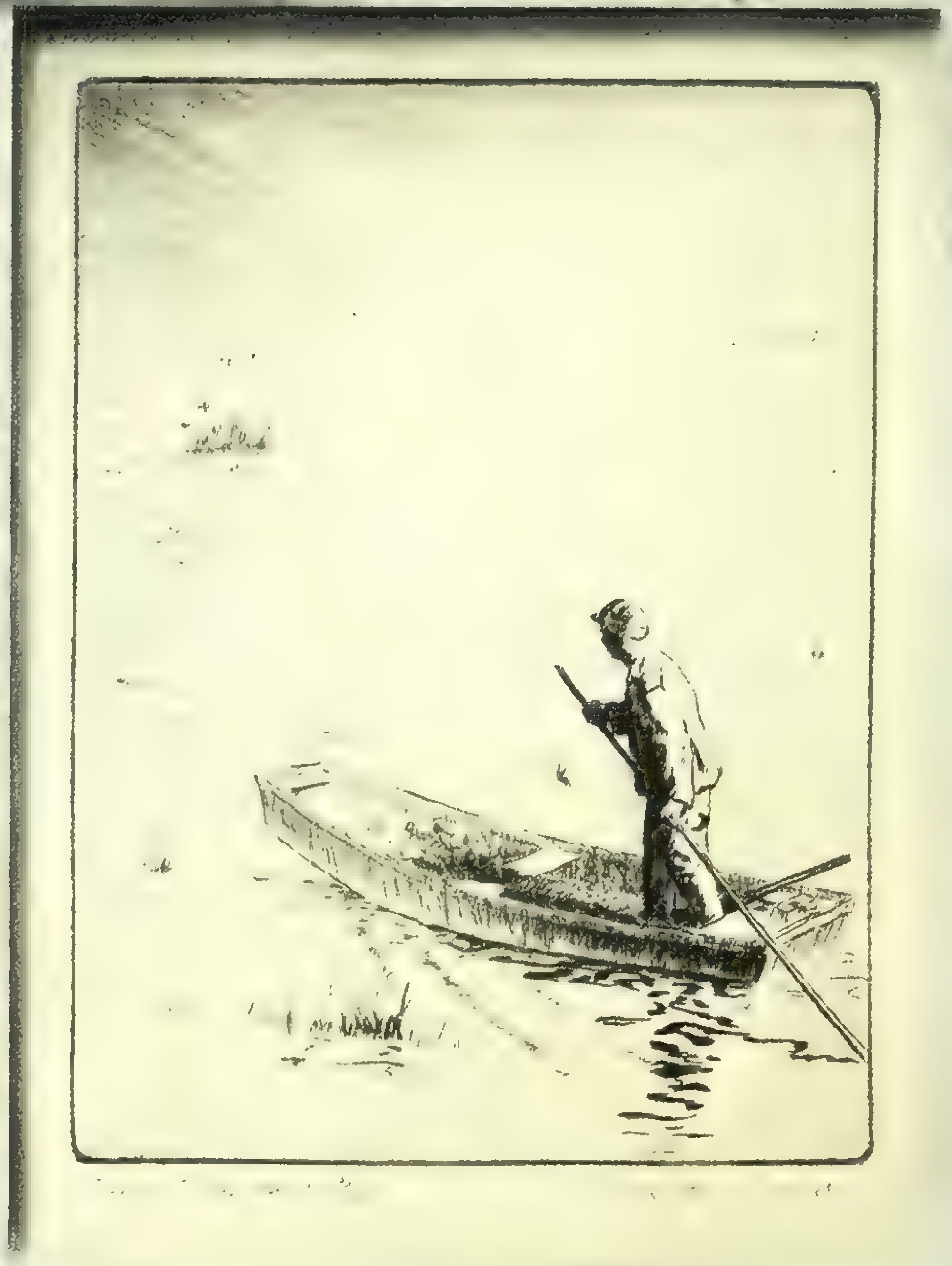

Howard Baer

"Pardon lady, but did you have a baby? We have one left over!"





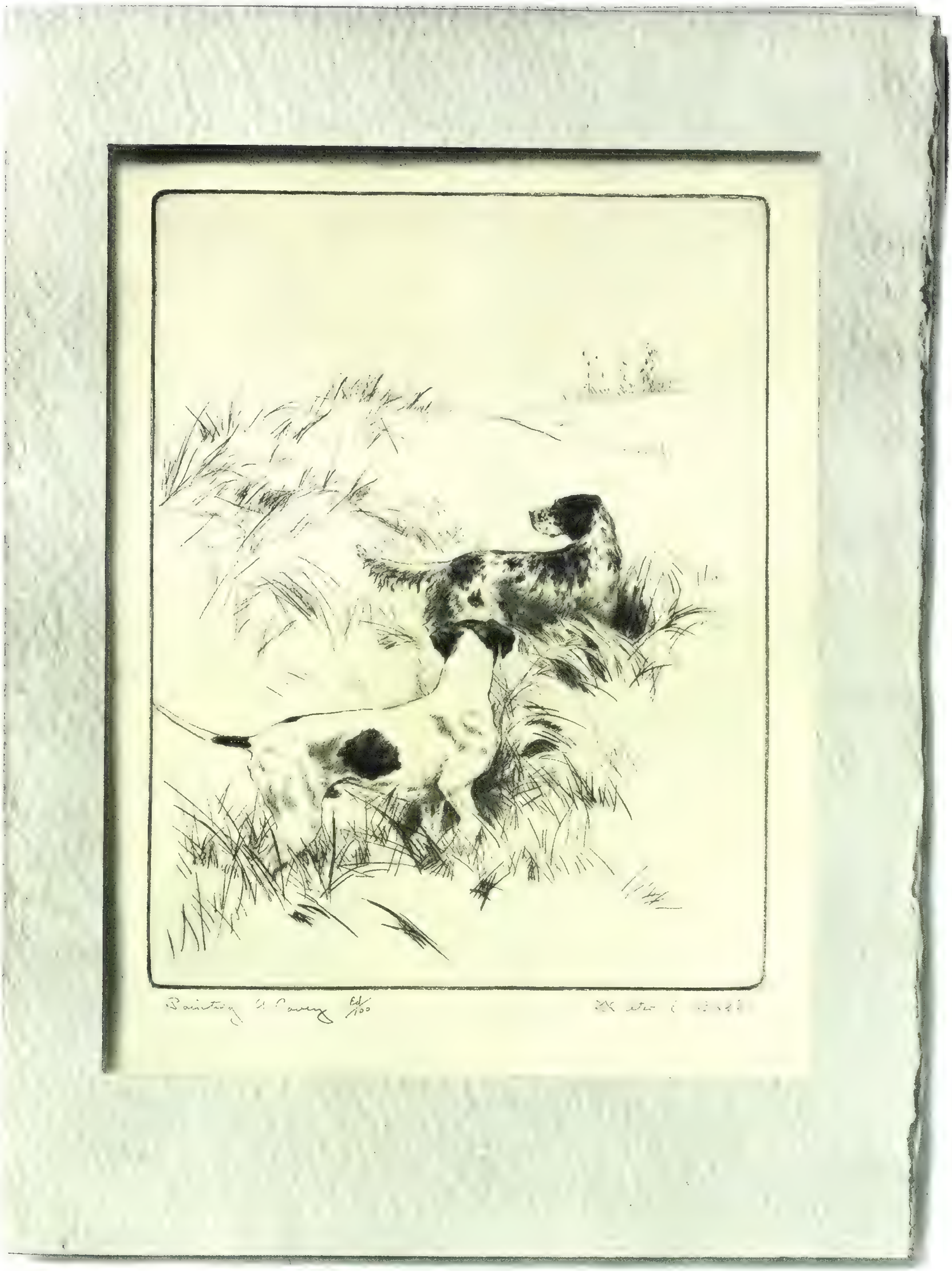


A Sportsman's Sketches

Etchings by

WALTER E. BOHL

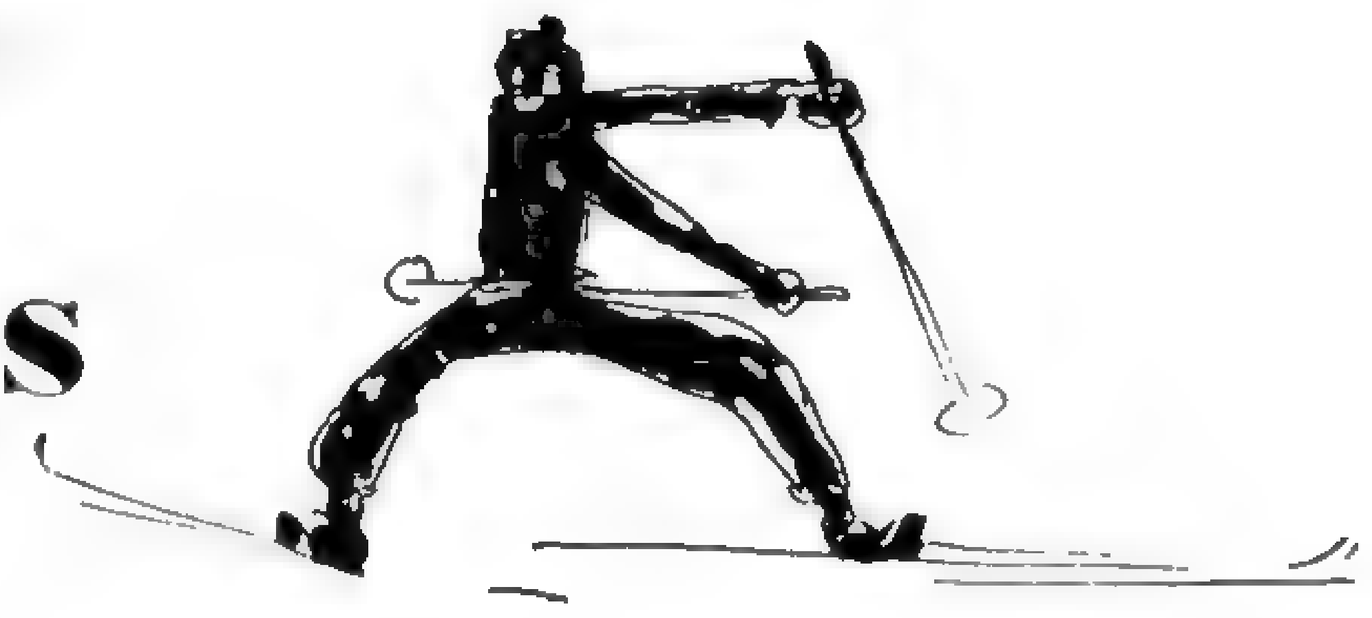
This is the second appearance in our pages of the etchings of Walter E. Bohl—their second appearance, in fact, in any national magazine, as the artist was presented as a discovery in our November issue. We can no longer call him an unknown, however, as his work was immediately sought out by a number of galleries, and prints have found their way in the past three months into the hands of hundreds of sportsmen, attracted by subject, and collectors of etchings attracted by technique. And there was a concomitant clamor of "more," to which these two pages come as our earliest possible answer.



Walter E. Bohl is twenty-seven, a native of Wisconsin, now living in Chicago, who began making etchings three years ago, up to which time he had had no instruction. He made his first etching press himself, out of a clothes wringer he found on a scrap heap. A great lover of the outdoors, he confines his work to sportsmen's subjects.

Why Hibernate?

Skiing is golf's brother after you can herring-bone and ride on the slide of each stride



by RICHARD LEWIS

SPORTS

Between New England and Alaska there are large stretches of country that are covered with snow for several months in the year. The snow is there—you can't kid yourself into believing it isn't—but there's no use bellyaching about it. The golf courses are temporarily out of business and hiking and riding in the country are off but that's no reason why people who are fond of outdoor sports should hole-up for the winter. The very snow that spoils the other sports opens up great areas of virgin country to the skier.

In the one season when open-air exercise and sunshine are most needed, too many people confine their winter excursions into the great outdoors to brief dashes across sidewalks from overheated homes and offices to overheated cars. It is true that some take up indoor sports or depend on setting-up exercises to keep them fit, but of all the Godawful forms of self-inflicted punishment that man has devised, the most depressing is exercise taken purely for the sake of exercise.

The majority of the population goes into a modified form of hibernation.

Skiing as a sport is comparatively new in America, having become popular only within the last ten or fifteen years, but it is here to stay and is becoming more and more popular every year.

No other winter sport will take you out into the invigorating fresh air and rare winter sunshine and provide you with health-giving exercise under such pleasant conditions. There is no other way in which you can cover so much ground under your own power, summer or winter, with so little expenditure of energy.

Skiing is just as strenuous or as leisurely a sport as you care to make it. If you want to, you can pack the day's trip with hair-raising thrills and cover yourself with sweat and glory or you can travel across country more safely than you can travel across town; without turning a hair. If you go sensibly clad you can be warm and comfortable even in sub-zero weather.

The thick blanket of winter snow raises the lower contours and irons out the rough places in the topography of the countryside so that you can go places and see things that you could never reach on foot, on horseback or by car. The impassable gully or swamp of summertime becomes merely a dip in the winter ski-trail and fences and walls are no longer barriers or restrictions. You hit only the high spots. The skier travels through the winter woods as silently as a flitting ghost.

There is no crackling of twigs or rustling of leaves to frighten off those hardy birds and beasts that, like himself, have the necessary guts to brave the rigors of the northern winter. Every bend in the trail opens up a new vista to the lover of the picturesque. Every turn, dip and rise in his path offers the skier a new problem to solve and a new sensation in its successful solution.

If you are hell-bent on thrills you can always find them in hilly country. Ski-running or sliding down a steep hill on skis is without a doubt one of the most exciting experiences a human being can undergo. It is a well-known fact that the sensation of speed increases the closer you are to the surface over which you are moving. An aviator at high altitude has little or no sensation of speed even when travelling at a couple of hundred miles an hour. The man on the boat-deck of a fast liner envies the surf rider and the passenger on the streamlined express train doesn't get half the kick out of a hundred miles an hour that the motor-cyclist does. The skier, almost in actual contact with the snow, beats them all.

In the famous "Flying-Kilometer," a downhill skiing contest held annually at St. Moritz in the Swiss Alps, the distance is often covered at average speeds of more than eighty miles an hour with maxima, on some of the steeper slopes, of over a hundred. And there's nothing between the skier and the snow but an inch or two of leather and hickory.

So much for the pleasure and excitement. How about exercise?

As soon as a skier puts on his skis and pushes off with his poles he becomes, to all intents and purposes, a quadruped. Going along the level the arms supply about half the propelling force. Up a moderate slope they do most of the work except under very favorable snow conditions when "back-slip" is at its minimum. Up steeper slopes where it is necessary to "herring-bone" the legs come again into their own although the arms still have plenty to do. Even in ski-running the arms are exerted very strenuously in maintaining the balance.

Crossing bumps and pitch holes on a fast descent where the skier alternately crouches low and straightens up again, the joints of the body get a limbering-up that few other exercises will provide. But skiing isn't all a matter of tearing madly down hill. Every slide has its corresponding climb and until he masters the art of tireless climbing the skier gets plenty of exercise going up steep slopes.

Is skiing good for reducing? That depends entirely on you. But by the time you have snatched an early breakfast, caught an early bus or train and climbed a few steep hills you will undoubtedly have taken off several pounds. But after you have swooped down a few good long hills with the crisp winter air blowing the cobwebs out of your brain and the foul city air out of your lungs you are likely to finish the day with such an appetite that you eat yourself all out of shape again. But after your general health has improved and common sense has triumped over nervous greed you will at least have substituted hard muscle for flabby fat.

I have a theory that no amount of exercising or selective dieting will overcome the effects of the pernicious habit of "gutting" and that the only way to reduce is to eat less; but that's another question.

Age or previous experience have little or nothing to do with your ability to enjoy this sport. I know active expert skiers ranging all the way from seven to seventy and many of the older ones didn't go into the game till after they were forty or more.

I am not trying to sell ski equipment. I am trying to correct a wrong impression of the sport that so many people have acquired from what they see in the news reels. I am trying to sell just plain skiing.

The competitive spectacular branches of the sport like ski-jumping, slalom contests and down-hill racing have no more to do with ordinary cross-country skiing than the stunts of Alex. Morrison have to do with ordinary golf.

Ski-laufing or cross-country, long-distance racing is of course competitive but the contestants start off singly at intervals and race against time in what is largely a test of endurance and skill and not particularly interesting to watch. You can get a lot of fun out of the game without hurling yourself through the air, sliding down the face of a cliff, dodging flags or racing against time.

There are quite a few similarities between

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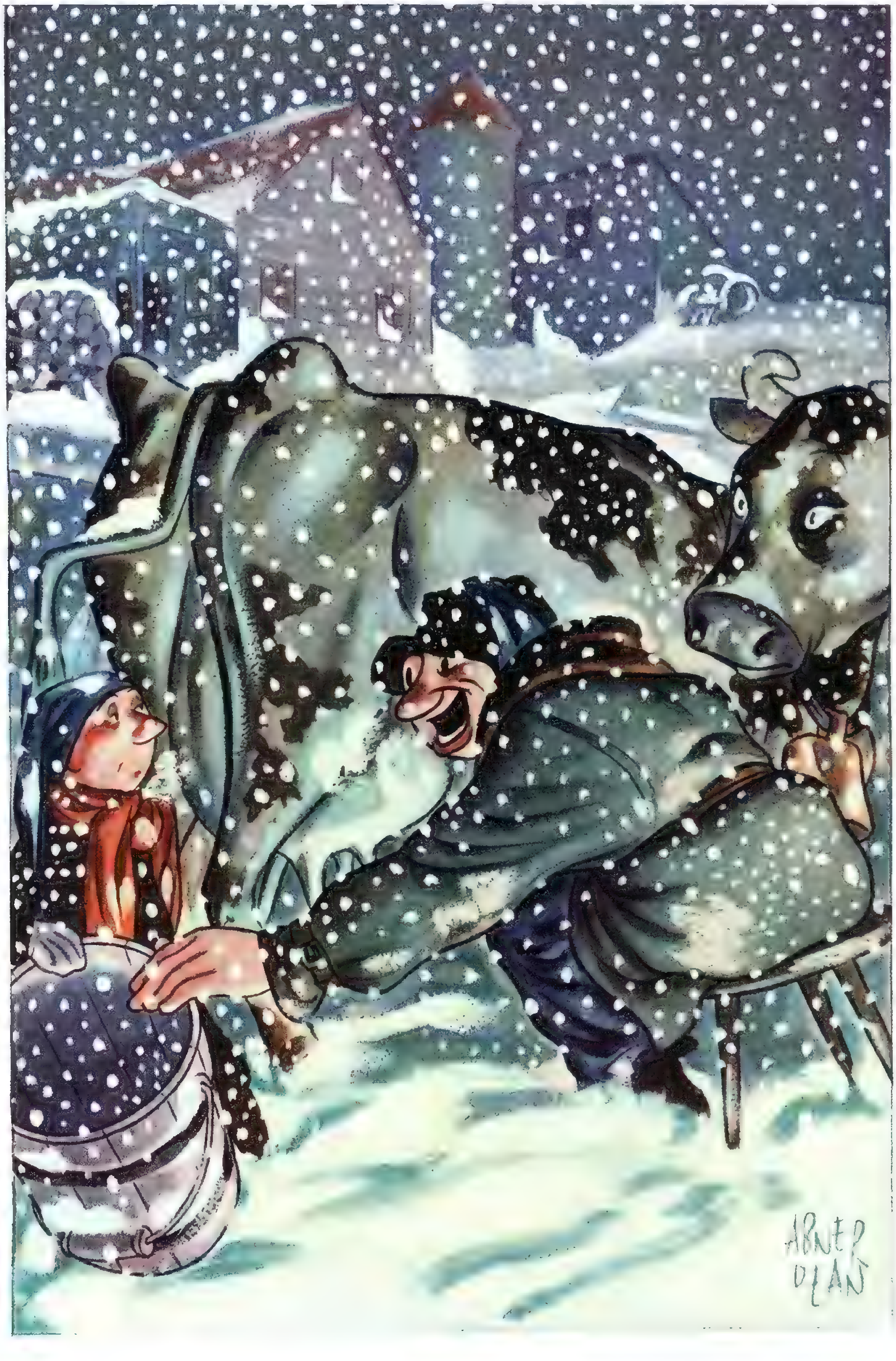
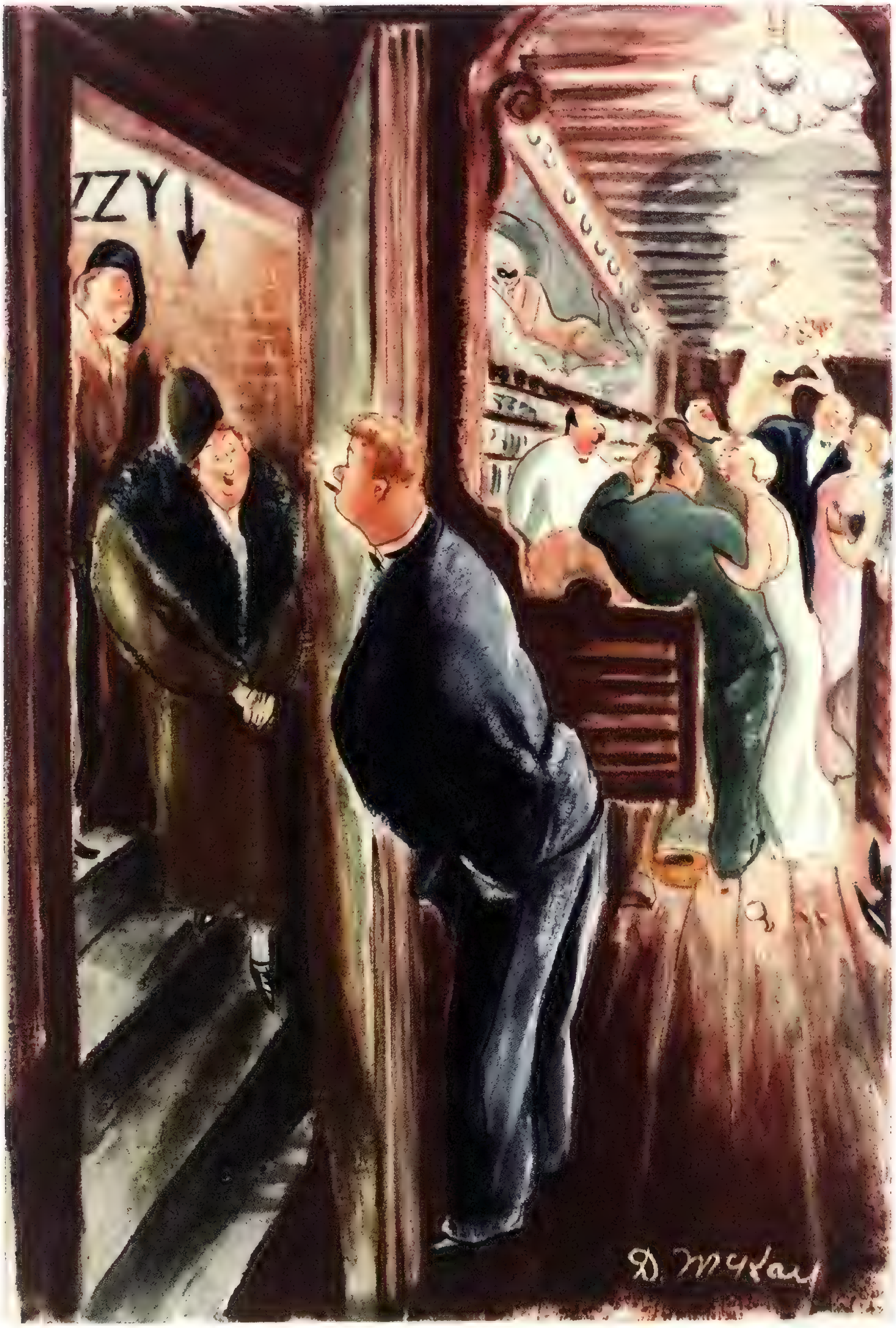


"Go tell Ma we got ice cream for supper!"



"Can two people like us get in a place like this?"

So Now I Drink Alone

Spurning the superstition that drinking has to be gregarious to be hilarious

by HAROLD MORHARDT

• SATIRE •

The impression seems to be current that drinking is a sport that must be indulged in gregariously. The lone-drinker is considered a social pariah. He is pointed surreptitiously at. His fellows shake their heads at him. Viewing him, they murmer sympathetically of stock-market losses or of the snake-in-the-grass that is most likely breaking up his happy home.

As one who has discovered the undoubted blessings of drinking alone, I wish to refute in toto the sentiments represented above; and, if you will bear with me, offer arguments in support of the solo-drinker.

I must confess here that I was not born a lone-drinker; nor do I come from a long line of solo-drinking ancestors. I acquired the habit of solo-drinking after careful consideration of, and much indulgence in, the practice of (for want of a better word) gang-drinking.

I believe that you will agree with me that the most common experiences in gang-drinking are those known as parties. And of these, the ones most in favor seem to be mixed parties; that is to say, where there is a somewhat-near equal division of the two sexes.

I have in the past been an addict of these. I was always game for a party. Only mature reflection has made clear to me the full meaning of the word "game" with all its insidious nuances.

You take Sue. Sue would call me up and say how about it, big boy, are you game to go on a party tonight? Just you and me and Marge and her boy-friend. I'd say O. K. She'd say we'll go out to a road-house and dance.

So we'd go to a road-house and dance. Marge's boy-friend would always turn out to be a handsome guy with no dough. Of course we'd drink heartily between dances and then Sue's eye would begin to wander. She'd pick out a bloke at a near-by table with a build like Carnera, and flash one of those absent smiles in his direction. You know the kind. Slightly out of focus; oh, ever so slightly. "I just happen to be dreaming about something nice, and you're in my line of vision." One of those things.

Then if she got a bite (and she always did) he would drift over to our table and ask her if she cared to dance. He'd never ask her who's the punk you're with, but his glance would imply it. I seemed to draw that sort of thing.

So they'd dance.

I'd swallow two or three more quick ones while they were dancing. Then I'd say to myself just what in the hell did he think *I* was, a cripple or something. I'd like to punch him right on the kisser. It was just what he needed. Somebody ought to take a poke out of these big hombres with the stream-line waist-bands, and I'd like to be the one to do it, too. I'd bet he couldn't add a column of figures in a million years! (I am a bookkeeper.)

Then they'd return to the table and Sue would say this is Mr. Doodlefuss, or something, and he's here alone, and wouldn't it be nice if he could sit at our table with us; it's so much better sitting with friends than over there alone. And I'd say, yeh, why don't you. So he'd grab the remains of a beer he'd been nursing for a solid hour and join us.

Then he'd say that he came from Kankakee, and Sue would say, no, she'd never been there but she knew an awful sweet girl from Kankakee that she'd met one summer. Her name was Fischer or Watson or something like that. He'd say she didn't mean Plummer, did she, and Sue would say that might have been the name. Was it Sally Plummer, he'd ask, and she'd say why, yes, I believe it was; at least that sounds an awful lot like it. She was a little thing with curls and she was just as sweet as she could be.

They would ostensibly be trying to coincide on their mutual friend for the next three or four dances which they would have together.

Of course I would be getting properly barreled in the meantime, and when finally the waiter presented the check I'd have to pay it. Doodlefusses are all gifted with check-blindness.

Then Sue would say with a cheerfulness the occasion never strictly warranted, poor old George (that's me) is pretty nearly out. You shouldn't get so tight, George. I guess we'll have to take him home, Tommy. It is only four easy dances from Mr. Doodlefuss to Tommy with Sue. She can take this in her stride. But then, for that matter, so can Dot, or Elsie, or Lorraine.

Well, the next day Sue would call me up about noon and tell me that she and Mr. Doodlefuss had a helluva time getting me home; that I wanted to go down to the docks and see the boats come in, and that it was a wonder we weren't all pinched the way I'd talked to that cop. And, oh yes, Mr. Doodlefuss had taken her straight home; he was nice, wasn't he?

So now I drink alone. I live in a little apartment in the East Side. Nice, too. Electric refrigeration and everything.

Saturday nights I get myself a quart and go home. I take a few quick snifters and sing in my bath. Then I go down to the restaurant on the ground floor and eat a big steak. I kid the hell out of the waitress. Her name is Lottie and she's a pretty snappy number. I know I'll eat all my meals there next week without saying "boo" to her. I'll have my eyes glued to my plate and I'll be as polite and distant as a rich relative. Nice, you know, but reserved.

But tonight is my night. I get a great kick out of it.

I go back to my apartment and get out of my collar and shoes, and into my bathrobe and slippers. The quart is to hand as I pour myself a man-sized hooker and settle back in my easy chair. I start to read a Western magazine (to which I am addicted) but I know that this is just an interlude. Soon I'm fairly well oiled. I've got a swell edge on. Everything is just fine and dandy.

Sue and her Doodlefusses. I'd like to punch them all on the nose. But I don't know as Sue is worth it. Nice, to be sure. Pretty, in a way. But side of Lottie in the restaurant. . . . Lottie is a swell number, alright. Big brown eyes and soft curls. Snappy, too. Shape like a million.

Now if I was out with Lottie I'd just like to see a Doodlefuss make a play for her. I'd lay him out in lavender. These guys with the super-super physiques are usually just so much hooey. I'll bet they wouldn't know a trial-balance from a day-book.

Then I get up from my chair and shadow-box a little. (It's a fact.) I try an uppercut, then a couple of quick one-twos. Then I smack my right fist into my open left-

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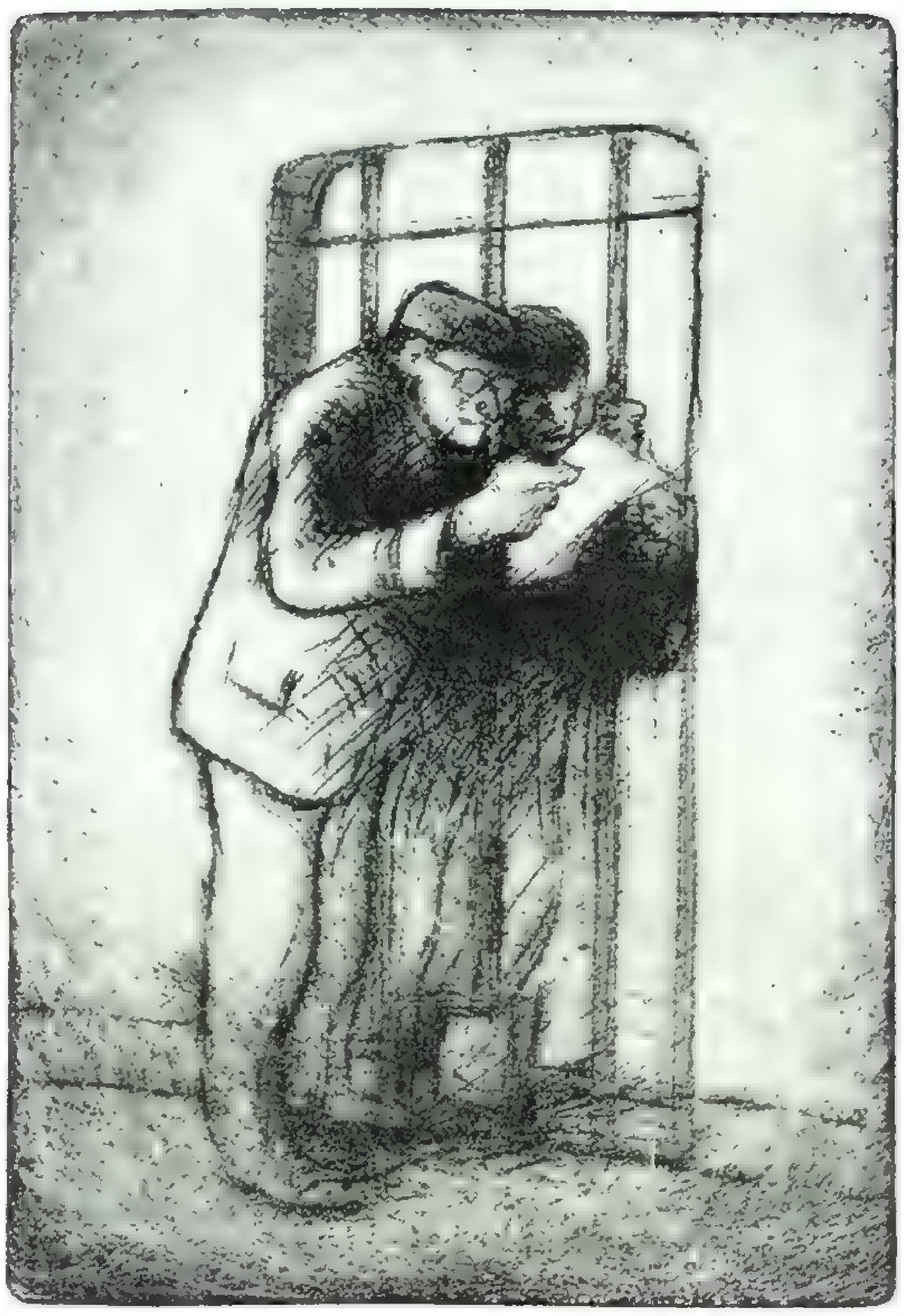
On the Eve of Parole

Uncanny study of the purgatory of doubt, fear, hallucination, in the 48 hours before freedom

by STEPHEN FORTIER

▪ FICTION ▪



Hunched, on the edge of a weak-springed cot in his cell, with his thin, sensitive face cupped between fingers, the boy sat staring at, but not seeing, the rough brogans that covered his feet. His thoughts had become an endless confusion of resurgent resentment and abysmal repentance for the past, with half formed hope for the future. One thing stood clearly etched in pain: the memory of weary weeks in a bed of the prison hospital, where he had been treated for a nervous breakdown.

A heavy tread sounded on the tier and the boy looked up listlessly, expecting to see the night guard pass on his first round of inspection.

"Here's your passport, Art," said Reilly, the old keeper, shoving a pink slip through the bars.

Art took the paper with uncertain fingers, and leaned nearer the faint light to read it. Leaping above the other type, he saw two words, "Parole—Friday."

A wild joy flooded him. Friday—freedom was but two days away. His mind bounded over restraining prison walls to the colorful outside—trees, parks, flowers, sunshine and rain. The black traffic of cars moving arrowlike on a highway. Rivers with boats on them. Bright shop windows and gay theatres. People—people everywhere, going where they willed. Free. They ate tasteful food—all they wanted of it. There was no more of clammy greyness but ever changing, bright adventure. Adventure? . . . Perhaps a girl like that one in the motion picture, shown in the recreation hall. She had been helped in a rainstorm by a young man; had got the fellow a job; and had married him when he had made good.

After he had made good. That was the thing. Art clenched his fists in determination. His joy was suddenly checked. In two strides he traversed the length of the cell, and gripped the bars in a fierce desire to overcome by exercise, the numbness that had crept upon him with sleepless nights and the vague fear, that instead of release, a new warrant might be waiting. The cold of the bars reached him less than the recurring chill of that thought. Sometimes, if a detaining warrant were served the last day, one was paroled, only to be rearrested. Art slumped to the bed.

Was it criminal to buy a suit of clothes on the installment plan and say a fellow's salary was twenty dollars a week instead of fifteen? Could they get a warrant against him for that? Didn't seem right. But that ride to the beach with casual acquaintances had got him a year as an example to automobile thieves. He raked his memory to recall bits of law he had heard in prison. He did not know the law, but he did know that as soon as he got money, he would pay the clothier. But that did not answer the question. If only, there were no warrant and he got his parole, how he would keep it, in letter and in spirit!

Suddenly, Art raised his head. Someone was whispering. Fearful that he was spied upon in his agitation, he jumped to the gate. No sound came from his neighbor in 419. He slanted his face against the bars to the east. All quiet in 423. Puzzled, he walked backward in the cell.

"So you're going on parole, Friday?" The question came in a clear sibilant whisper that smote that oppressive silence.

Slowly, Art turned, wonder-bitten. The sound seemed to come from the iron-grated ventilator.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

A gurgling murmur greeted his ears. As he listened, he heard a far off sound of voices, as if two persons were discussing advisability of identification.

Again the whisper came: "Never mind who I am. You don't know me. I want to warn you." Every word was whispered deliberately.

"Warn me? What—what is it?" questioned Art, dismayed.

"One of the clerks told me that a warrant came to the warden's office today, and you won't go out Friday."

The horrible certainty that this was true, flashed from Art's brain to his heart. The heart missed its beat, fluttered for a moment and beat again, but not strongly enough to arrest the coldness of fear that crept from his feet to his hands; up his back to his brain.

"You won't serve more than six months on the new charge." The whisper trickled word by word into the fastness of Art's mind.

"Six months?" he questioned faintly. I—I couldn't stand six months more."

"No need to make foolish remarks," was the reply. "And I should advise you to hide the safety razor you have in your cell."

"How did you know about that? Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Charlie Swee—." The last name fainted into inaudibility as though the whisperer had quickly checked revelation of identity.

"Did you say Charlie Sweeney?" asked Art.

"You may call me that."

Art's mind whirled around the small circle of inmates he knew. There was only one Charlie, the heavy chested, gangster clerk of the prison hospital, who had punched him for requesting milk. But that inmate's last name was McDermott.

"Don't forget the razor," the voice whispered insistently.

"All the clerks and trusties have safety razors; and inmates can always buy them from somebody. You know that, Charlie," whispered Art toward the ventilator.

"Yes, but it's against the rules. And when you're called out Friday, your cell will be searched for contraband. Just wait until you come back on the new sentence. You'll go in solitary."

"Do you think so, Charlie?" Art asked, falteringly weighing his words, in an effort to ward off the dreadful conviction that he was coming back. "I'll hide the razor, right now. There, I've hidden it in the hollow leg of the bed." Then with an effort to choke back tears of despair that he felt would be detected in his whisper, he asked, "What cell are you in?"

"Never mind the cell. I'm on the eighth tier. The back of my cell is not far from the back of yours."

"Thanks, Charlie, for the tip about the warrant," Art said. "If you can, come over to my cell on the exercise hour, tomorrow."

"The fool's getting appreciative. Let's put him under observation." The strident whisper came mockingly into the cell.

Art stiffened. He might have known some inmate was making a fool out of him; probably had put a rubber tube along the ventilator shaft; and was whispering into it. He walked stealthily to the end of the cell and carefully mounted the bed, one foot on each side bar. He peered into the blackness of the ventilator hole but saw nothing; groped with the ends of his fingers, for the tube, but found only dust and soot. Confused in the failure of his solution, he relaxed his concentration. As soon as he had done so, far in the distance, he heard muttering. He sharpened his hearing to catch the words. Trailing into his cell, and ever increasing in volume, came the whisper:

"In those papers you've gathered together, there's a notebook of inmates' addresses. Tear it up. You won't be able to look up those people, because you won't be freed. You're coming back."

The mocking inflections of the whisper angered Art. He stole to the ventilator, and, patient as a cat at a mouse's hole, waited and listened, trying to gauge the exact spot from which the voice proceeded. Obstinate silence met his efforts.

"I said, tear up the book." The whisper rose to a low tone, commanding, compelling.

Quivering with impotent anger, his expressive face taut, Art leaned far forward.

"I will not tear up the book." He aimed each word in the direction from which the voice came.

Gently, and with persuasive logic, Charlie pointed out that possession of the book would always be a reminder of prison; that acquaintanceship with inmates would be harmful, outside; and sympathetically explained that the book could not be used for some time, because of Art's new sentence.

Convinced that Charlie was right and won over by the note of sympathy, Art tore the book in small pieces.

"We've got this fellow right in our hands now. He's doing everything we tell him," gibed Charlie.

Art reproached himself for being a dupe. Though the lights would not go out for an hour, he dispensed with his usual night reading and hurriedly undressed. In bed, he pulled the blankets about his ears to shut out Charlie's voice, and began to speculate on the identity of his mysterious inquisitor. Who was Charlie Sweeney? For a long time, Art lay with rigid body, trying to repeat mentally, the exact phrases, inflections and intonations of Charlie's whispered speech. He thought and thought, until his mind revolved in a dizzy whirl and he could think no more. Just as he was about to drop into merciful slumber, his attention was arrested and pulled back by the whisper of his tormentor.

"Let's try the colors on him," said Charlie.

Art waited in apprehensive fascination.

"Do you see the blue color? It's produced by a marvelous machine."

Art looked hopefully. If Charlie flashed a blue light, Reilly would see it, stop further experiments, and it might be the means of disclosing who Charlie was. He scanned the narrow confines of the cell, but saw no light.

"Do you see the blue light from this machine?" asked Charlie again.

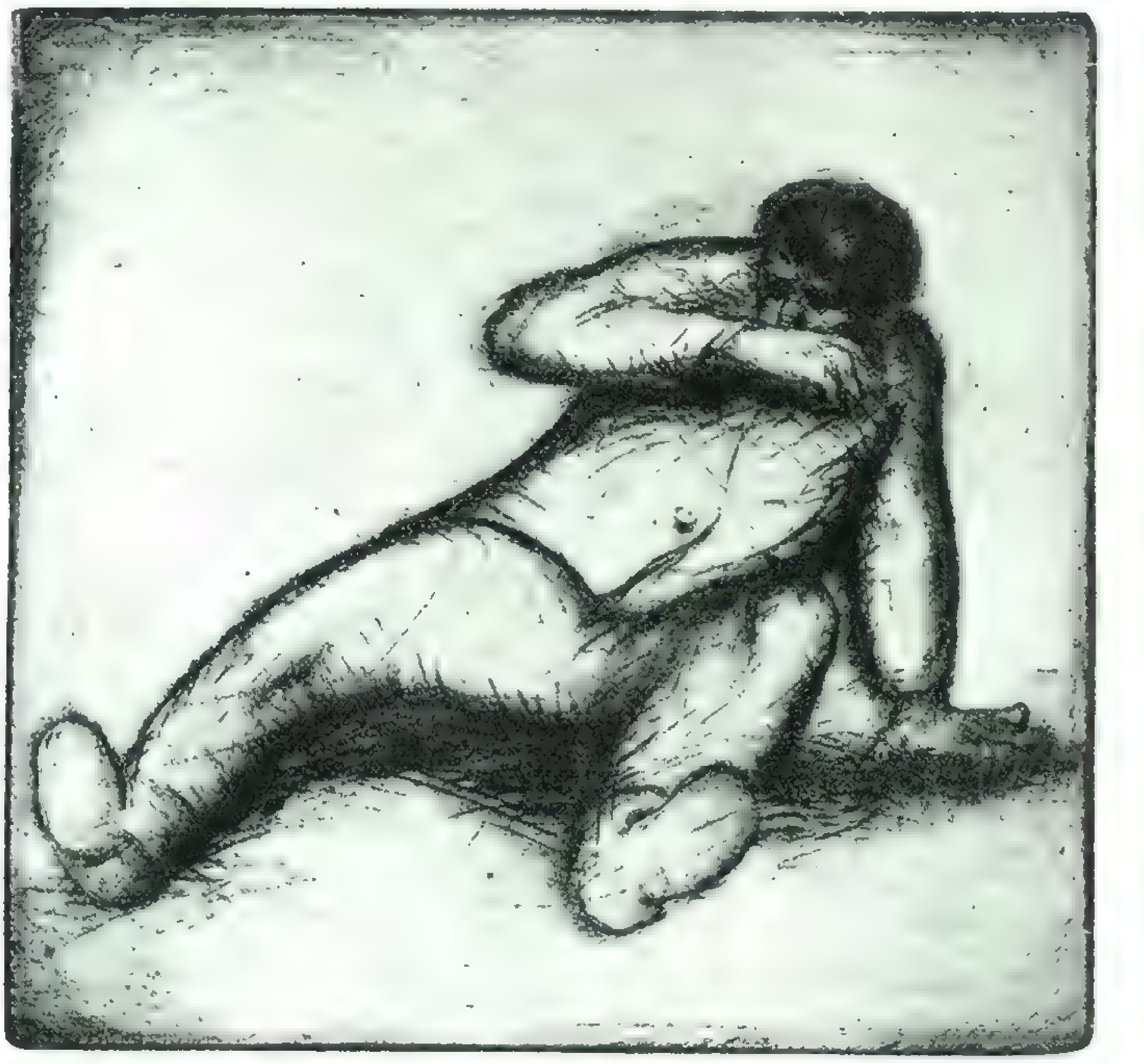
"No, where is it?" Art questioned.

"Right above you. Look now. It's there. See it?"

Art gazed at the darkness of the stone ceiling until he tired. He saw nothing. He closed his weary eyes and opened them. At that instant, a vivid patch of lightning blue, parted the blackness. Shocked into action, he jumped from the cot to turn on the light. He fumbled with the bulb, then realized that the main switch had been thrown and all cell lights were off. Back in bed, he wrestled with the lure of Charlie's whispered instructions.

"It's red this time. See, red. Now it's blue again. Here's a new color. See the green."

Art watched these colors come and go until he thought that he was unconsciously reproducing them. The young doctor, upstairs, must have been right; there was something wrong with his eyes, he thought. But no, these colors were moving. The blue nebulous cloud that had been hovering, wavered and burst into sulphur-blue flames that danced in tantalizing array before his face. He lost track of time, trying to find the ray that would reflect the source of the colors. Near morning, the flash of the guard's light found him still staring at the ceiling.



DRYPOINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Eric Lundgren

When the clattering of heavy soled shoes, and clanking of gates proclaimed that the day's activities had begun, Art got up from his cot. He looked at his reflection in the polished metal mirror that he had bought from another inmate. Long illness had sculptured a delicacy of features that he resented, but the image thrown back, that morning, was a hollow-eyed, cadaverous distortion of his face.

He had no appetite for the regular breakfast of soggy oatmeal and watery coffee; and when the line filed out to the messhall, he quickly went to the eighth tier. It was called the Avenue, because in it slept clerks and certain trusties whose work kept them out of the cells all day, and part of the night. There was only one person on the gallery and to him Art sauntered over.

"Quite a lot of noise, last night. Did you hear it?" he asked casually.

"Yeh. One of the clerks got a little book sent in, called 'Practical Hypnotism.' It says you can hypnotize by using bright objects or whispering when somebody's asleep. I don't take no stock in that stuff. There ain't no such thing as hypnotism. But those fellows that are clerks up in the hospital, when they come down late at night, make a big joke of going along the tier, whispering. If they break up my sleep, somebody is going to get a punch in the nose."

"Don't blame you a bit," said Art. "So long."

So that was it. Art felt delicious laughter ripple through him in exquisite relief. Nobody with any sense or education, believed in hypnotism. Let them try their jokes. They would be in this damnable place mouldering their lives away, while he would soon be outside, as free as a bird.

The line had come back from breakfast and little knots of grey clothed inmates were gathered on various tiers, discussing the forthcoming baseball game between the white and colored convicts; arguing about ways to get additional food supplies from the clerk of the storehouse, without paying the excessive tariff he demanded from fellow inmates; and inevitably referring to daily news of the outside world. As Art went from one group to another, he tried to repress his feeling of exultation. He did not mention that his release was but twenty-four hours away, lest some fellow's face should reflect the pain of comparing Art's freedom with the dreary stretch of days yet to come for him.

After the work gong struck, Art was busy. A visit to the prison barbers, surreptitious inquiries about his clothes at the tailor shop, farewells to the few with whom he had been friendly, and questions to experienced old timers about the parole system, occupied him. When time came for the evening count, he went to his cell in the happy assurance that he was about to forsake the herd and become an individual again. This was the last night that the reeking stench of century-old insanitation would oppress his nostrils. No more would he count the black intervals of time by the flash of the inspecting keeper's light. In the morning, he would put off, forever, the grey uniform and number, and would put on again, civilian clothes and his name.

The division gong sounded a correct count of inmates in the wing. Its echo had hardly died away, when the great bell in the tower boomed that the entire prison population had been accounted for. Almost immediately, shuffling lines of sallow faced, grey, silent men filed tortuously, to the wide

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Running Wild Without Men

It's glands that give women three times as much emotional explosive urge as men have

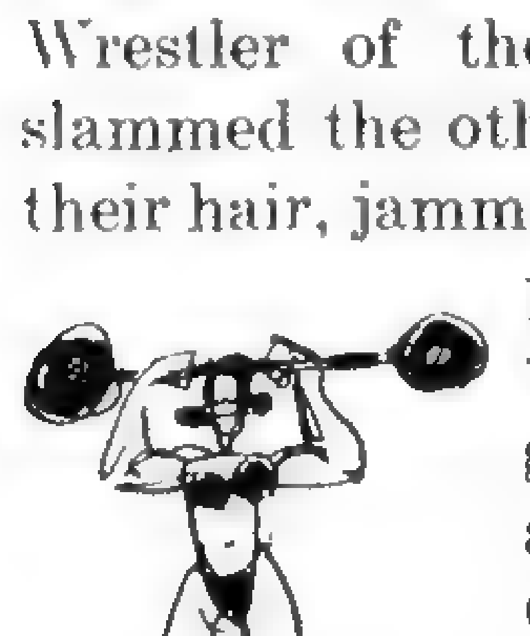
by WM. MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

Some men have the fatuous notion—may their pride stand the shock of disillusionment—that they possess an irresistible masculine allure which excites women to wildness. Without doubt women go wild—but not over men's love charm. Women are wild over love to begin with. In past ages women have made a practice of going wild over men—(though seldom over *a* man). But the male object of a woman's enthusiasm should take no more credit for his selection than the fleeing buck may claim for being pursued by a deer-hunter.

Times are changing. You can still be a man, these days, without arousing the Diana reflex. No longer is women's wildness limited to love. They are branching out. If a man bites a dog it may make the front page, but not if a woman bites a policeman. When 210 pound detective Carmody of New York went to arrest pint-sized Rose Kramer, she pushed him into a bathtub of hot water and held his head under with a strangle hold until somebody grabbed her from behind. This incident rated only a two-inch squib on an inside page. The picture of a woman textile striker with a club in one hand and the fingers of the other buried in another girl's face ready to clout her prospective victim over the head, was recently relegated to the back page of a tabloid. Female wildnesses like drowning cops and breaking skulls are no longer sufficiently unusual to attract public attention.

Women have a real flair for emotional wildness, quite regardless of the purpose to be accomplished. Spanish girls, for example, have gone in for bull-fighting. A couple of them, recently, were gored and tossed around rather badly. But half a dozen more, entranced at this marvelous new opportunity for emotional thrills, swarmed into the arena before their sisters' damaged forms could be carried out. Girls seem to enjoy themselves, also, in the wrestling ring. I was greatly impressed by one Cora Livingstone, a husky young person billed on the less respectable boards as "Champion Lady Wrestler of the World." Cora certainly slammed the other girls around! She pulled their hair, jammed her elbow into their eyes, put a new feminine twist on the torturing toe-hold and generally enjoyed herself in a big way. I asked one of Cora's pet punching bags how she liked it. "O, it's fun," she said, "you get so excited you don't mind getting beaten up—until afterwards." That's the psychological secret of wild women—they have fun getting excited.



Women tamers of wild beasts are well known. But until this modern era of feminine freedom began most of them were professionals. Their enjoyment of the job was hidden beneath a more obvious commercial motive. But when there's no money in it, women still enjoy it. Marion Knowlton, for example, a Vassar graduate, trained four enormous lions and put on her act, just for fun, at the New York County Fair. In this connection the theory was suggested to me that women's nervous mechanisms are somehow blunter, more phlegmatic than men's, that they do not appreciate their danger, have greater resistance to terrifying stimuli. The idea seemed worth testing.

With a hardy associate, Mr. C. Daly King, I took a couple of girls who had never been near wild animals before into a lion's cage at the Gaylord lion farm in California. The plan was to seat the girls on either side of an old and ugly lion and take their blood-pressure while Leo was made to snarl and roar under the keeper's whip. I was assured that there was no real danger, the lion selected having been thoroughly trained. But when the keeper went to get him the huge beast was indulging in a bloody fight with one of his playmates which certainly increased the realism of the stimulus situation in the minds of our fair subjects.

With the lion sitting on a big box in the middle, King and I began to take the girls' systolic blood-pressure. It went up and up. Finally it settled at a level some 70 mm. above its initial reading. Now 70 mm. rise is quite a reaction—as great, in fact, as you get when the average criminal tells a whopping big lie in a case that means life or death to him. It was fair to conclude, then, that a normal girl is quite as sensitive to danger stimuli as the average man, perhaps more so.

"Are you having a good time, girls?" I inquired cheerfully.

"O, sure," said the blonde, "this is the greatest thrill I ever had!" Her brunette comrade likewise expressed pleasure. Then the keeper began snapping his whip at Leo. The big animal snarled and snapped back. The girls' blood-pressure went up again, but their eyes were still shining with joy, apparently. Finally the lion, goaded beyond theatrical technique by the tantalizing lash, let out a terrific roar. Moreover he swung his great, shaggy head low, from side to side, his gaping jaws and dripping teeth passing within a few inches of the tops of both girls' heads. "Why," the blonde told me afterwards, "I could see his tonsils!" The brunette jumped clear of her seat—I seemed to see the soles of her shoes passing over my head as I stooped to my sphygmomanometer, but that was doubtless an illusion. She landed some two yards away, tearing the instrument, of course, out of Mr. King's hands. So we didn't get the height of her blood-pressure reaction. But the other girl, quivering with emotion, stayed in her place. Her pressure went up another 54 mm. during this performance, reaching an all but dangerous excitement level. Both girls finished the experiment and both, afterwards, assured us with every expression of sincerity that they had enjoyed every minute of it, though they were "scared to death." Certainly these young women were sensitive enough. Their pleasure in an undoubtedly wild emotional experience could not be attributed to female stolidity.

It is important to realize that women, as a sex, love wildness for its own sake. Men don't, not really—they do daring things for a more or less sensible purpose. This distinctive difference in sex behavior seems to appear spontaneously during adolescence. In the famous "Cradle Mob" which terrorized Kansas City, Mo., with a series of robberies, hold-ups and murders, there were five boys and five girls, none of them over seventeen. All were brought up carefully in good, respectable homes, with Sunday School training—there was no question of poverty or hoodlum associates affecting different sexes differently. The girl-friends began it—they reached a point where they no longer "got a kick out of" movies, hilarious parties, or even wild, law-scoffing auto rides. They wanted more excitement. The boys agreed to try a few robberies. They stole several cars with impunity, and burglarized a store or two. This was too tame for the girls. They demanded "more and bigger thrills." So the mob in two stolen cars deliberately staged a daylight robbery of a bakery truck, for no other reason than to set themselves a task dangerous enough to suit the young female taste. The truck driver resisted and was shot dead. The girl mob leader described the incident thus: "We saw the truck driver start out of the door, and we fired. We got the thrill of seeing him plunge out of the truck into the gutter and struggle

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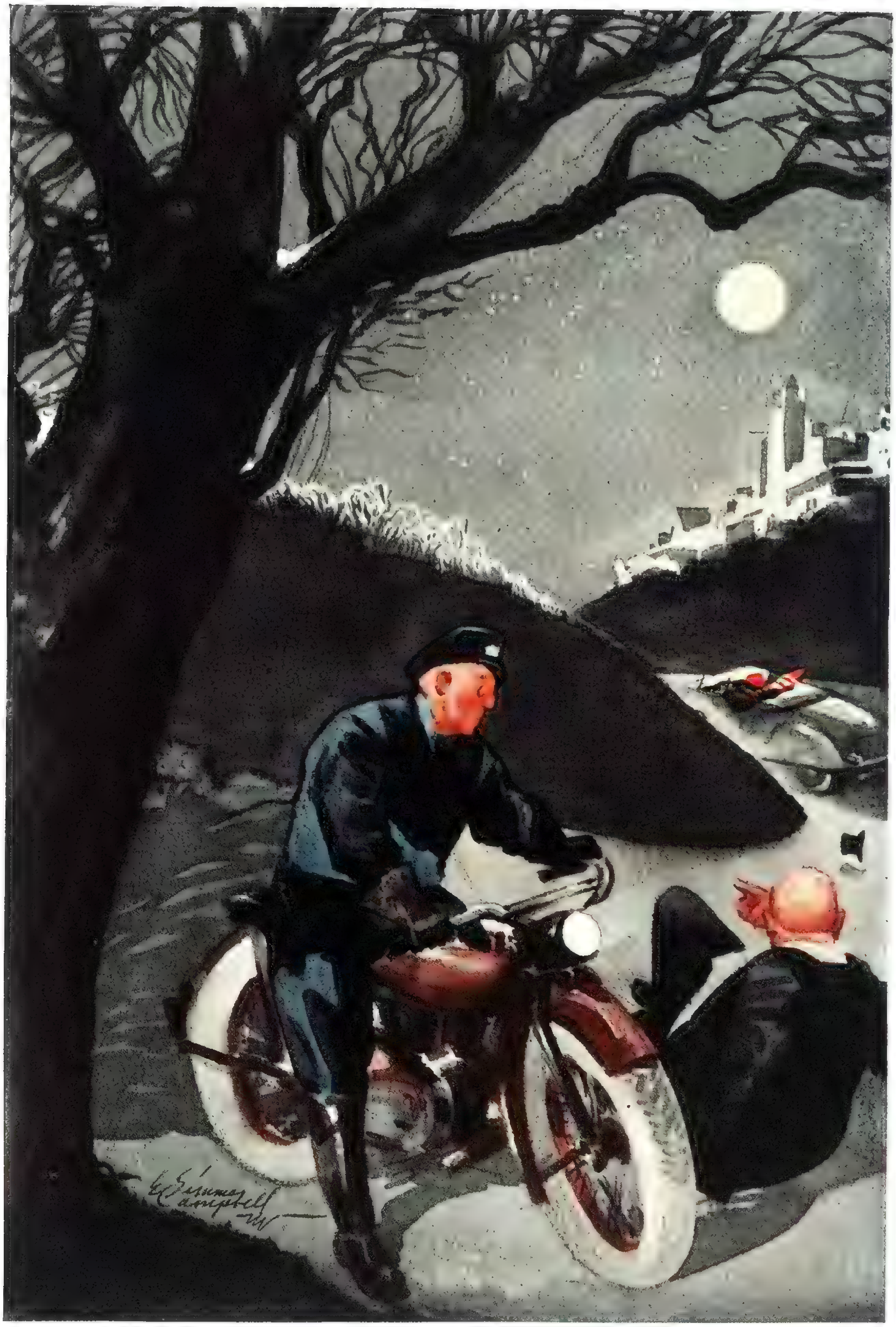
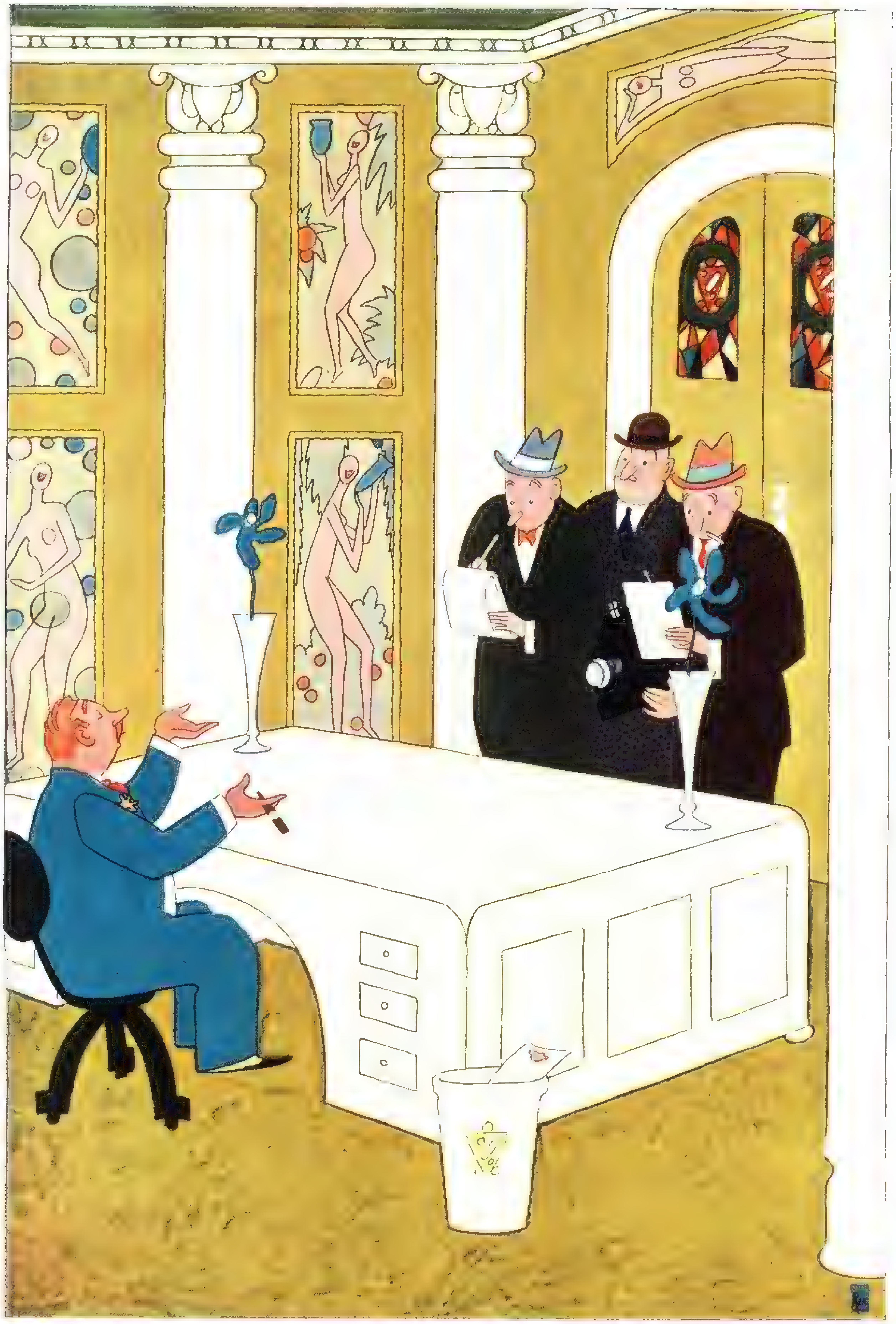

E. Simms Campbell

"The hell with her license—get her phone number!"



"I owe my position to hard work, sacrifice, perseverance, and—oh yes, I married the boss's daughter."

"Said Aristotle Unto Plato..."

Puzzles that have remained puzzling through the ages though the answers are known

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

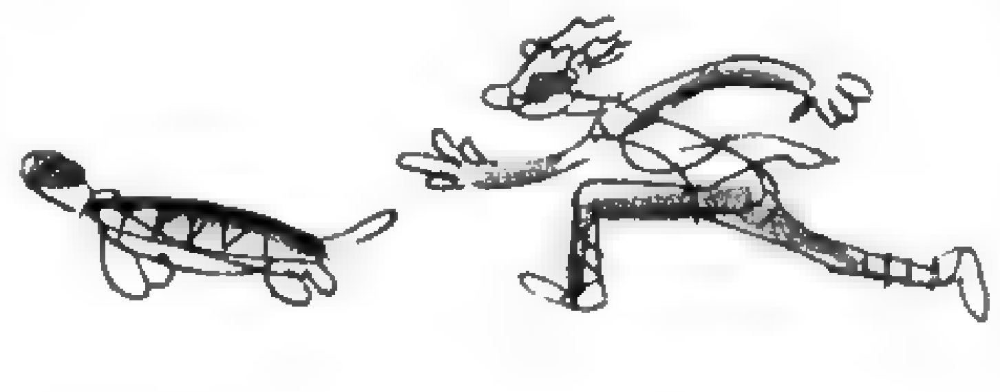
Way, 'way back—back when "John" was just a man's name—the boys around the cracker-barrel, or in the back room of the cigar-store, or—yes—on the haircloth sofa under the gaslight in the parlor, used to get into hot old arguments over the question "If a squirrel is on the trunk of a tree, and a hunter walks around the tree, but the squirrel keeps moving so that the tree-trunk is always between him and the hunter, does the hunter walk around the squirrel?" Sort of an asinine question, you say; well, yes, but some terrific verbal battles have taken place over that question, and I shouldn't wonder if deeds took the place of words on occasions.

Mankind, which takes a peculiar delight in mental self-torture, has interested itself time out of mind in similar questions. The Greeks—the ancient Greeks, who had a word for it—were particularly fond of this masochistic pastime. The worst offender of the Athenian group was a gentleman named Zeno, who was born around 488 B.C. His most famous question is the one about Achilles and the turtle—you probably know it, but we can bring it in by way of introduction:

Achilles can run ten times as fast as a turtle. He gives the turtle a hundred yards' start, and then tears after it. Now while Achilles is covering that hundred yards the turtle has traveled ten yards; while Achilles is covering the ten yards the turtle proceeds one yard; while Achilles covers the one yard the turtle moves ahead one-tenth of a yard; and so on. No matter how fast Achilles travels there is always a distance, no matter how small, between himself and the turtle; therefore Achilles can never catch up with the turtle.

Can your straighten out that race? What's wrong with the statement? No fair saying "but it simply isn't so." What's the fallacy?

The reverse of that Achillean-tortoisean paradox occurs in the novel *Tristram Shandy*. Tristram lamented that it took him two years to write the first two days of his life; and that therefore his complete autobiography could never be written, as the material kept accumulating so much faster than he could write it. Now if we extend that proposition a little, and assume that Tristram Shandy could live a very long time, we can demonstrate that in time his autobiography *would* be written. For look you: it took him one year to write the first day of his life. He wrote the second day in the second year; the third day in the third year, and so on. Then it follows that he would write the nth day, as the mathematicians would say, in his nth year; therefore, in time the events of any day you care to mention would be written; no matter what day you mention, he has always a year in which to write it; therefore his autobiography would be written, after all. Yes, indeed, there's a hole in it; obviously. But—what is it?

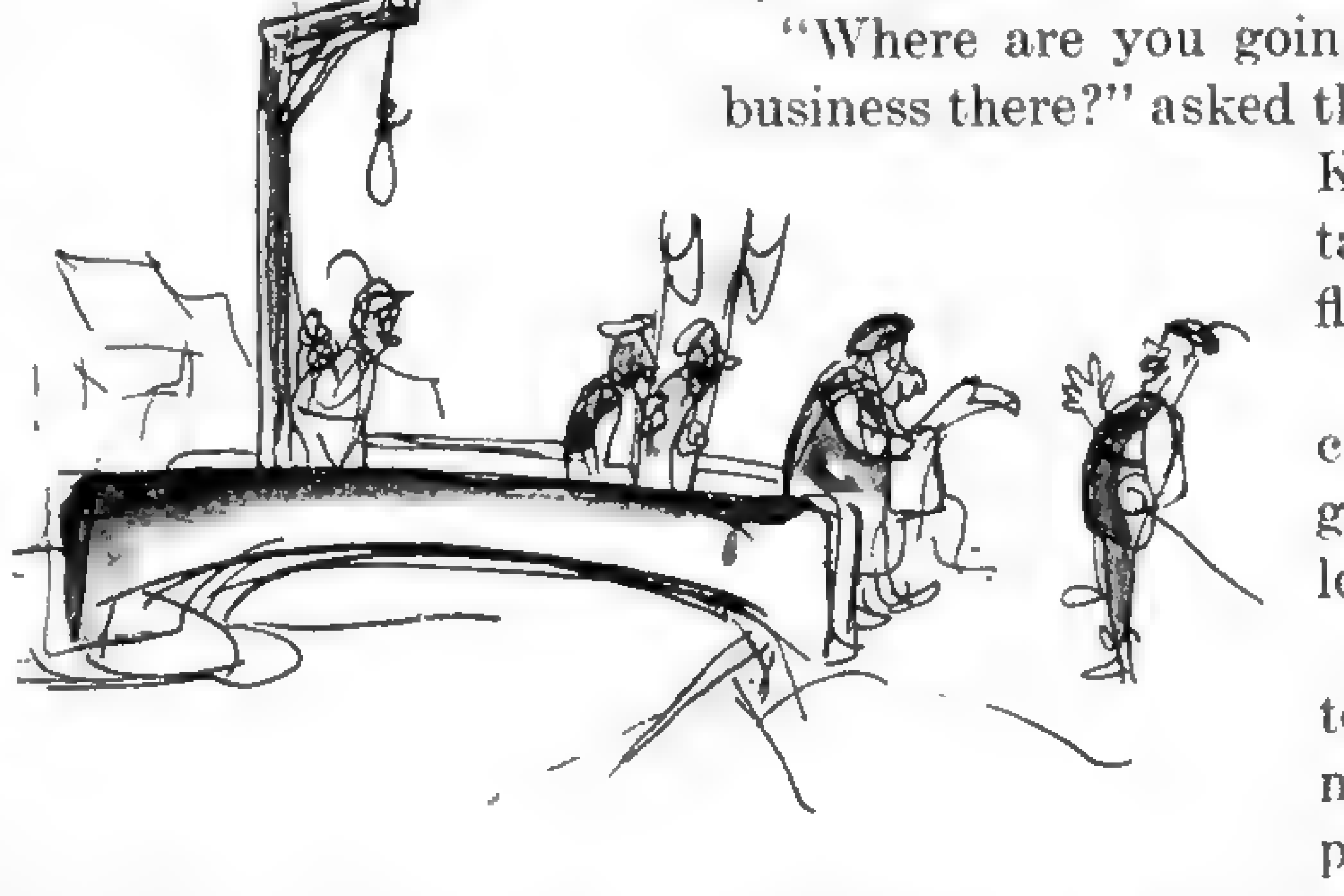


Possibly the most famous—and most maddening—of these paradoxes of old is the so-called "Litigiosus," as recorded by Protagoras. (Protagoras was a noted Greek Sophist; he died about 411 B. C.) It appears that Protagoras instructed a youth named Euathlus in rhetoric, which in those days was equivalent to teaching him law. The two had an agreement that Euathlus need not pay for his tuition until he had won his first case.

Now the young man, not unlike some modern youths, preferred the primrose path to the straight and narrow way; he practised not at all, and seemed to have no prospect of ever getting a case, much less winning one. Protagoras began to get restless about his tuition-fee; at last he haled the young Euathlus into court.

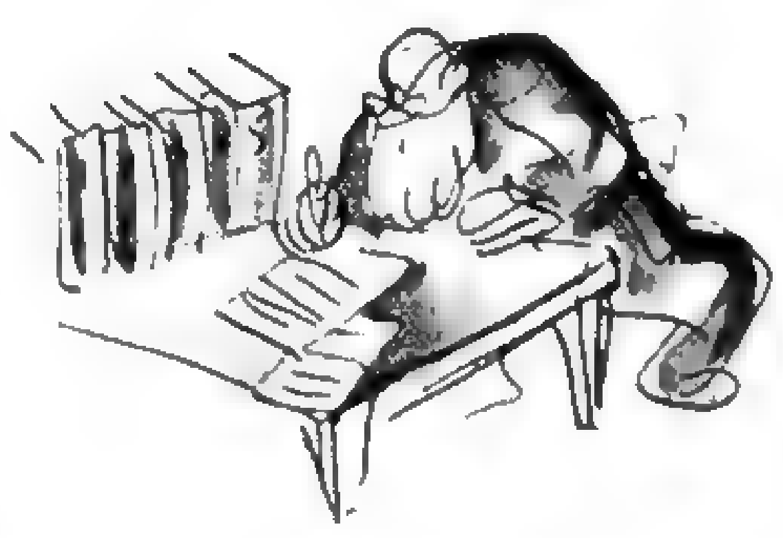
As both were knowing in the law, each conducted his own case. Protagoras rose and addressed the court thus:

"Your honor (or whatever was the Hellenic equivalent of that title), it does not matter how this case is decided; for if the verdict is in my favor, naturally young Euathlus must pay; and if the verdict is against me, young Euathlus will have won his first case, and therefore must pay, by our agreement."



He then sat down, presumably with a satanic grin at his opponent. But Euathlus was no bargain, either. He yawned, rose, and said:

"Your honor, my opponent is right; for it does not matter how this case is decided: if the verdict is in my favor, naturally I shall not have to pay; while if it is against me, I shall not have won my first case, and so will not have to pay, under the terms of our agreement."



Now the question before the house is, what is wrong with either or both of those arguments? The matter can be straightened out, and there is a reason why; but—as we asked before—can you manage it?

And speaking of arguments, you might try to untangle this one: once upon a time, when there were a great many criminals (isn't it nice that our modern civilization won't tolerate criminals?) the authorities selected a certain bridge and set up a high gallows on it. They then appointed a board of judges to sit permanently at that bridge, and question all who wished to cross it. Only two questions were asked: "Where are you going?" and "What is your business there?" If these questions were answered truthfully the person was allowed to proceed, free as the mountain breezes; but if a false answer was rendered, it was "What ho, Jack Ketch!" and the prevaricator was at once made guest of honor at a necktie-party.

The scheme worked well until one morning a notorious criminal was observed sauntering toward the bridge. The judges sat up with pleased grins; Jack Ketch rolled up his sleeves, unslung a nice new rope, and whistled a bar or two of the popular ballad *All I Do Is Hang Around*. The criminal strolled up and halted before the judges.

"Where are you going, and what's your business there?" asked the head judge, while Ketch's husky assistants got set for a flying tackle.

"Oh," said the criminal calmly, "I'm going to those gallows to be hanged."

You see? If he was telling the truth he must be allowed to pass freely across the bridge to vanish into the hinterland; if he was not telling the truth he must be hanged, but if they hanged him he *was* telling the truth, and still must be allowed to go across in safety.

History does not record what the judges did. But you might like to imagine yourself sitting on that board, and lend a hand to rendering a just verdict.

Here is a question along somewhat different lines. The answer is simple, and it is not difficult to arrive at it. But when you have found it, don't try to prove it, for it can't be done. Here it is: What is the smallest number

Continued in center of page 111

Divinely Fair

A scientist prepares a tropical reception for Phoebe, a wife who just cannot help herself

by OLIVER LA FARGE

FICTION

On his way home, he had stopped at Pedro's hut, by request, to help adjust the matter of Pedro's daughter's bride price. Both sets of parents were there, several grandparents, uncles; respectable, settled persons who deferred to his judgment. It was one of those cases in which a minor, almost irrelevant matter had been allowed by friction to cloud the main issue. He cleared it up easily. Though he was tired, as always, from the varied demands on mind and body of his work, and the long day's heat, he enjoyed the occasion, the respect he received from these people. He rode the rest of the way to his quarters as the heat relaxed with the coming of evening, at ease with himself, enjoying the approach to rest, the Indians' scattered huts under the palms, the low-voiced greetings they sent out to him.

At his door, the boy took his horse. A family kept house for him, the parents alone being officially hired, but all acting as his people, performing established duties.

"Don Elogio brought the post," the boy said. "He had to go on to La Loma, so he just left it here, and a telegram for you. He says there is a receipt to sign."

"Very well. Thanks."

He walked in, tossing his hat aside, and slumped into his hammock. The telegram, of course. The whole thing had gone quite out of mind while he was at the ruin; during the ride home, he might have been himself long ago, before he was married. Now it came alive again. Good news, long anticipated. Phoebe was coming to the bush at last. He wanted it, longed for it, longed for her. Contentment vanished, he was restless, reluctant to the proof. His fingers delayed over the blue envelope, then tore it open.

It was brief enough, dated from the capital and three days delayed coming in from Santa Ana, the English mildly corrupted in transit.

LANDED OK HOTEL INTERNACIONAL ARRIVING SANTA ANA THURSDY FOURTEEN THLOVE PHOEBE.

"Thlove" ought to mean something. The vision of his wife rose up before him, as it did sometimes during Caribbean nights aboard ship, on the way home; the porcelain delicacy of her lips and nostrils, deep eyes, fair, wavy hair, her whiteness, filling him with a pain of longing, the hope which knew itself vain that this time, this time that swift, lost period of union would be found again.

The old woman came in with supper dishes, followed by her daughter, Paquita. He answered their greetings, and delayed telling them the definite, long expected news. He did not feel hungry. Along with two others, an envelope with Bill's rough writing on it awaited him. He touched it, let it lie.

"A bottle of beer, please, Paquita."

"*Muy bien.*"

This time, this time—this is different. Here is where I *am*.

At his desk, and here in the bush, he became real, competent, whole. He had thought, when he married her, a sophomore, that she would recognize the power of his academic work, but that was ridiculous for Phoebe's shining liveliness. Funny she ever took him. The refused suspicion that his income tipped a commercial balance poisoned the roots of his thought. Here, in his own section of the tropics, he was a man. The respect of these Indians, the habit of authority, handling of men, skill, even brilliance in the management of the excavations, surely these would tell. He was happy and complete here as nowhere else, no longer shy or absent-minded. She would see him as a man.

Paquita brought his beer. She was young, full-ripe, and he knew that if he wished—. He was different here. But he did not really believe he could change Phoebe. Even to him she would give tenderness, *faute de mieux*, he supposed, or because there was so much of it in her. He ached for it. A fool for her—the common expression took on literal, vivid meaning.

Here was food, and Bill's letter still waiting. He sat down at the table, laying the envelope beside his cup. Throw it away, perhaps. It's the document, the data. One must know—thinking like a scientist, she'd ridicule him for it. He took some food, a long drink, refilled the cup and opened the letter.

The beginning was ordinary, the real part on the second page.

"You asked for it, so I'll give it to you, though I suppose it only means that you'll stop being my friend. Of course your house has been full of football players & such all winter, a kind of undergraduate club. That's no news to you, and might be nothing. But on the boat coming down, conclusions were unavoidable. Had almost no passengers and old Schultz for captain—you know him. Well, Lew, she started on me. I let her run a little, to find out, but she got me so mad & disgusted I finally was pretty rough with her. It wasn't just the *intention* to be unfaithful, she was *disgusting.* Then she got hold of the quartermaster, a big dumb young brute. I broke that up pretty well & in doing so saw plenty. Lew, you say you're half crazy over it. You asked me to watch and tell you straight what I thought. I've gone this far so I guess I might as well go the whole way. She's a beautiful bitch—and *you know it.* She's abnormal. For God's sake, amigo, divorce her or push her over a cliff.

"I suppose you'll never speak to me again for this, but you asked for it, and I couldn't be your friend & do otherwise.

"She leaves for Santa Ana the fourteenth, I believe. Why did you bring her out? I leave on the fifteenth for Chapopote, the old diggings.

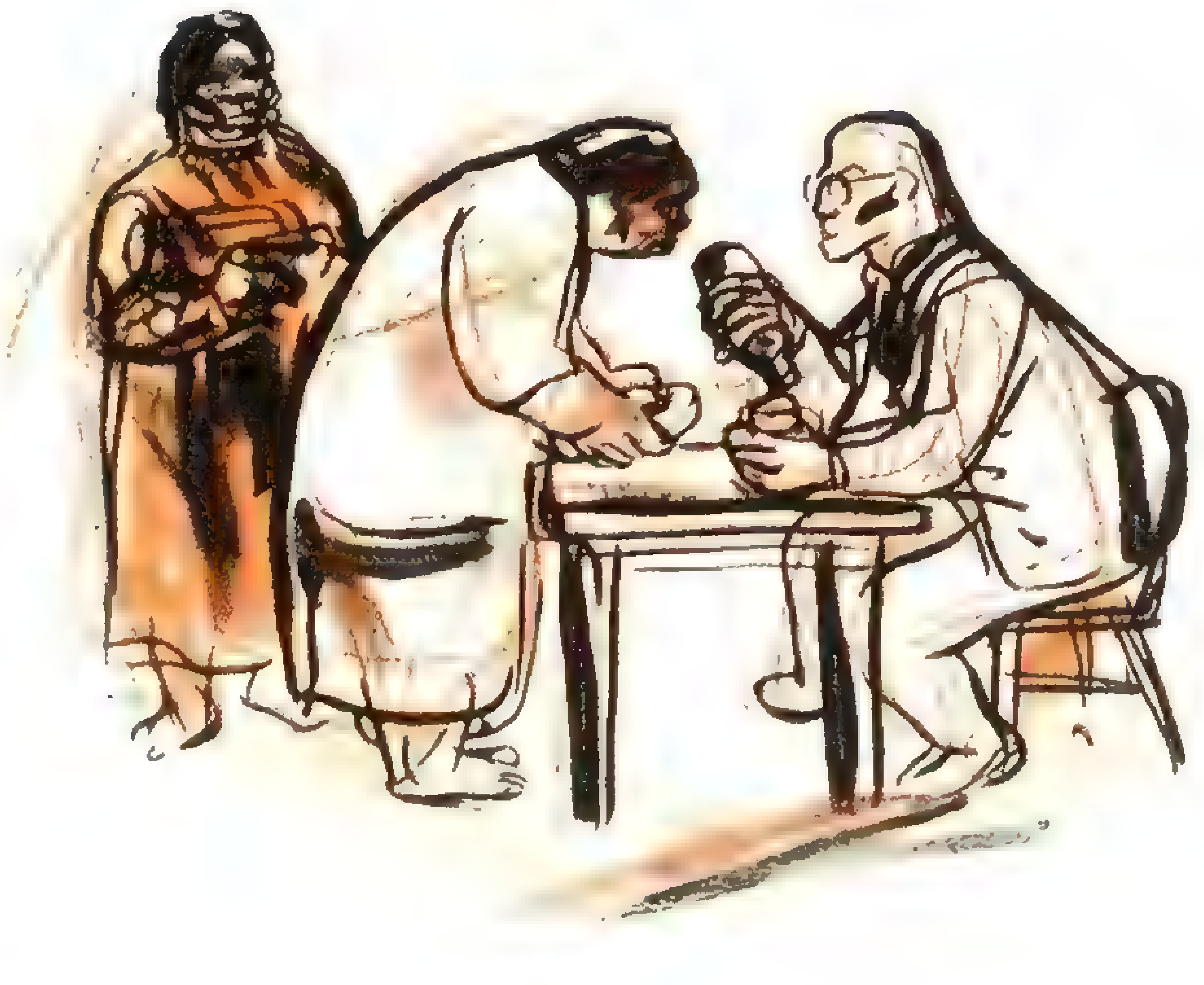
"Yours,
Bill."

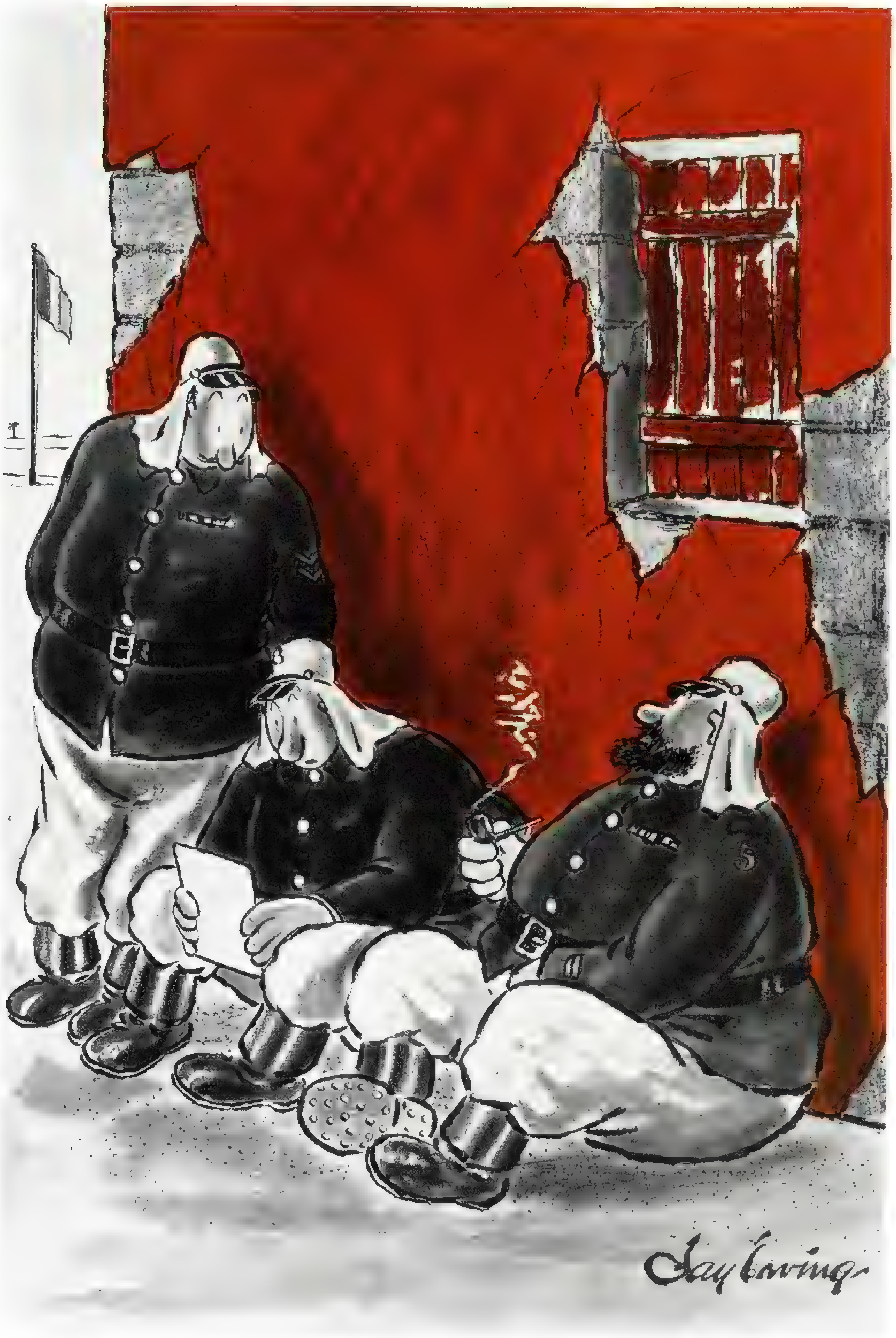
He put it down and ate on mechanically, until he realized he felt sick. He moved to the door. Bill's wrong about that. I can take it. Advantage of scientific training, perhaps. I shan't let myself lose Bill.

"And *you know it.*" True, but for so long he had avoided perceiving his own shame. Notorious, too—even to undergraduates. The things one avoided hearing, or succeeded in not putting into their context.

Divorce her. He couldn't do it. Her special, long-limbed beauty—with her highest heels on she was as tall as he—the tender uses she sometimes made of him, were torment. A fool for her. Divinely fair. Season after season he'd returned to the bush hoping

Continued at top of page 111





5
Jay Irving

"You see, she had developed a sort of Dionne-complex . . ."

The Talking Encyclopedia

One of these strange facts is admittedly plain fiction but the question is, which one?

by DR. ERIC CLARKSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

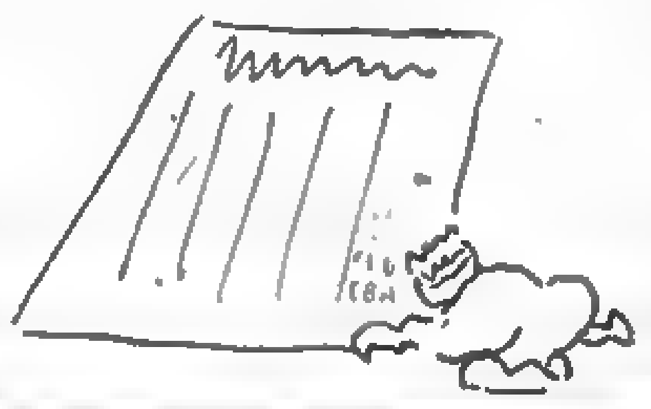
Picking up facts can be a sport, like hunting for odd stones. Take a little fact, complete in itself, disassociated from its field of meaning, bereft of its significant place in the general scheme of knowledge, like a stone lifted out of a mosaic: it has a pure sort of fascination, and beauty.

Does it have to be true? Suppose you read the statement that a silkworm produces about two miles of silk filament in the course of its working career. That might be one of the odd bits of information contained in columns such as this, in the newspapers and magazines. True or false? If the statement said five miles, instead of two, how many readers would detect the error?

One of the items that follows is just plain fiction. A few are basically true, but purposely inaccurate. Most of them are entirely true, as far as we know:

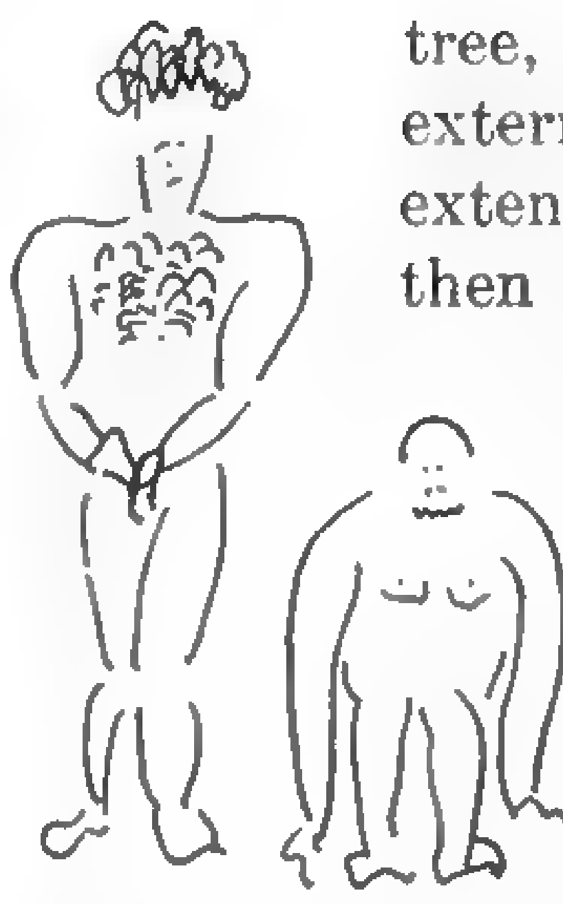
The Chinese and the Nordics are both on the wrong track when reading. Tests given to children indicate that the natural method of reading is in horizontal lines beginning at the right, reading from right to left, and from the bottom of the page upward. The right to left script was used in ancient oriental writing, and is still used in Hebrew. There is a form of ancient Latin in which the right-left and left-right lines alternate, so as to form a continuous zigzag, called ox-track.

Sanscrit had twice as many letters in the alphabet as Hebrew. But the Hawaiian alphabet is the shortest, with twelve letters.



The term "above-mentioned' which looks sort of silly when used on the top of one page in reference

stone to London, and celebrated archeologists break their hearts trying to decipher the hieroglyphic. At last it is discovered that the inscription is in nothing but a crabbed English, that it reads, Bil Stumps Mark, which is the name of the farmer on whose land it was found. If you remember your Dickens, the farmer, when confronted with this fact, reminded Mr. Pickwick that he had asked if the stone were ancient, and the stone was ancient! The inscription was another matter. So Andrew Price, of Moundsville, applied his Dickensian lore to the Indian stone, and discovered that some Pickwick fan had done a swell job of crabbed lettering, which was nevertheless English, and, repeating the hoax of the novel, had written: Bil Stumps Stone, Oct. 14, 1838!



Archeologists don't have to contend with modern forgeries alone. Egyptian vases dug up in Italy gave the scientific diggers plenty of headaches, because the hieroglyphs on the vases couldn't be read by even the most expert of modern Egyptologists. Finally it was figured out that the hieroglyphs weren't hieroglyphs at all, but meaningless picture-scribblings slapped onto the vases by Phoenician forgers, who, in those antique times, were bootlegging a cheaper variety of clay vase and passing it off on the Etruscan tribes living in Italy as the genuine Egyptian article!

The bones of Cuauhtemoc, the last emperor of Mexico, who was captured by Cortez, and whose feet were torturously burned to

tree, as a source of supply for bows, was exterminated in England by 1500, due to extensive foreign and civil wars. Bows were then imported from Germany, at the rate of about 10,000 per year. Within a hundred years, the yew tree was nearly extinct in Germany. Bows and arrows were used in battle as late as 1911, in China.

It is estimated that there are two million child slaves in China.

Japanese are forty-five times as susceptible to scarlet fever as Chinese.

Hailstones have killed more people in Africa than on any other continent.

If a black widow spider is killed, the deadly mate of this poisonous insect is likely to appear, and bite the intruder

The wedding cake originated in the Roman custom of marriage by *confarreatio*, or eating together.

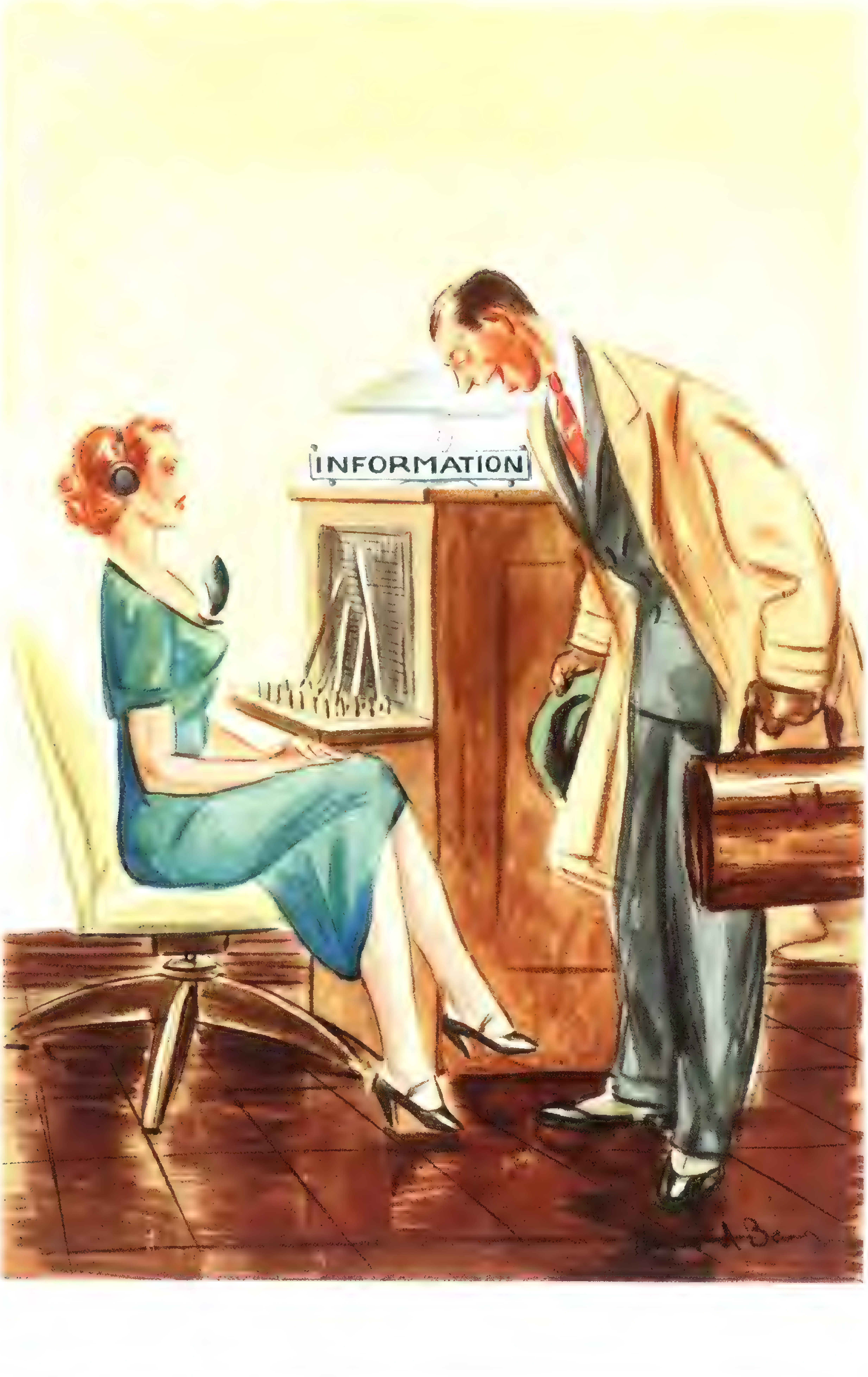
Leonardo da Vinci, who experimented with aviation, also invented an automobile, which could not be operated for lack of a proper fuel.

The word damsel originally meant a young person of either sex.

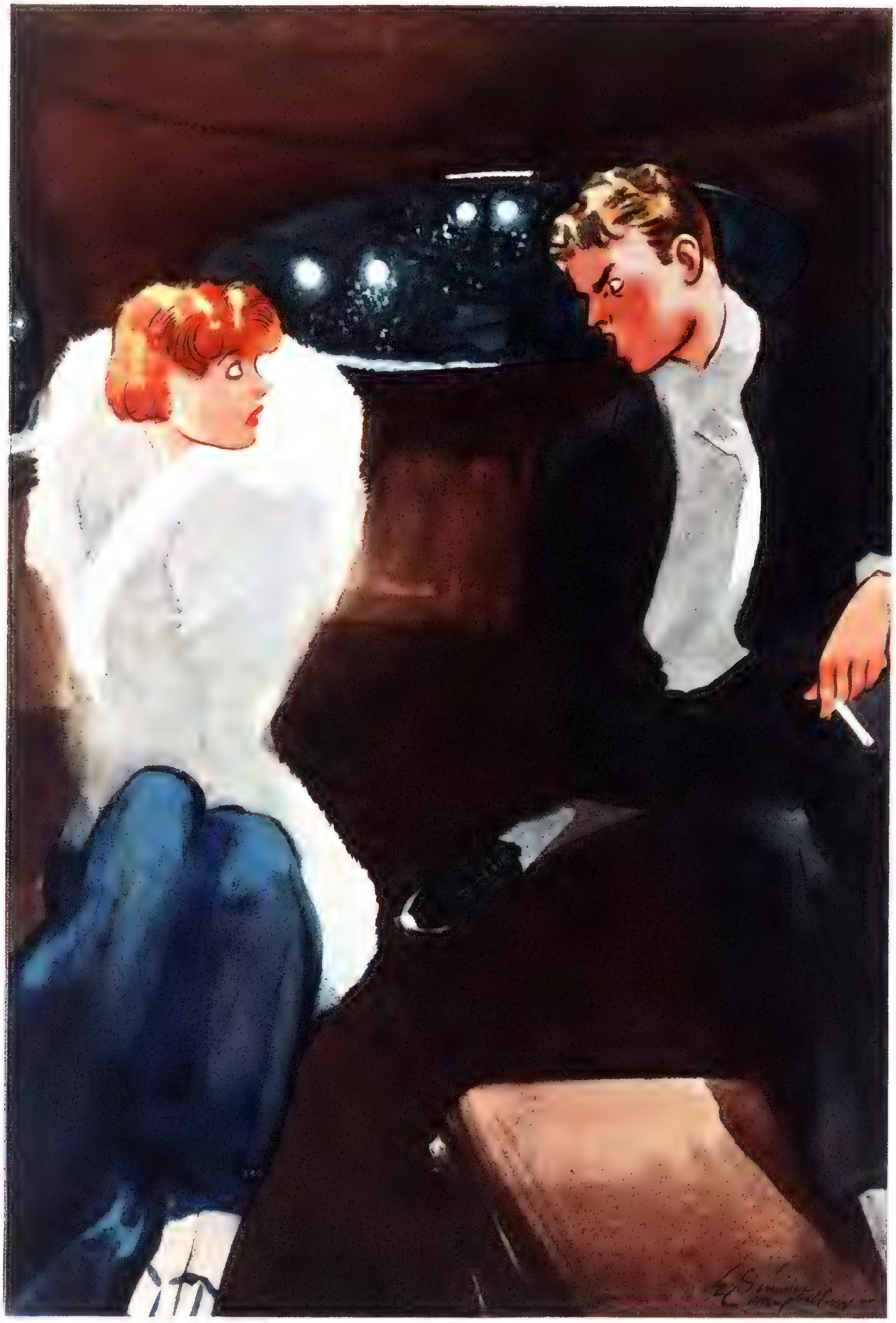
At the Babylonian city of Kish, it was a custom to bury girl-babies alive, in jars, along the walls of important buildings, as a sacrifice to the gods in whose honor the buildings were erected. Puppies were buried with the children, to protect them in after life.

An adjustable coffin, made of terra cotta, has been unearthed in Mesopotamia. It dates about 500 B.C., and was made in such a way that it could be lengthened or shortened, to fit the customer.

Barber poles originated when barbers acted


INFORMATION

"What's your name, where do you live and what are you doing tonight?"



"OK!—OK!—OK!"

Greyhound Racing

Unlike human suckers, the dogs know it's all a game, and never expect to catch the fake rabbit

by W. R. BURNETT

• SPORTS •

I THINK that without a doubt no sport has been more maligned than greyhound racing. No sport has been written about so ignorantly, so incompetently. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, newspapers all over the country have fought it, and the sport writers have had their instructions. In the second place, the greyhound is practically an unknown breed and very few sport writers have taken the trouble to inform themselves. Some of them do not even know the difference between a greyhound and a whippet and I've actually seen the terms used interchangeably. (In case the reader does not know the difference: whippets and greyhounds are somewhat similar in type, as they are both swift coursing hounds; but a whippet is very small weighing from 16 to 30 pounds; greyhounds weigh from 50 to 80 pounds.) No, the sport writers can't be bothered. The game is a racket and that is that. The earliest writers set the tone of easy and somewhat contemptuous cynicism in regard to the "hamburger marathon;" that tone is now accepted all over the country.

Now wait a minute. Don't put this down yet. I'm not out to whitewash dog-racing. I merely want to try to tell the truth about it.

It has been a racket in spots; and in certain sections of the country it is still a racket and will continue to be until it is legalized and the chiselers are kicked out. In California, for instance, the dogs have been running off and on since 1932, in spite of the anti-gambling laws. The tracks are operated under the so-called option system, a legal quibble. When you buy a ticket on a dog, it is an option to purchase that dog at a stated claiming price; if the dog wins you cash your ticket as you do at a horse track. Of course if you'd rather have the dog you peel off five or six hundred dollars and lead him home. Usually, however, the bettor doesn't want a dog that bad so everything is rosy. Of course tracks run this way are run only on sufferance. Somebody gets to somebody and the boys high up in politics divide the spoils. Naturally things aren't going to be so hot for the bettor; he has no protection whatever. A gambler told me that after every race the promoters throw the "take" up against the ceiling and what sticks is given back to the bettors. It isn't that bad, but it's bad enough.

You will hear the wildest stories about dog-racing from wise guys. There are always a bunch of wise guys, some of them sport writers, running around giving everybody the lowdown. You will hear, for instance, that ground glass is taped between the toes of the dogs; you will hear even worse; dogs are drugged and die horrible deaths after the race *et cetera, et cetera*. This, dear reader, is high-powered bunk. And when somebody tells you something like that, laugh in his face.

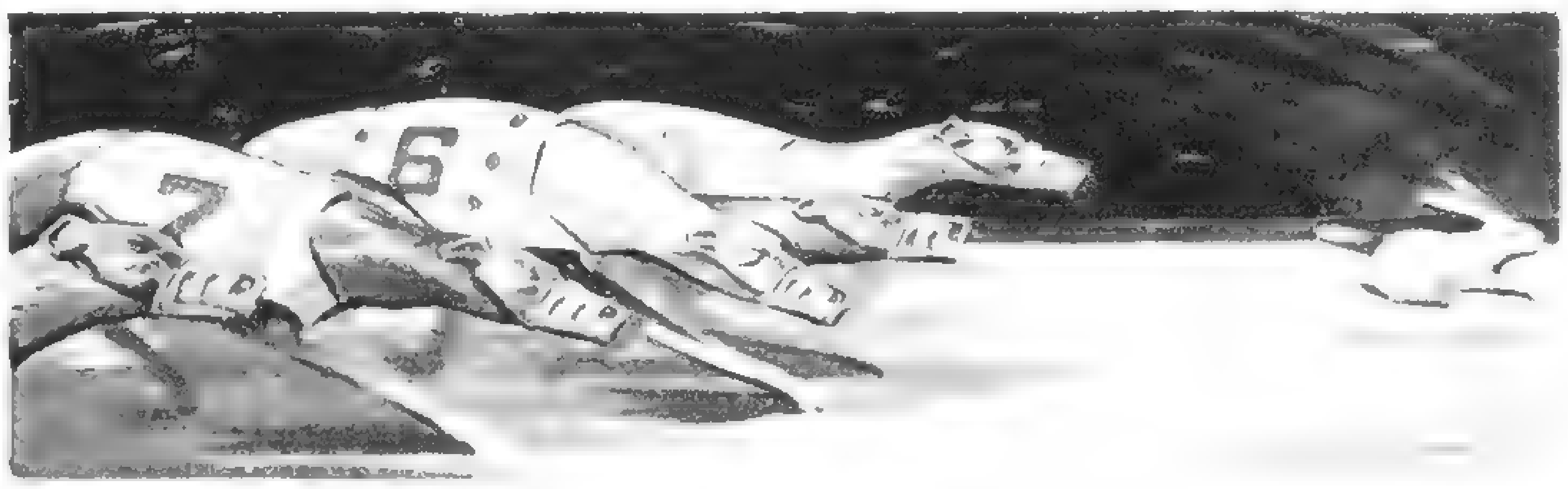
He is just a chump trying to make you believe that he knows something. All these dogs are privately owned and some of them are very valuable. War Cry, the National Champion, 1932-33, was valued at $7500; Traffic Court, My Laddie, Ben Andrews, Sylvia's King, all the champions, were valued at $5000 and up. Even an ordinary selling-plater of a dog is worth three or four hundred dollars. Can't you see their owners ruining them to win a race?

No, as a general thing, the racing itself is straight; the dogs run to form and their owners are trying to win with them. The purses are small and an owner has to win a lot of races to break even. As for betting, the smart owners do not bet at all; they don't "fight the machine" as the saying goes. They let the crowd do the betting and try to make a little money winning purses. To many of the owners the game is a sport. Some of them have money and don't have to worry. To the rank and file it is a livelihood and a poor one.

The promoters are the boys who salt away the shekels, and are also the boys who make a racket of this sport when they are not watched or controlled in any way and are allowed to operate, in a state where dog-racing isn't legalized, by means of a "fix" arranged by some hungry politician.

Ordinarily, at a greyhound track, the officials do not care who wins. The track takes its per cent and turns the rest back to the bettors. Odds are posted before the race is run and usually the dog winning pays off what he should. Everything looks lovely. But at the "racket" tracks it isn't. The favorites are too prohibitive; the odds on the outsiders not long enough. I've seen favorites at one to four and the longest price in the race eight to one. This is murder. But the ordinary dog-track crowd is a sucker crowd, small bettors, who know very little about it; they notice nothing. They do not know that the "odd line" gives the "racket" track a terrific percentage that will eat them up if they continue to bet. At that even the "racket" tracks pay off at higher odds than the ordinary horse-track, as I think statistics will prove. Yes, dog-racing is, in spots, a racket, but not because the races are fixed. The dogs are true runners and game sports even if some promoters are not, so let's get to the dogs.

The greyhound is historically the oldest pure bred dog. The ancient Egyptians had them and held them in honor. They came originally from the plains of Asia, where they were used to course the deer, the wolf, and the hare. In spite of their frail-looking physiques they are game, tough, and tireless. They are "the" dog, having much more in common with their wild cousins, the dingo, the coyote, and the wolf, than other dogs. They are not freaks like the acromegalic St. Bernard, or the horribly prognathous bull dog, or the dwarfed and asthmatic Pekingese. They are beautiful, finely-proportioned; the aristocrat of dogs. They are ordinarily docile and very intelligent. You will hear from the wise guys mentioned above that they are stupid; this is another example of bunk. They run after the electric rabbit because they have been bred for centuries to course anything that moves. Puppies will run after a white rag on a string or a bobbing football. They are not being fooled. They know it isn't game. But it is moving so they run after it. They love to run and have a great competitive spirit.



Continued on page 131

King of the Thieves

The prototype of modern gang chiefs had everything from police protection to gun molls

by GEORGES SURDEZ

• SEMI-FICTION •

His name was Louis-Dominique Cartouche. He was born in the slums of Paris, near the end of the seventeenth century, of poor and proportionately honest parents. He became an extravagant figure of legend, the most famous criminal of his time and the idol of the underworld.

Rules and regulations irked him from birth. At the tender age of eleven, he was thrown out of school as undisciplined, and his own father, a cooper, punished him so severely that he ran away from home. For several years after that, he roamed about France with a traveling show, sometimes acrobat, sometimes barker, occasionally a pickpocket. At seventeen, he returned home, and made a last effort to be a straight citizen.

Within a few months he fell in love with a beautiful woman who loved the nice things of life. Cartouche discovered that thumping oak staves into wine barrels was not a lucrative occupation for an aspiring youth. Swinging a mallet ten hours a day gave him no opportunity to reveal his extraordinary skill and intelligence.

As a crook, he was immediately successful. In a short time, he became the partner and brother-in-law of the notorious bandit Galichon, occasionally known as "Steel-Arm." But Galichon was captured by the police and sent to pull an oar in the King's galleys. Badly frightened for a while, Cartouche turned police informer. Then he was shanghaied into the Army. He saw active service in Spain and proved a brave soldier.

Discharged after the campaign, he returned to Paris, the mad, pleasure-loving Paris of the Regency, with nothing to show for his time and adventures except experience, for there was neither bonus nor compensation for veterans then. The boom in American stocks created by law was at its height, the government was weak, the authorities corrupt. Money was everywhere, to be earned without effort and spent recklessly by the more fortunate.

Cartouche saw that it was not the time for petty thieves. He grouped a few resolute fellows he had known in the army, lads who turned their hand to a number of crooked jobs between campaigns. They formed an ideal audience for his message, which was, in essence, that they would be suckers not to cut in on dough spread so freely. He pointed out that operating singly, they would be nabbed and locked up.

He suggested a federation of thieves. Well-planned strokes would pay large profits with few risks. The isolated crook became the victim of the avaricious fence. He announced that he would see that there were recognized fences, assured of a regular supply of stolen goods in exchange for fair prices. If they cheated a member, the entire organization would be ready to see that justice was done. The lone crook had no safe hiding place, had to do without medical care when wounded. Organization, Cartouche declared, would provide sure and comfortable shelter between stunts and a good surgeon when needed.

At the first meeting, Cartouche appointed several lieutenants, and operations started on an astonishing scale. Crooks, thieves, bandits, flocked into the association. When a treasury was gathered, Cartouche spent freely to obtain aid and information. At one time, the Paris Chief of Police was in his employ, and many members of his force drew a larger salary from the gang than from the city. There were informers, everywhere, hundreds of them, in Government offices, in the regular army, employed as valets, maids and cooks in the homes of the rich.

There were spectacular robberies, magnificent *coups*. A speculator who had amassed a fortune was robbed of more than a quarter of a million dollars at one stroke. Mansions were looted systematically of furniture and valuables. Cartouche became famous; he was more powerful than the Regent. Cartouche knew that sympathy and glamor surround the clever criminal, that the poor people side with the bandit at heart, seeing in him a picturesque, Quixotic figure, a man of their own class preying on the rich and powerful. He made a point of working for the sake of art once in a while, performing a brilliant burglary personally. He was democratic, was charitable to beggars, helped needy families.

He branched out into new territories. His secret agents covered France, reported on conditions in various cities, gave news of money transfers. A whole section of his organization specialized in hold-ups of Government stage-coaches. The robbing of the Lyons-to-Chalon Coach netted him eighty thousand dollars!

Cartouche became a popular hero. Songs were written about him, plays written. He was strong, sly, elusive and bold. With an enormous reward offered for his head, he was reported strolling in the streets of Paris, recognized by hundreds, confident and ironical. But if he allowed the crowd to laugh at the police, he preserved throughout a sinister aloofness. When the laughter became too loud, threatened his prestige, he supplied the tragic touch.

When a minor police official announced his intention to take Cartouche, he vanished. The following morning, his corpse was found in the street, bearing a warning pinned to his chest, promising a similar fate to those who imitated him.

He enjoyed public admiration. He was arrested a first time, confronted the magistrates assigned to question him without the least fear, smiled and joked with them, flew into rages when they displeased him, behaving as if he were their master. And when matters became unpleasant for him, he vanished from his cell! Everyone believed that he had arranged for this episode, to ridicule the Law. And his audacity knew no limit thereafter.

He took refuge in the bedroom of a noble lady in the middle of the night, conducted

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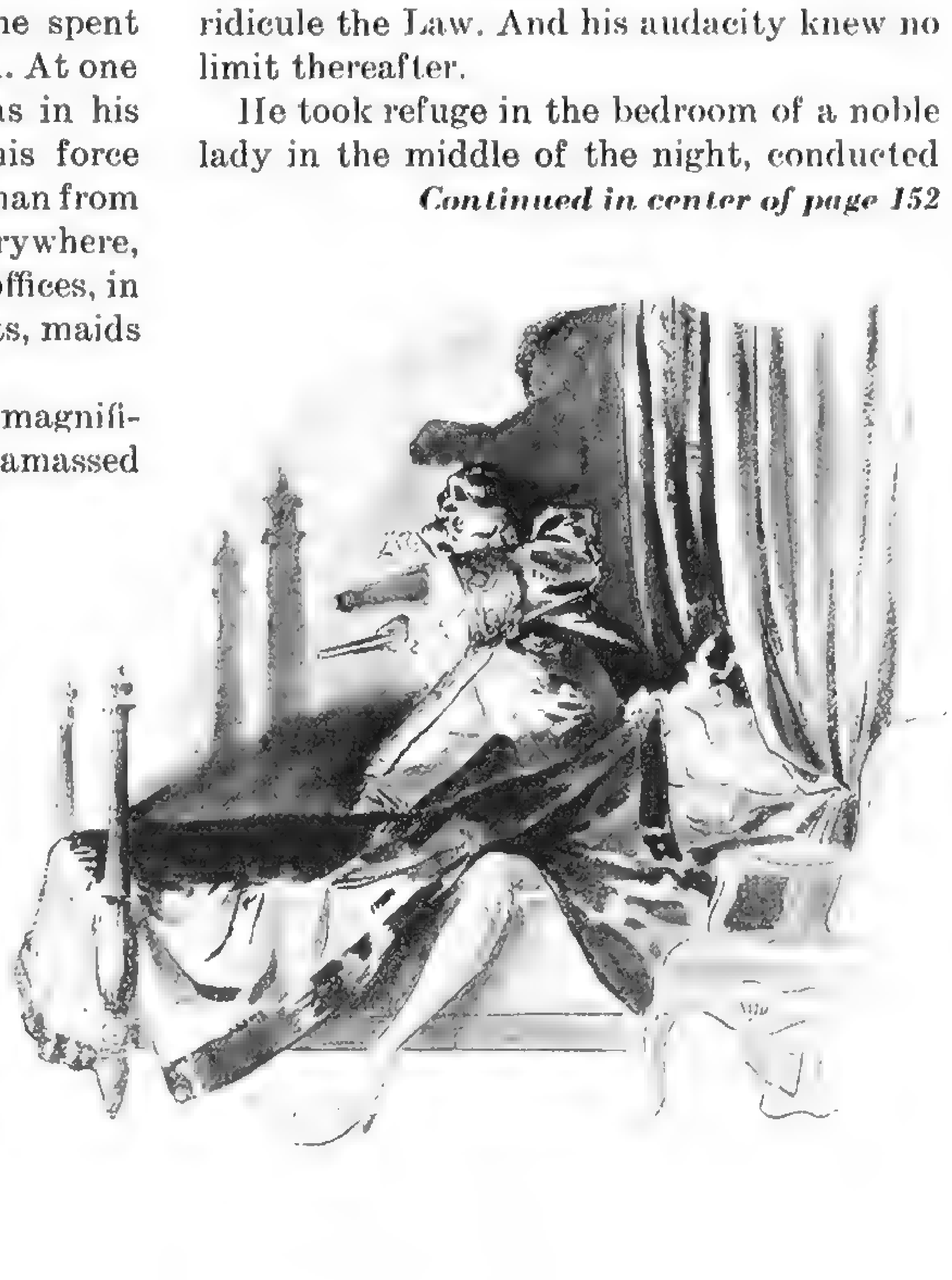
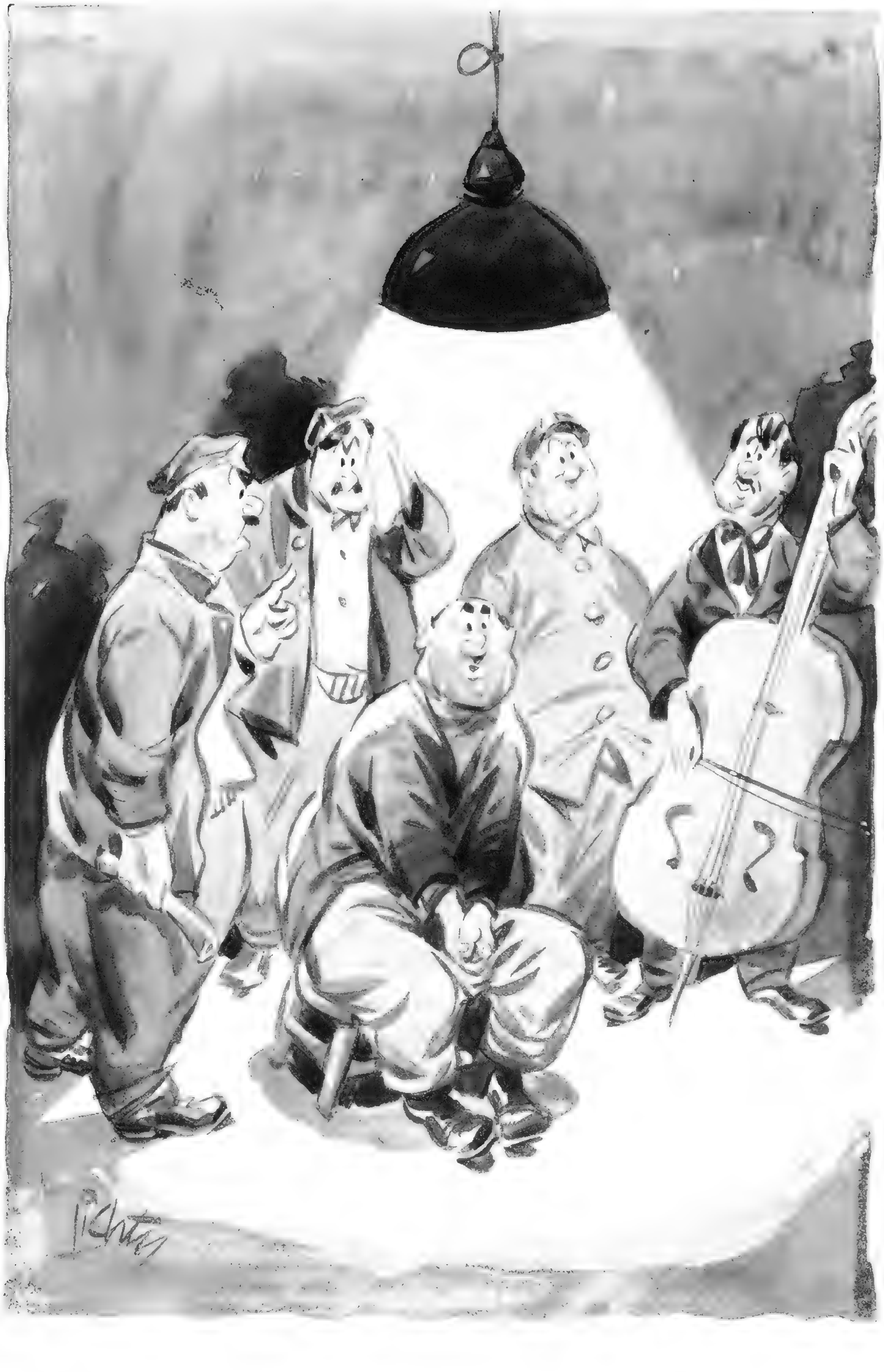




"You better try 'Mother Machree'—that always breaks 'em down"

Spine Puncher's Prophet

Of the weird doings and wise sayings of Chiropody's daddy, who has no toes on his heels

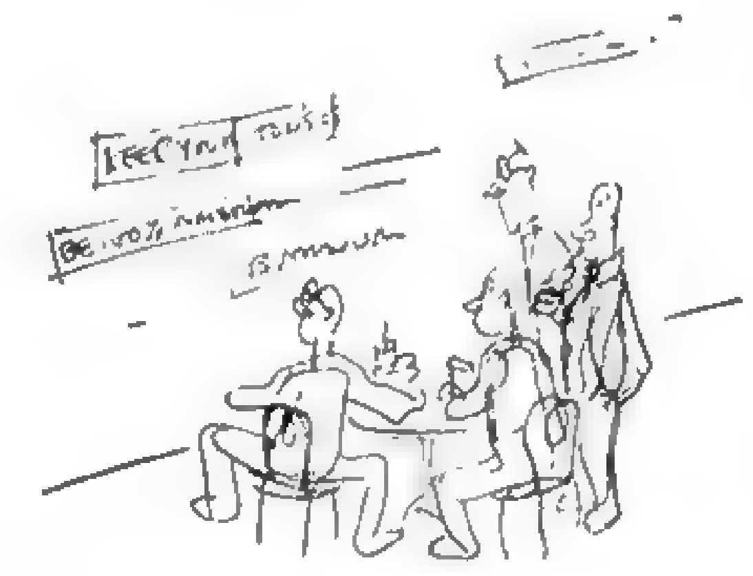
by RAYMOND Z. HENLE

ARTICLE

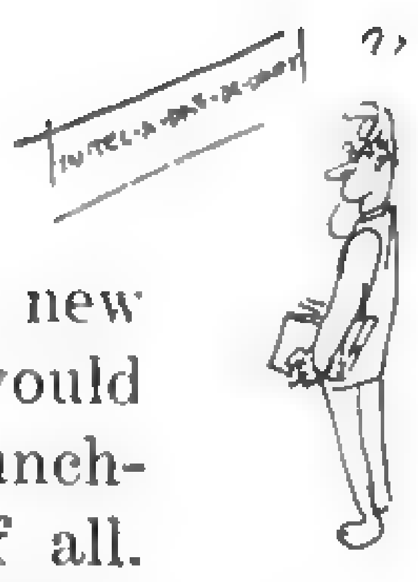
Concerning the scientific arguments for and against chiropractics, I know practically nothing. It may be, as its founder claimed, a manifestation of "the second coming of Christ," and it may be, as Morris Fishbein says, quackery and a fad. No doubt thousands are prepared to testify their ills were cured by spinal adjustments, but whether their difficulties were caused by "subluxations" of the vertebrae I would not know; and, since I am inclined to be indulgent towards folks who embrace New Thought and New Deals, communism and nudism and the multitude of foibles to which they seem periodically to succumb, I do not care. But I do know a little about the man who put chiropractics on the map. The astonishing ballyhoo in which this gifted oracle enveloped his theory of curing man's ailments not only fixed his name as its prophet, but entitles him to rank with Barnum as one of the great provocateurs of the age.

I heard about B. J. Palmer when I was still quite young. How could any youngster who lived in Davenport, Iowa, and associated with God-fearing people escape hearing of him, for his name was spoken with that hushed restraint so arresting to juvenile ears. Now-a-days the doctor's neighbors smile indulgently at his long, flowing hair, untrimmed, full beard and his gaze of studied unworldiness. But they did not always smile, for there was a time when Palmer boldly linked destinies with Christ and quite brazenly claimed his cures were fully as miraculous as those of the Man of Galilee. So, naturally, there were once cries of sacrilege from the outraged citizens on the banks of the Mississippi. Then, one day, the city's merchants discovered enrollments in Palmer's school were mounting steadily and that each year he was bringing more and more purchasing power into the community. Then, too, as prosperity came the doctor desisted from his claims that his cures were heaven-sent and placed his theory on a more practical as well as more acceptable basis. True, he still affects untrimmed beard and flowing hair—the latter now tied back with a shoestring—but for a number of years he has confined public display of his comradeship with the Savior to fancy china plates which bear his portrait in one of his more meditative moods.

The last time Palmer had the shepherds of Davenport foaming was some seventeen years ago when the "chiropractic fountain head" was on the threshold of its heyday. The doctor was conducting one of his annual lyceums—a type of convention for which Palmer students return to their alma mater to be acquainted with the latest words of wisdom from the master himself. There was a gigantic parade. Along crowded streets came a succession of elaborately decorated floats conveying a goodly assortment of paraphernalia used in the business of putting vertebrae in their proper notches. The crowd was glad it came when it saw a block-long spine of *papier mâché* wriggling by, each separate vertebrae carried by a chiropractor. Finally the last float rolled by. Over it, from stem to stern, fluttered a white and purple banner. On one end was a drawing of the head of a man which appeared to represent Christ but which, on close inspection, turned out to portray none other than B. J. Palmer. Then came the legend: "The Saver of Humanity." The doctor's ears must have burned that night for loud were the protests. Rumor went the length of the town that the ministerial association would demand action by the civic authorities calculated to put the doctor in the hoose-gow; but nothing came of it. The merchants rose to his defense. By that time the purchasing power of his school could be computed at well over a million dollars a year.

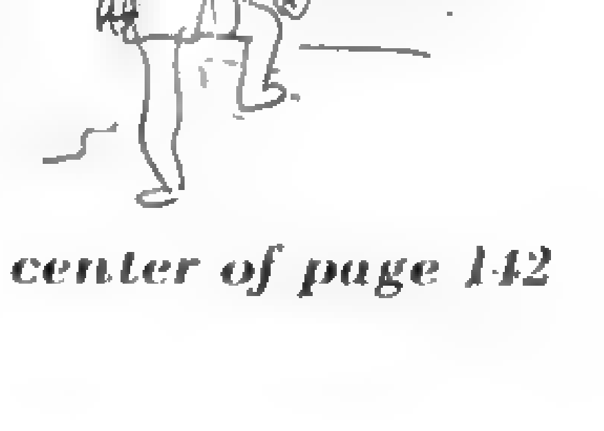


It was only in such cases of advertising, and in his personal appearance, that Dr. Palmer portrayed himself in the Christ-like manner. But in the early days the public did not know him intimately so only his students found him a voluble, energetic, dynamic individual. Now-a-days, as always, he hails all and sundry as he walks about his "campus." His students are not there a day before they are calling him "B. J.," and he has said: "When people stop calling me B. J., I will need to sell myself all over again." It is: "B. J., have you got a match," and "Come on, B. J., I'll buy you a drink," and the same open-handedness prevails when questions are asked in the classroom. Here, indeed, is a hail fellow well met. He likes to make speeches. He is a persistent joiner, and nothing short of a new theory of spinal dislocation would keep him from his Kiwanis luncheon where he sings loudest of all. But the way to inner social circles was not easy. Only after thirteen tries, for example, was prejudice overcome and he was admitted to the Masonic lodge. Once in, B. J. quickly outstripped old members and within the briefest possible time qualified for the 32 degree. And as success has come he has swung farther and farther from the claim that he is the "saver of humanity." In fact, he now apologizes occasionally for his singular appearance by blandly remarking that it is good advertising. In these later days he has said: "Judge me kindly if you see others when looking at me. I am but a bit of humanity, doing more or less alike or different, what all others have done."



When one considers the beginning of chiropractic, it becomes plain that B. J. has gone a long way on his rough road of derision. Chiropractic first saw the world in a dingy little office in Davenport where B. J.'s father, D. D. Palmer, practiced magnetic healing and muscle rubbing in the presence of a skeleton, placed in the room, no doubt, for its power to take people's minds off their ailments. The town looked upon old Palmer as a quack but he garnered sufficient patients to make a modest living. One eulogist says his reputation was widespread and "people came to him from all parts of the Union and Canada," but his fees must have been small, for B. J. had to leave grade school at eleven in order to help the family budget. Some claim the father picked up the idea of rubbing the spine to cure ailments from the Northwest Canadian Indians, among whom he lived as a youth. Others say it was suggested by a laborer who was conversant with the method in his native Bohemia. Whatever was the fountain of his learning, he held it secret and it died with him, unless he imparted it to his son who has guarded it zealously lest the father be robbed of his glory as the "true discoverer."

One morning, some forty years ago, as old Palmer entered the building in which he occupied an office, the colored janitor, one Harvey Lillard, appealed to the healer to cure defective hearing in one of his ears. The good Doctor obligingly took the man


I DO!
I WILL!
I CAN!
I SHALL!

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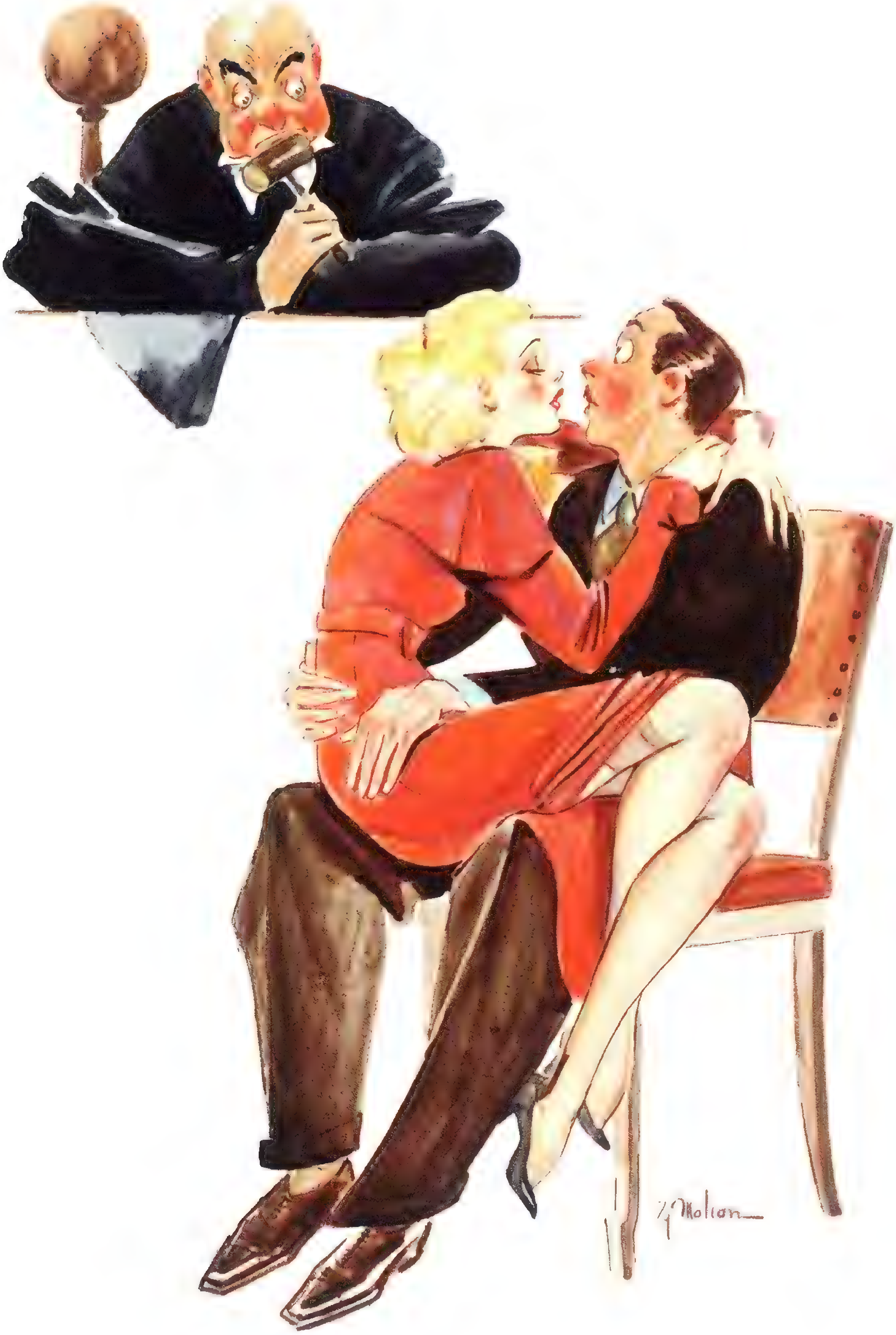
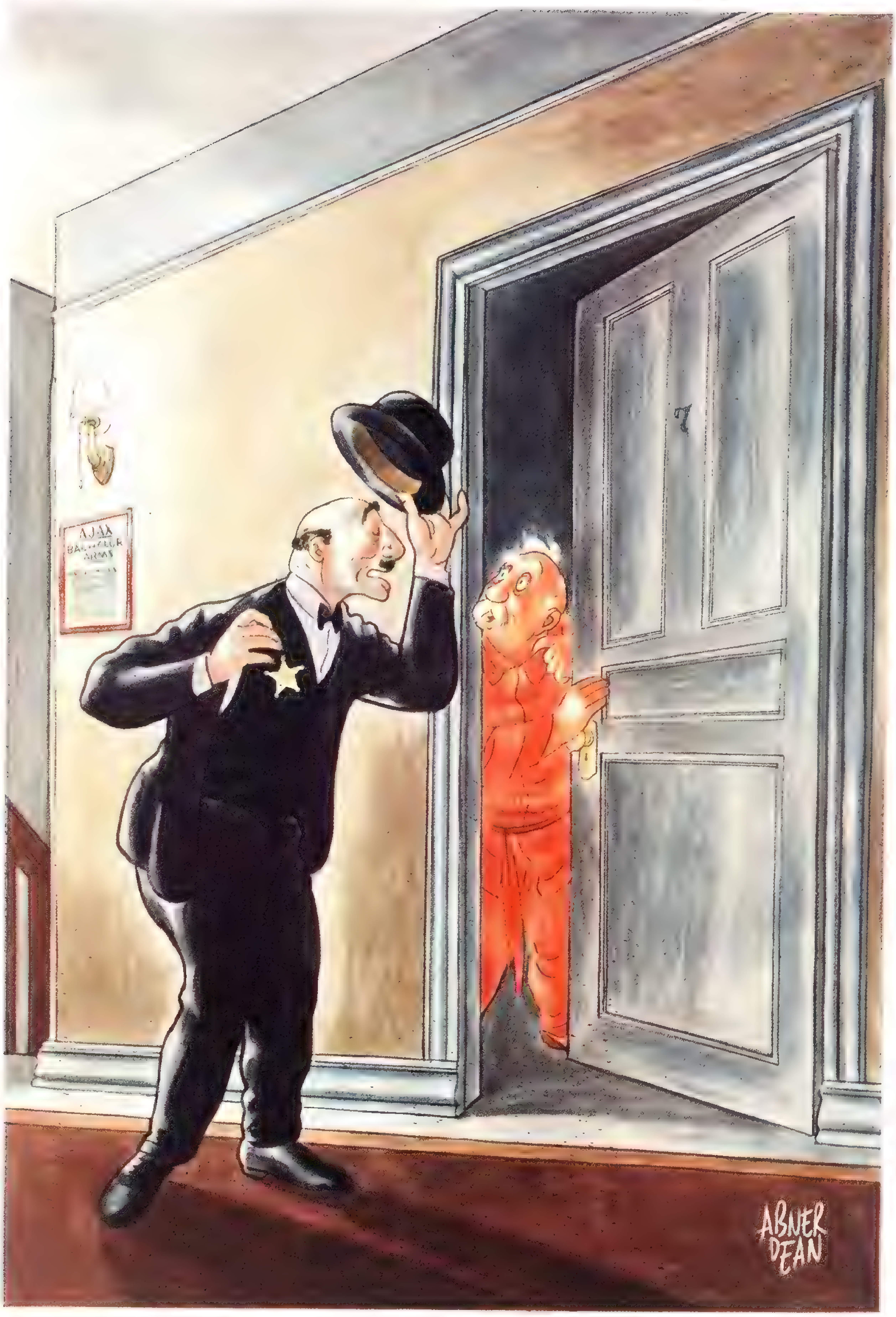


"Come, come, young lady—then what did he do?"


AJAX
BACHELOR
ARMS
7
ABNER DEAN

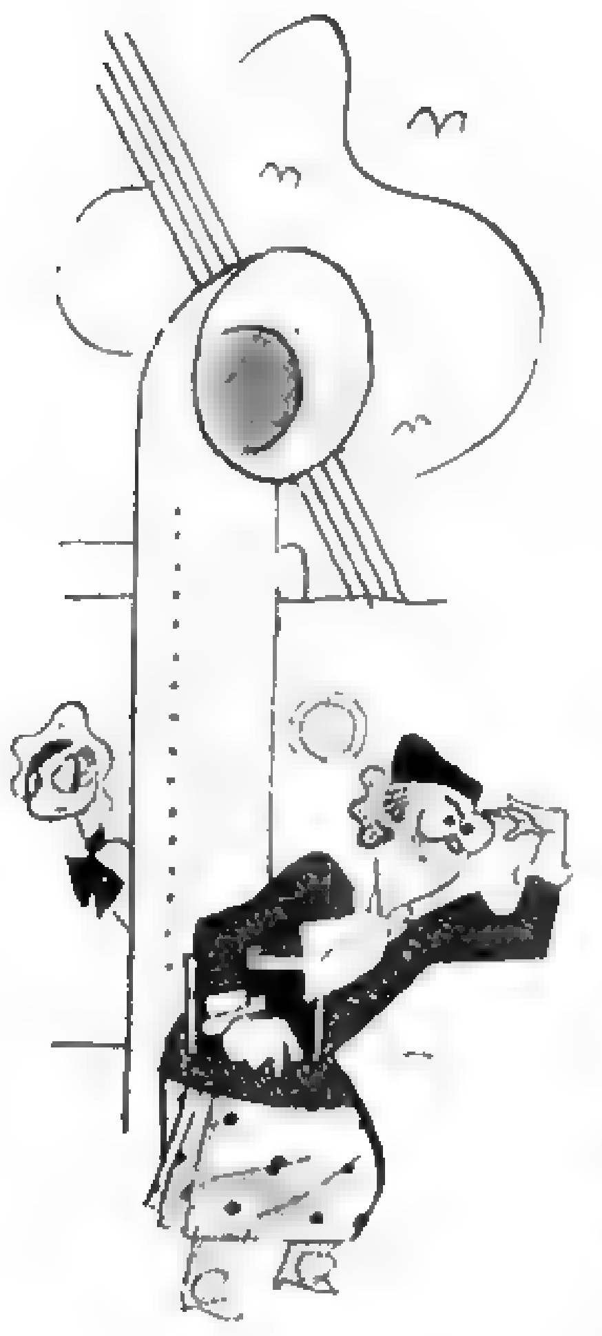
"Pardon, Major, but I thought I smelt perfume in the hall!"

Until George Flies

Move to replace the nursemaid hostess with a Pullman porter who'd let a man enjoy the air

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

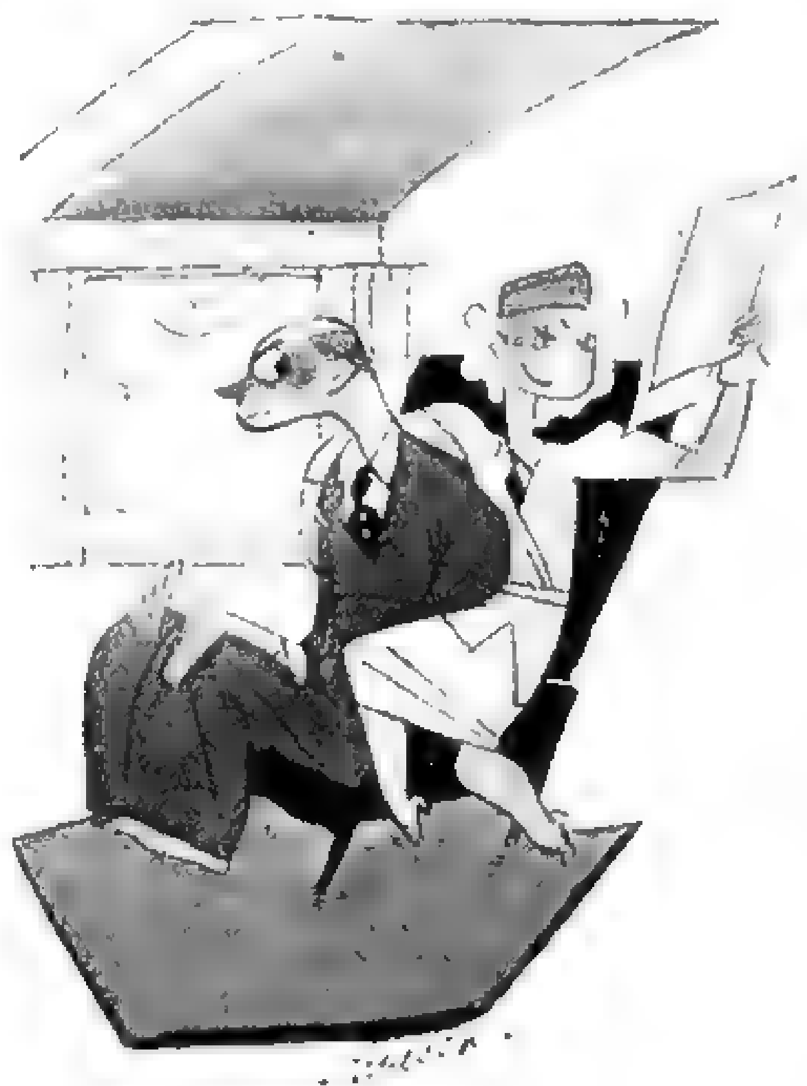


Flying is the only way of getting from one place to another which has developed entirely since women came into their own. (The rumor that they have also come into a good deal of yours and mine is beside the point.) The transcontinental bus is actually a cross between the motor car and the stage-coach, and its social life is altogether pre-suffrage. The airplane is different. Men have perfected the machine—and delivered it, I believe unconsciously, into the hands of women. Perhaps something can still be done about it.

The whole idea that a social life must exist on vehicles and transport strikes me as a bit of feminine charm, one of the bits to which I do not respond with any eagerness. An old railroad man myself, I am accustomed to a grumpy isolation when I travel and my careful statistics indicate that only 3 men in the average Pullman ever engage in conversation with strangers, and of 28 in the commuter's parlor car, only 8, at most, play bridge. Observe the average male as he approaches a train and buys himself barricades of magazines behind which he can hide. Note that women, on trains, are subdued to the general tone of privacy and that the drawing-room (or "solitary") is considered the most luxurious form of railway travel. As for the ordinary day coach, every man's hand is against his brother; the passengers move purposefully through car after car until they can find a seat, as they say, by the window, but the true purpose is to avoid the fellow-traveller. Even if they fail—especially if they fail—men sit in sullen silence beside their companions, nor is the first arrival, by the window, any happier. The sole consolation is the knowledge that no social director or get-together man will arrive to announce a rope-skipping contest on the observation platform, that no hostess will introduce everyone to everyone else (a ghastly procedure!) and that so long as he so desires, man may be alone.

The tradition of the sea is different, since it comes down to us from the days of sailing vessels when a man went on board with the dreadful feeling that he would either have to memorize *Paradise Lost*, like Macaulay on the way to India, or perforce be in the company of a number of strangers for thirty or forty days. Yet conditions have changed and those haughty experienced travelers of whom one always hears, manage to make themselves fairly invisible. Deck tennis and horse-races are optional; you can slip into the salon when movies are shown without showing yourself, and you can always come late to meals. Intent upon privacy, a passenger need only stay below the first full day out of port; after that groups have formed from which he can absent himself without even the suspicion of snobbery or seasickness.

Yet it is from the sea that the air has received its ideas of sociability. The cruise, round-the-world or four-day whoopee, is a modern invention, the democratic equivalent of the rich man's steaming about on the yacht which he, with invariable snootiness, calls a "boat." The supposition is that a congenial company will be formed, and in accordance with sound democratic principles, there seems nothing exceptional in the idea of three hundred congenial men and women foregathering, although not one of the three hundred has more than half a dozen harmonious and sympathetic companions at home. Mutual interest is supposed to bind man to man; and as most human beings have no interests whatever, and only a faint trace of mutuality in their composition, the whole business has to be invented. The log of a cruise becomes an incredible record of social occasions, and through the toy balloons and comic hats one dimly glimpses Singapore, the fjords, and Japan in cherry-blossom time. Still, the psychology is right. Unmitigated sightseeing is more than any intelligent human being can tolerate and the petitioner for space on a cruise is deliberately putting aside four or a hundred days of his or her life to engage in new and light occupations with people who are, as he or she correctly believes, different from the ones at home.



The invention of entertainment led to the invention of the cruise-director, to whom was promptly added the cruise hostess. With a hundred or more people to corral, these two take a considerable time making the rounds, giving to the less companionable ones, time to find all the hideaways, dungeons, and oubliettes on the boat, so that when the comic relay races are announced, the hold or the even more neglected library can be used for escape. The born cruisers have a good time and those who prefer a sort of submarine existence manage reasonably well.

The difference in the air is that there is neither time nor space for any communal effort—and there is no place to hide. Except that you are in the air with them, your fellow passengers can mean nothing to you because you can barely see them, cannot talk to them without discomfort to yourself, and generally are indifferent to their names and natures. But once the idea of a hostess is impressed upon you, you begin to see to what limits human ingenuity can go. The threat is held over you even before you arrive at the airport, because the chauffeur introduces you to (and in the West makes you acquainted with) your fellow motorists from the office to the landing field. You lose these by the chance seating arrangements in the plane and the hostess begins her work. You meet the young woman opposite at once; others as they pass your seat while the hostess perches nattily on the side; still others at each landing, en route. You are one big happy family. Yes.

But as there is really no communication possible, it is the hostess who relays everything. She is nurse if you want aspirin and waiter if you want coffee and she is willing to ask the pilot if you want information. On those points she is perfect, but she will not rest there. She discusses your sensations with you and presently you hear her telling what you said to someone two seats ahead. She discusses politics and business conditions. She becomes peculiarly clear-toned at about four in the afternoon when all but one of the passengers wish to doze off in preparation for another three hours of flight, and you suddenly realize that the great mistake in airplane construction is soundproofing; if only the engine were roaring, you couldn't hear the hostess. When she has banished sleep and irritated you out of all pleasure in the view, she begins to make you comfortable, gently and firmly taking your chair out from under you, by some trick gadget, and fixing it so that it is just the wrong angle for your body. You begin to see why, at the beginning of each flight, she checks the number of passengers with a list in her hand: she wants to divide her time exactly evenly among her victims. (I also suspect that she has to take a little time to learn how to mispronounce your name.)

It is my idea that flying will not be perfect transportation until George flies, until the Pullman porter, the most agreeable, self-effacing, thoughtful, and unobtrusive of all traveling companions, can be found on every plane. I suggest further that planes be divided into fore and aft cabins (as some of the giant planes abroad

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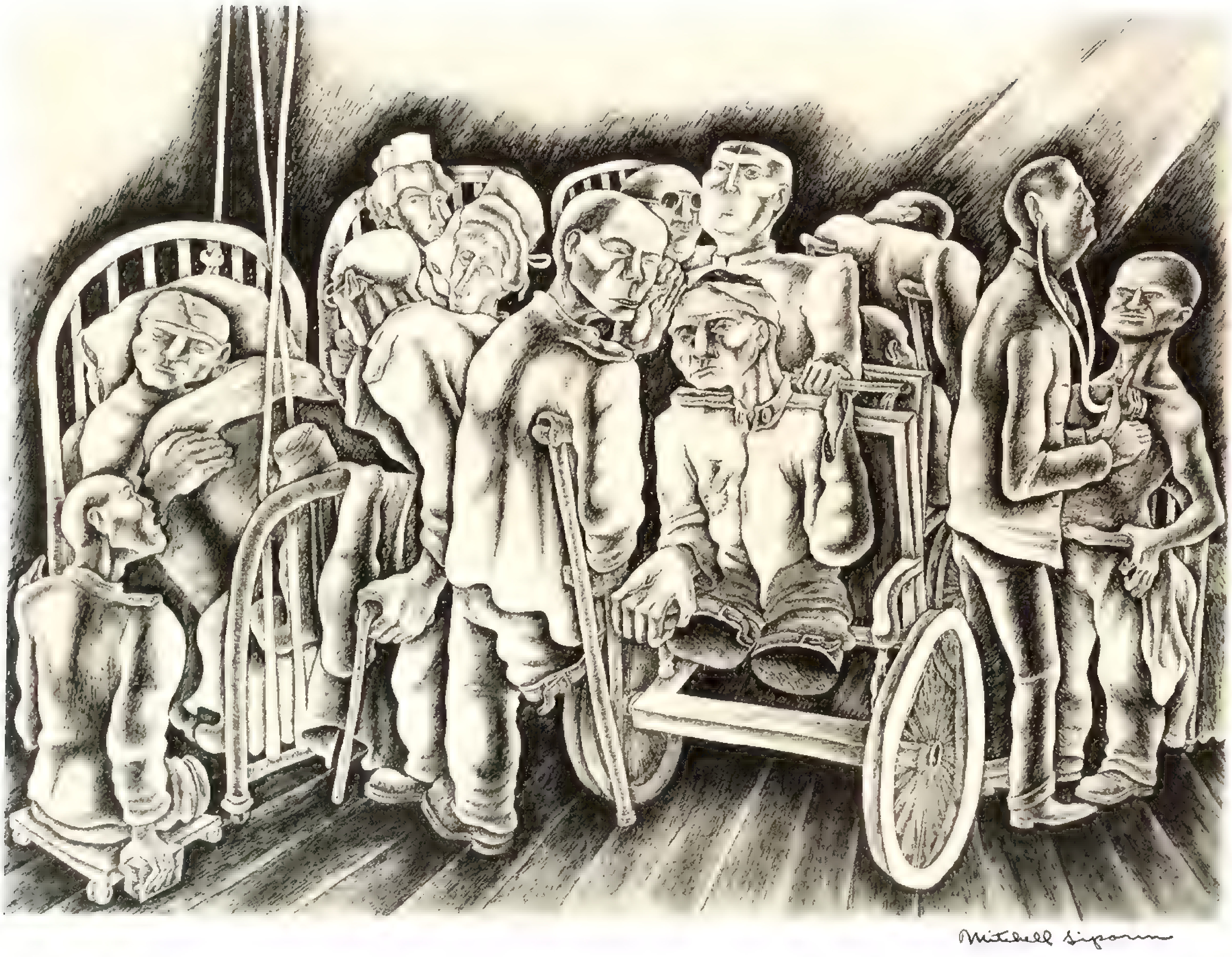


For Merit, for Valor, in the Name of Connaught's Daughter

by EX. SGT. G. G. LAWSON, 1832—Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry

Once again I have been admitted, this time a stretcher case. And, like all other military hospitals from Vancouver to Halifax, the place seems familiar to me and, as I am being transferred to a clean, white bed, I see a group of old faces gather around with their eyes popping out, ready to ask me all sorts of questions the moment the nurse has made me comfortable. This is my fifth time in hospital since the War. And some of the old faces are familiar, but they have changed so much I can hardly recognize them. They are old—yes, they look very old—finished and burnt completely out. In a special wheel chair in the middle of the ward, and recognizing me, is Kelly. But what has happened to him since the last time we met in another hospital out West? He has no legs at all now—and one of his hands is off at the wrist. The last time I saw him, he only had one leg off above the knee, and he could get around like lightning, jumping over the cots. And raise hell! Gangrene has him, so he tells me, and every now and then they chop off another piece. His wife comes for him and carries him on to the street car like a helpless baby. He pays no fare. Amps don't pay fares on street cars. How much longer will he last, God knows. The others all look so haggard, in a maze, like lost souls. They are dying off fast. The flag is at half mast every other day. And they see the morgue wagon and ambulances come and go . . . who's next?

Pensions are small and the hospital is a good refuge for most of them, especially in the winter. Here they can get new strength and determination to face the world once again. But one by one they nearly all come back.

A lot of them get here too late and leave feet first via the pine box. They are not fit to endure an operation. Ill and half starved. They look like hell. One tall, thin six-footer had been here four months. He used to walk up and down all day hanging on to his guts. He looked like a cadaver. And today he is one. They sent him away in an ambulance to be operated, but they sent him back three days ago. The specialist would not take a chance. He did not have enough blood in his long thin body to stand it. This morning he died at four o'clock. And when we woke up, the flag was again at half mast. And in the drizzling rain it looked like an old wet rag.—next?—

The old nurses are also getting their share of it. They are no longer fresh and young as in the War days. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since then. A lot of them are dead. Some are sick and laid up. And they are not replaced as the rank and file of veterans for whom they worked and lived are fast thinning out. Some of them are still pretty. With the help of a little rouge they fight the ravages of tide and time, but it is a losing fight, and most of them look like old work-worn angels, carrying on automatically. But they will carry on till the last one of us is gone. Like a mother who puts her brood to bed and then goes wearily herself. Some carry decorations. For Merit. For Valor. For long Service. And for bravery under shell fire. Some are good, sweet and kind. Some are too sweet. Others are of the regimental sergeant major type and don't seem to get anywhere with the Old Vets who have had enough of it all, and make targets of them for every little thing that goes wrong.

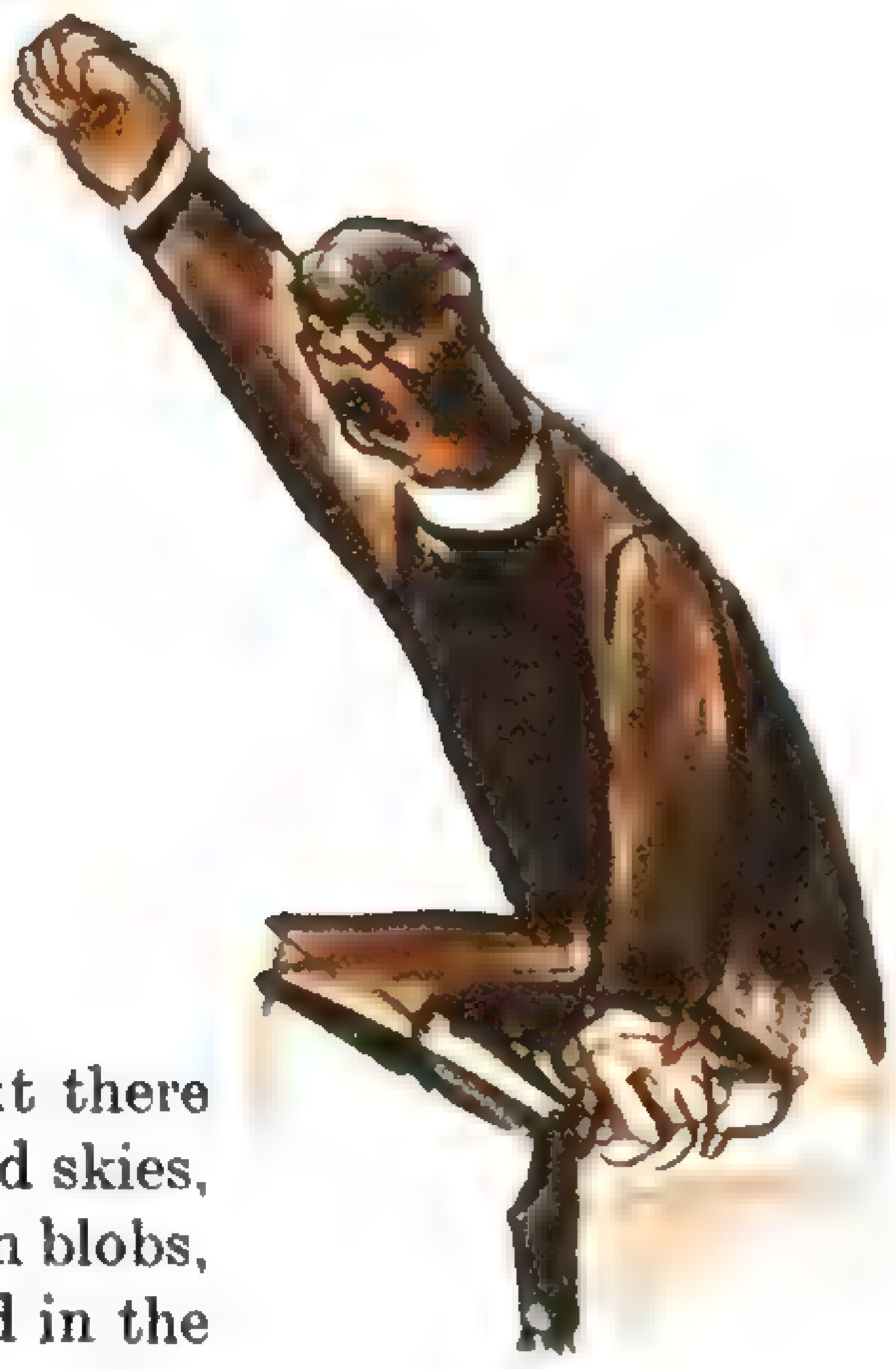
The doctors are younger, and seem to have been chosen by the government especially for the job. They also have some queer cases. One fellow here, a French-Canadian habitant, had them guessing for a long while. He is back and forth, in and out of hospital with an old leg wound that does not seem to heal. I have seen him at times picking at it, and hastily rebandaging it when the nurse or doctor would be coming along. His farm does not pay. He is broke, and his hospital pay and allowance is much better than farming in these hard times. So he farms his wound, and it paid but he finally got caught. Without any help from me. And so it goes on till last post sounds for the last one of us—

In My Father's House

It may be easy to pass in the outer world but there's a world where a man has to be his self

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪



Jeb Schuyler's shiny eyes glinted martyrdom when, from the unpainted pine pulpit, he called down dark destruction upon the oppressors. He was a fine-shoutin', clear-headed preacher of the gospel, his God a regal judge and repository of the ultimate wisdom, and when he talked about de Lo'd the folks sweating out front in their Sunday colors added satisfactory amens. He was inclined to weigh the burdens of his people on scales of logic, however, and this the cotton niggers didn't like. They came to bask in divine benevolence. Complaining to the Almighty that his black children were the downtrodden victims of cruelty and prejudice, Jeb Schuyler filled his congregation with uneasiness. Sweet Jesus was a lowly workman, they thought, and God chose Him as His Son.

"When," cried the tall, bony minister, "do we rise up in ouer mighty wrath an' smite the men which oppress us, like the Great Jehovah done done to the Philistines? When do we smite prejudice from the worl', brethern? What right has one man to say he is bettern another? Is we forever to be the slaves of toil? Is we forever to kneel—"

Ranny Schuyler bowed his pale face behind the sweet-smelling rail. His father's words distressed a corner of his brain, as they did the congregation. He, too, liked emotion and not logic. He didn't feel downtrodden. He had never got prejudiced by white folks. Twarnt right always to be calling down the devil on . . . ah, but now Daddy Jeb was singin' word-music again. He'd forgotten about smitin' the Philistines. He was inheritin' the meek, as Ranny put it to himself.

"Low is we in the sight of all but God, brethern, but ony sinners in His eyes. Yea, but sinner kin sing. We is the black people o' consolation, the Jews in Egyp, the meek which shall inherit the yearth. Swing low, sweet chariot, an' ketch up souls. A voice cryeth, 'Wherefor art thou sad?' We answereth in a chorus: 'We ain't sad; laughter and love streameth from ouer hearts. We forgives them which would crucify us and love thy neighbor as yo'self. De Lo'd is good and powerful, say Amen. De Lo'd is good—shout Amen!"

"Amen!"

"Crucify us on a crown o' thorns. Oh Jesus, we are thine chil'rin. Praise de Lo'd!"

"—De Lo'd!"

"Oh, blessed be the po' in spirit, fo' they shall inherit the yearth. Sing Amen!"

"Amen, Jesus."

"Oh, Chris', raise de bloody haids, raise de bannah o' vic'try, march on to the shoutin' o' the anguls, for we is cast out o' Egyp. We sing hymn nummer eighty-fo'."

As the magic choir of voices raised their music in thanks for the privilege of devotion, Ranny, too, gave thanks. Thanks that he was the son of black Jeb Schuyler. It was magnificent to be a Negro. Hearts beat in the open, love of life welled up into lyric thanksgiving, simple beauty throbbed in their bosoms. Ranny was so light in color that, to his confusion, he had often been mistaken for white. Once an old darkie had stepped into the gutter in town to let him pass. He became ill and couldn't eat. Then Jeb had wormed out of him the cause of his malady. His sickening emotion had given way to terror at his father's unaccountable anger. Schuyler had turned grey under his dark skin, and some devil struggled to loose itself. Then he had put his lean face on Ranny's shoulder and, strangely, wept. He did not say a word.

This was all long ago. Jeb Schuyler still had the long livid scar across his cheek, result of an expression of opinion at a political meeting, that had gone with the threat of tar and feathers if he did not leave the town. They had fled, Jeb and the moon-eyed little Ran, and his consumptive mother, to New York. But there were still hot baked skies, clayey loam, cotton blobs, and raw pine wood in the boy's recollection of his birthplace, thick tobacco leaves and dancing nigger heads. He remembered cottony smocks below waving black crowns, and liked the memory. People didn't hum croony-like in this Harlem, though. Didn't laugh right out boom or weep god-outrageously for the dead, jealous of the cole, cole groun'.

Skies faded into halcyon unsmoked blue, and wood into perfumed pine, memories becoming untainted loveliness. Those dancing dark heads were pageant-y now. A boy was too young to listen to undertones, black man's excitement, hysteria. "Cain't" faded into "can't." This city within a world was a political entity entitled to respect. Sometimes all that distinguished a Negro, apparently, was the color of his skin. He unconsciously mastered the distinction between "Mistuh" and "Mister," "yassuh" and "yessir," "sho do" and "sure do."

There was a sudden smile that lit Ranny's cheeks up that people liked. In the school which Jeb had brought him to his muscles careened around the football field joyously and, kicked and skidding on his ear, he grinned happily, enjoying the admiration of his fellows. He sometimes wondered, shamefully, what they'd have thought if they knew, when darkness came, he bolted his door and reveled in the perennial enchantment of Grimm and Andersen. The twinkling fairies were magic children like the ones in the stories his mother used to tell, princes and knights were hopes and wishes, and fables the dreams of his people. He went on to books, and found the adventure that made ambition cry out in his soul for expression. He went to the ends of the earth with Rider Haggard, and sailed back before the mast of a schooner-rigged pirate. He identified himself with Caesar, Cellini, Shakespeare, Dessalines, and Booker T. Washington, finally begging his father to send him to college to study engineering.

Jeb still held his meetings, though now in a little brick church wedged in between two teeming apartments. Instead of logic, hatred had crept into his father's divine arguments. He would beat the oaken pulpit with his knotty fist, shouting destruction down upon the heads of those enemies of his race who were determined to keep them in subjection, economically, politically, socially.

"Yo' come here lookin' fo' the mercy o' Jesus! Why-fo' should Jesus have mercy

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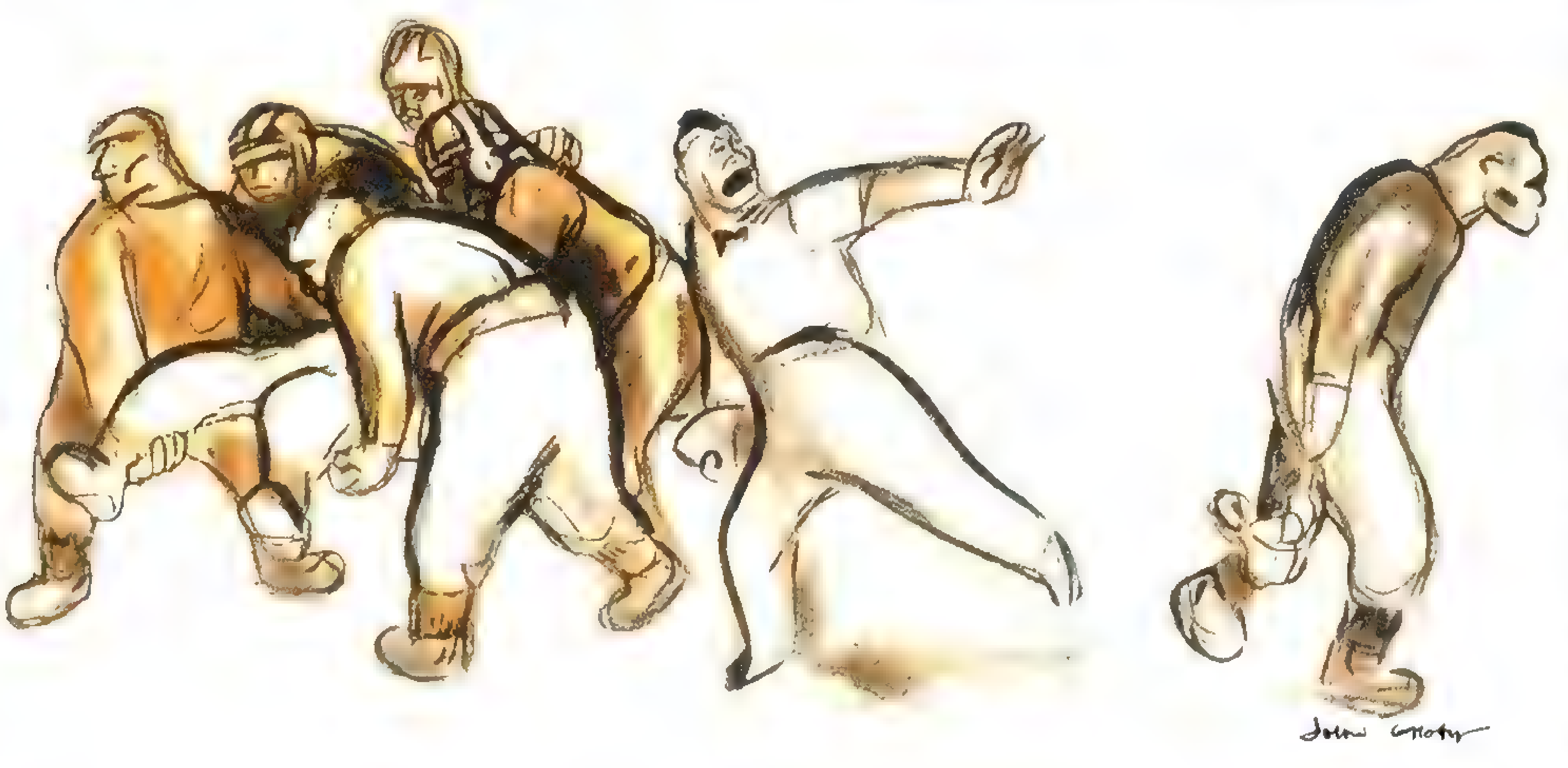
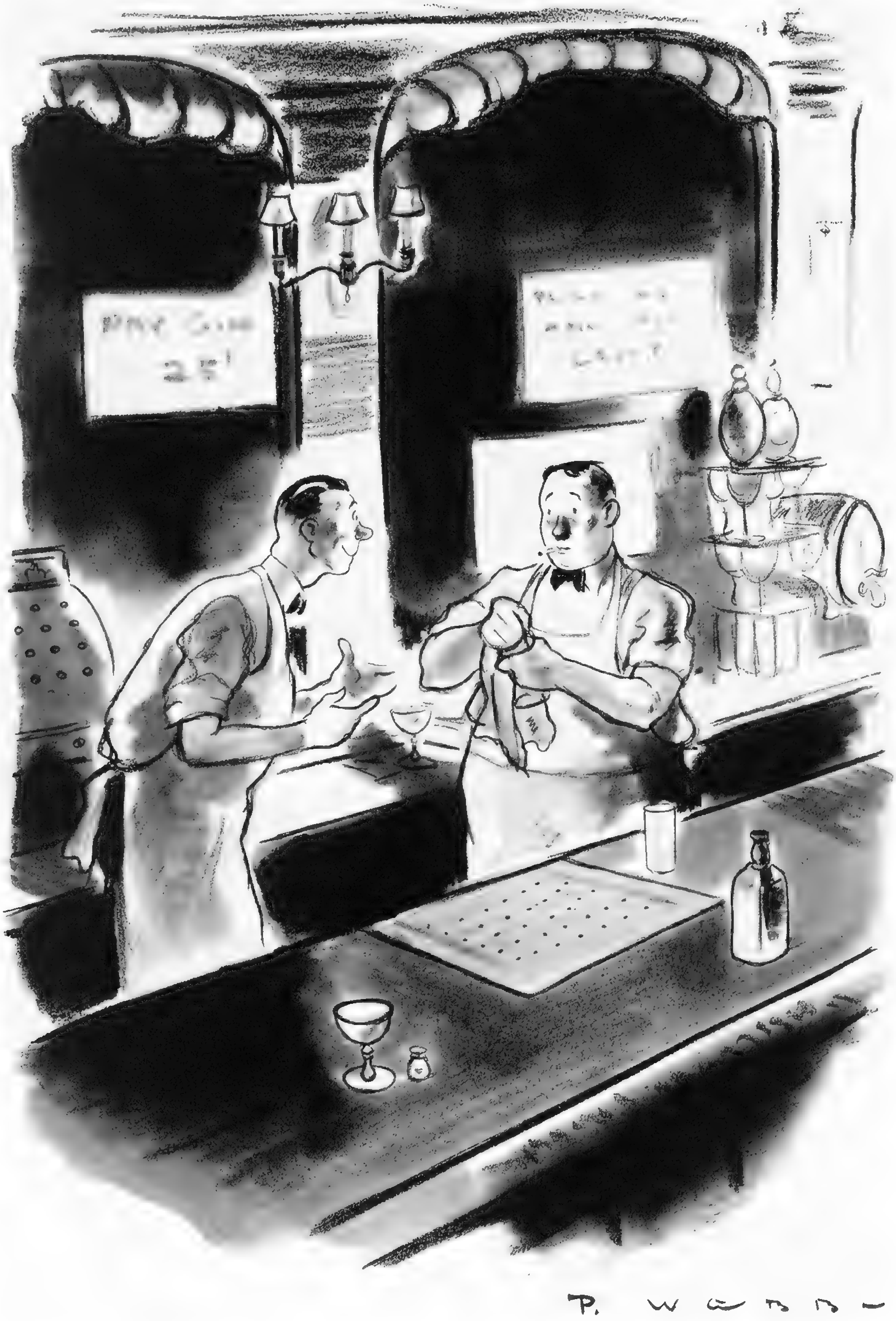




"It was fun though—raids—fights with prohibition agents—shootings—hot dawg!"

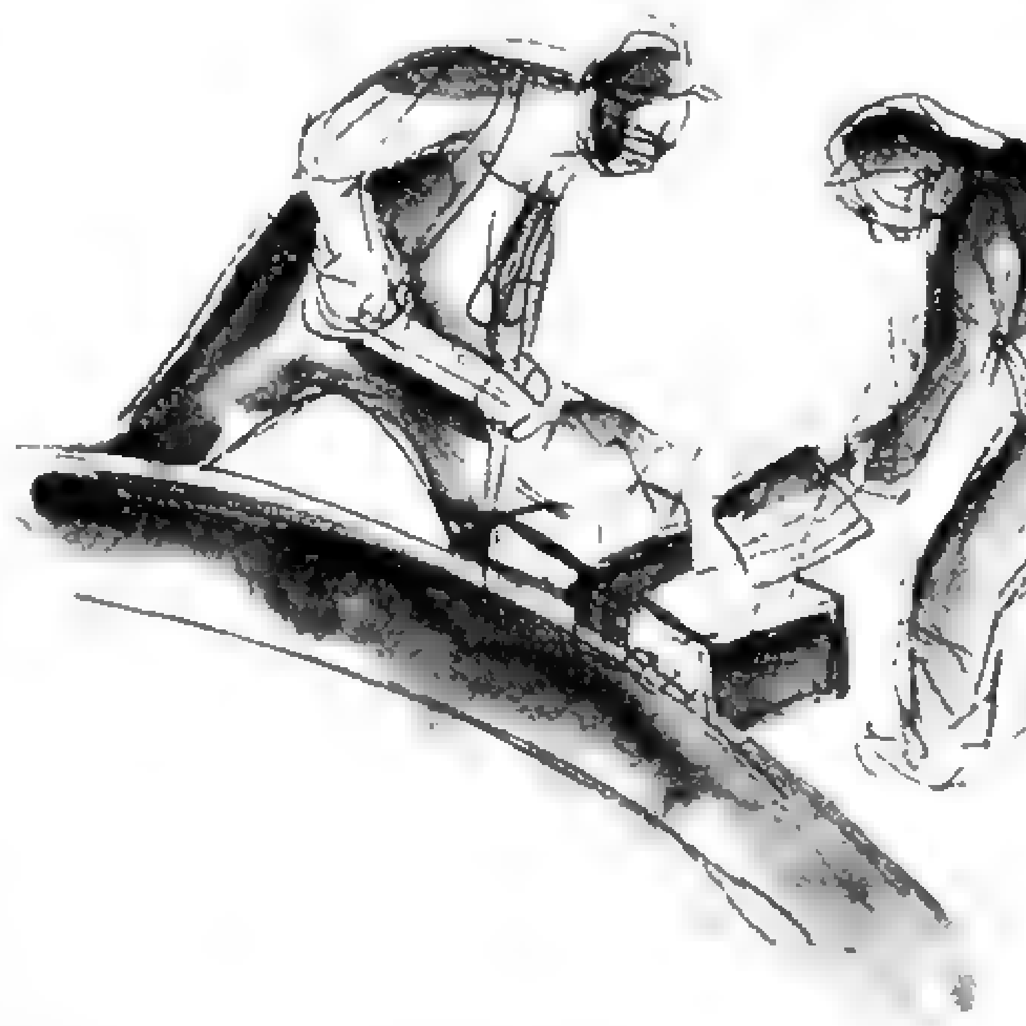
I Work in the Powder

Explosion hangs over the nitro plant, strikes inexplicably, and survivors go on working

by J. E. CHRISMAN

• ARTICLE •

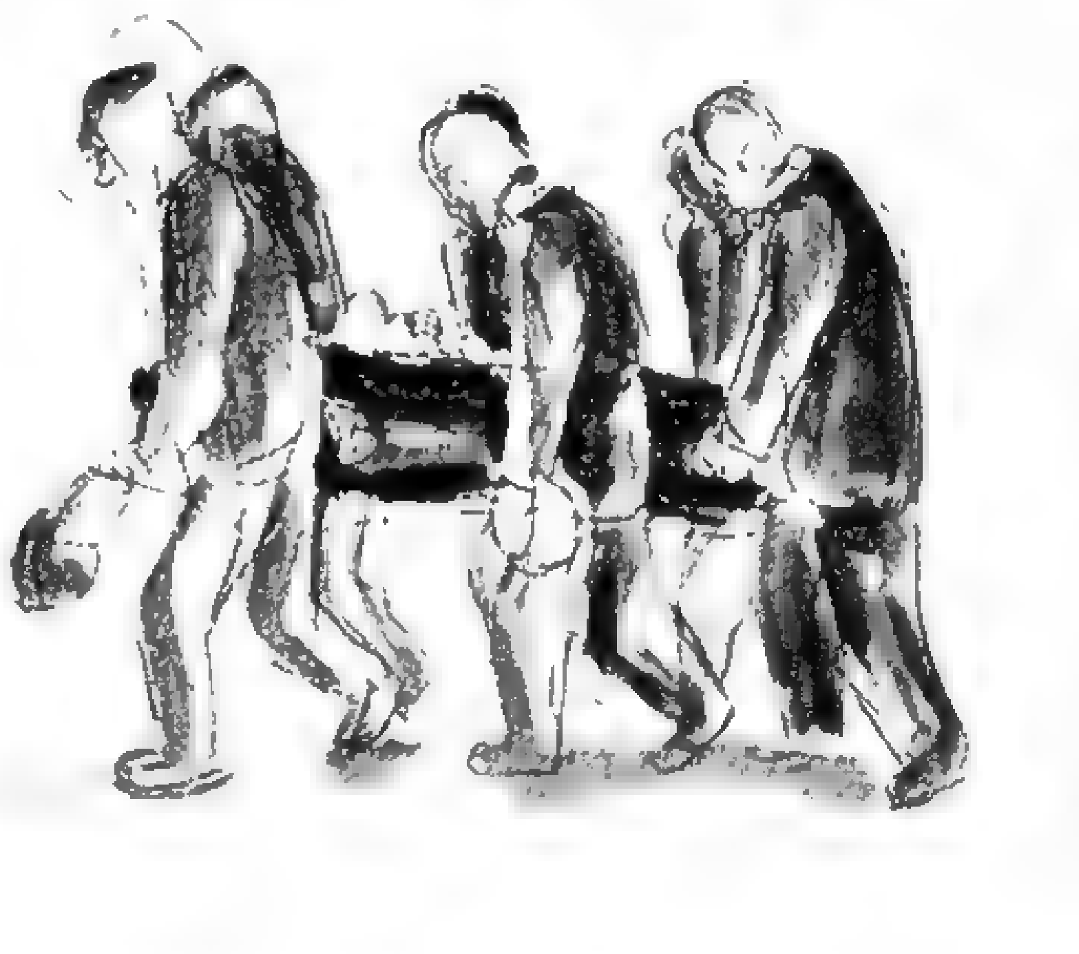
It was a very nice funeral. The company sent flowers, as they always did, when a man had worked for them ten years or more. It was a nice funeral but I never knew which we buried the most of, "Boney" Davis or his old mule, "Hell's Bells." After the "Hearse" went up, the day before, just in front of our barricade, we had picked up a fifty pound powder box half full of meat. There was no way of telling which was "Boney" and which was the mule. As a usual thing, when a man goes up in a dynamite explosion, there isn't that much to bury. There is usually only his Sunday clothes to put in the coffin for the widow and kids to cry over.



The explosion of the "Hearse" was my first blow-up. It made me turn blue around the gills but I stuck. But perhaps I'd better tell you how I came to be working in the powder.

I ran away from home when I was eleven and went to punching cattle in a northern Canadian cow camp. I carried a surveyor's chain into the Peace River Valley with the first government survey party and was away from civilization for two years. I had dug coal in a low vein mine, carried out trays at night from a cheap hash-house in Kansas City to the whore-houses, followed the harvest from Kansas to Manitoba and bummed my way over most of the country by the time I was seventeen. I had seen men die in many horrible ways, under the wheels of freight cars, frozen sitting up in the Canadian winters when it was sixty-five below, crushed beneath coal falls, and one or two shot and stabbed in brawls. I was hard, too hard for a kid of just seventeen.

But anyhow I went to work in the dynamite. There was something in my blood, after what I had gone through, to make me want to keep close to the sharp edge of danger. I could tell about many strange characters I met and worked with in the powder but it's the making of powder and the dangers of it that you want to know.



We will call the little town where I boarded and where nearly every man worked in the powder, Abbott, in spite of the fact that Abbott isn't its real name. It was about a mile from the Mississippi river, snuggled in the bluffs and the plant was in another group of hills, up the C. B. & Q. tracks a mile and a half.

My first job was in the gelatin packing house. In fact I never worked anywhere else during my more than two years in the powder. That was bad enough. I went through six explosions and saw something like thirty of my pals and buddies blown to Kingdom Come.

A lot has been written about dangerous occupations, the men who work high in steel, and in the steel mills to make it, the dangers of the coal mines and of a score of other hazardous industries but I am writing for the first time, as an eye witness, of the greatest industrial heroes of them all, the men who make the dynamite. But call one of them a hero and he'd smack you down.

For six days a week, eight hours a day, the lives of every man and boy on a powder plant are in danger. Powder is tricky. You know it will blow up but even the oldest powder man doesn't know exactly when it might go and why. When a man leaves his family to report for work in a steel mill, on a railroad or a skyscraper, he is likely to come home that night, all in one piece. A powder man's family never can be sure. I've seen strong, hard men, on the morning after an explosion, have to drink a quart of whiskey before they could get up enough nerve to return to the plant.

A powder plant looks very much like any other factory. There is nothing spectacular about it except the barricades built around the houses. A barricade is a big crib, built of 12x12 timbers around a powder house and then filled in with dirt and rocks. The idea is that if that one house goes up, the barricade sends the force of the explosion straight up and it doesn't set off any of the others.

There was a big power house near the tracks and a general office, but that was all. A switch train came down daily from Hannibal, bringing a few powder workers and doing the switching of the loaded cars of powder. The houses in which the powder is made were set back in the hollows of the hills, another protection against explosions. The only thing very much in sight was the big tank which held 3500 gallons of nitro-glycerin when full.

We all walked up the tracks to the plant each morning and back home each night. Our tobacco, papers or pipes and matches, we hid in a tin box under the culvert where we turned off. We changed at a wash-house into a coverall with no pockets and rubber-soled shoes. The officials would come in on a match search, just in case one of the boys wanted to smoke during hours, and it meant you were barred permanently from all powder plants of that company if they caught you with one.

My work in the gelatin packing house was with three other men, one whose name I don't remember but the other two were "Dutch" Ploesser, the foreman, and Gene Holland. They went up, "Dutch" and Gene, when the oil store house blew up, two years later, with 3500 of nitro. Our job was to pack the sticks of powder in pine boxes, nail them shut and load them into the truck which took them to the magazine but before I go into that, let me tell you something of the business of making dynamite.

I'm not a technical man and will miss plenty of points but I can at least give you a rough idea. We got acid in from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and put it through various processes until it came out pure nitro. I never worked on the acid line where the fumes often knocked the men's lungs out and they wore silk clothing because the acids ate wool or cotton and burned their bodies.

When the nitro had been piped to the oil store house, it was ready to mix with the other ingredients which form dynamite. There is the difference between dry and gelatin powder that the gelatin is wet, like putty, and made in much less quantities for special uses where a heavy but slow

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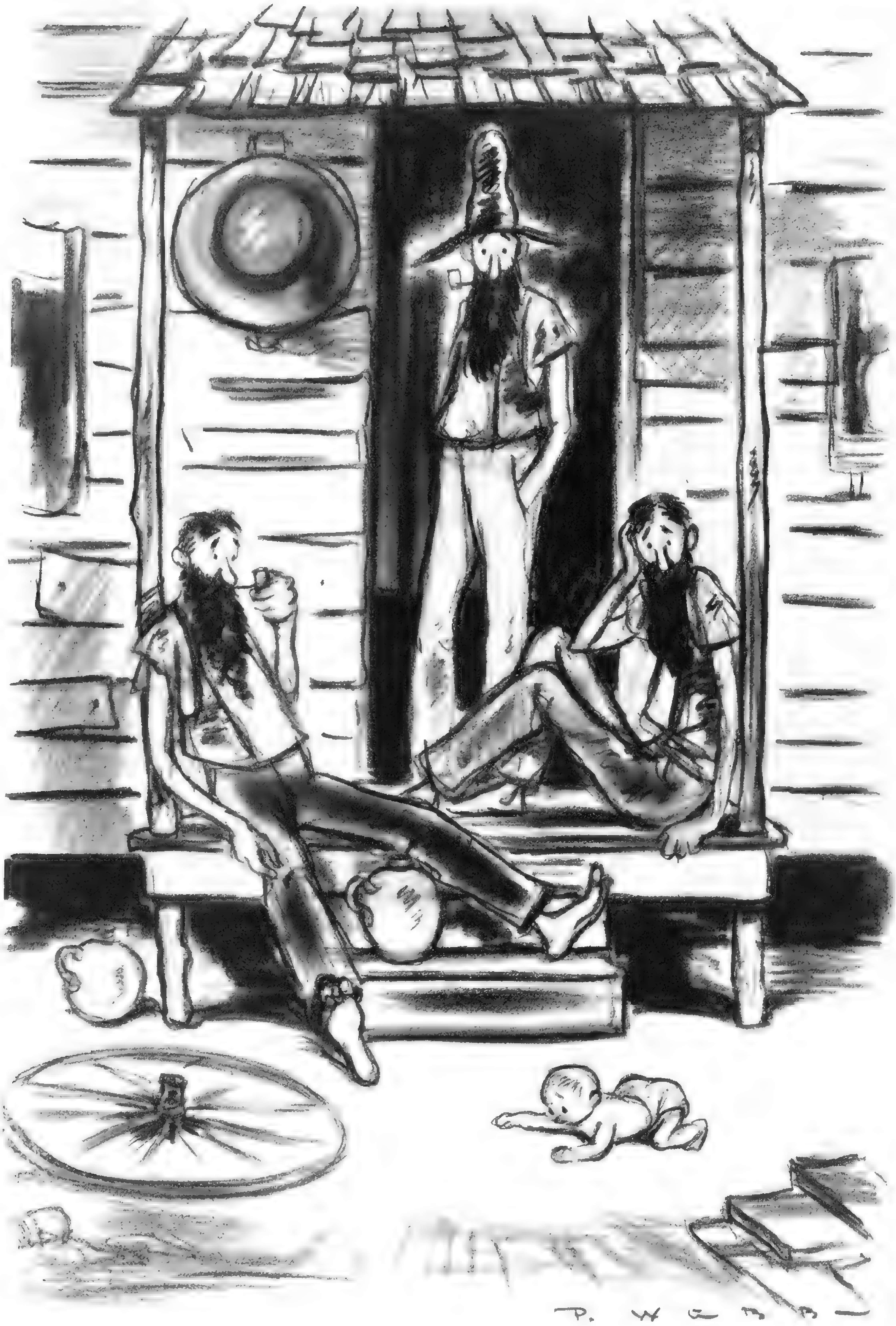


"That's yer Oncle Rafe — Gran'maw jest had 'im the other day"

Along With Me

Of the drowning man who will not reach for a plank because he has to let go of his straw

by CHARLES O'NIELL

• FICTION •

THE old man didn't know I was a newspaperman. It was just getting dark and he had stopped on the steps for a minute to talk to the downstairs roomer. I had seen him coming in and out once or twice, stooped under the big bundle of laundry. His wife did the washing for our landlady.

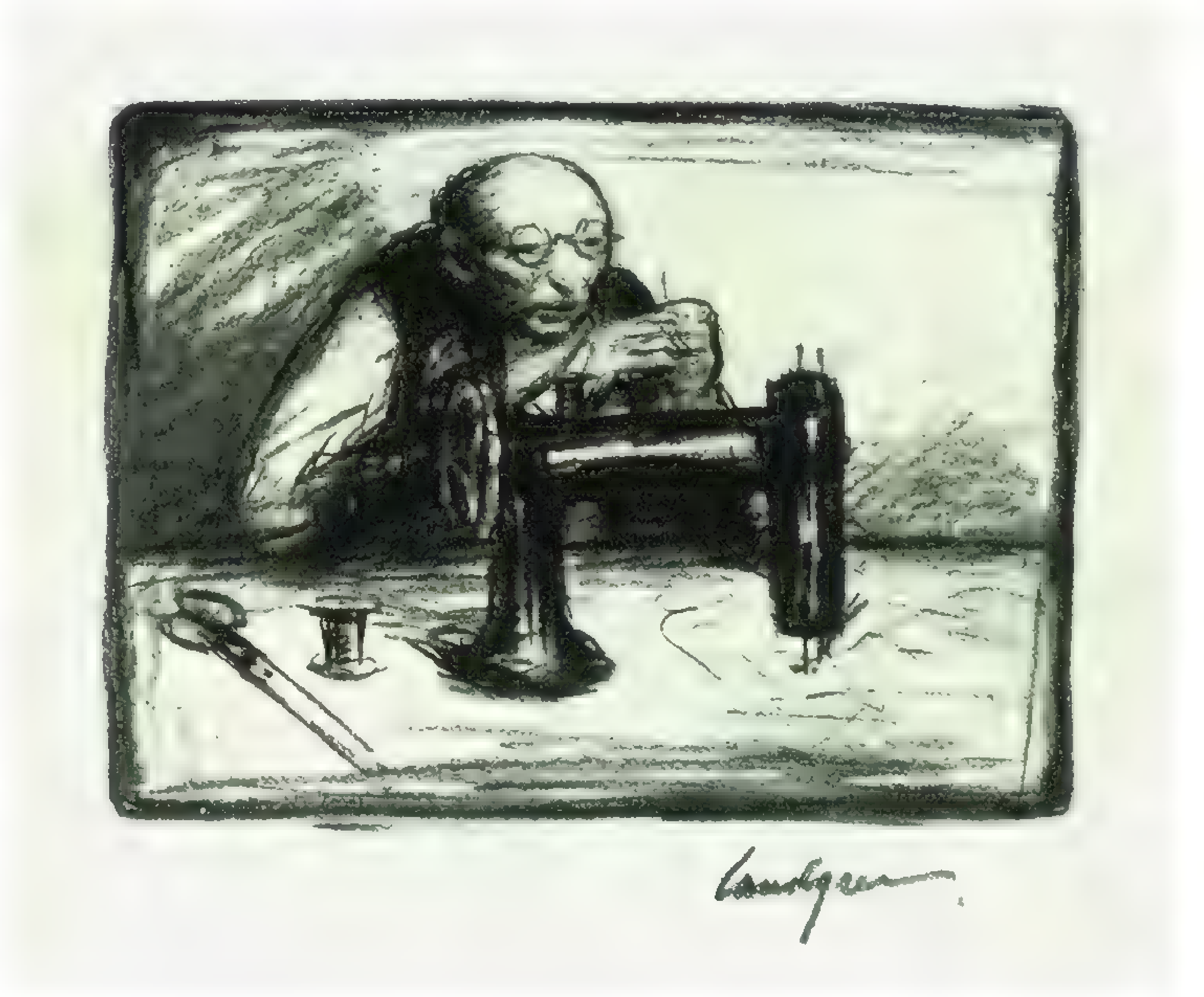
"And now it gets worse even," he was saying. "I am on the machine and it will be only three dollars and this ten or twenty cents."

He was very old. Behind the thick glasses his eyes blinked and strained as if he had just come from a dark cellar into the sun. The patch on the elbow of his coat was stitched on so carefully that it might have been re-woven into the material. He made a movement that must have been meant for a shrug. Instead, his shoulders seemed to settle.

"And I am to think it is lucky," he said. "They say as near seventy as I am I should be cut up with the rags."

There was almost no complaint in his voice. Complaint, no matter how passive, involves some shred of resistance and he seemed free even of that. But there was a patient, puzzled quality in his tone that made me stop and listen to him. It wasn't the childish, querulous bewilderment of an old man. To reach that, a man has to pass through a period in which he believes he understands things to his own satisfaction. Through that he is able to contrast present mystifications with past certainties. Mr. Ehbling, as I learned his name was, seemed never to have lost the simple bewilderment he was born with. If he had, it didn't show in the slow, wondering phrases in which he told his story.

Mr. Ehbling was a tailor. In earlier years, just after coming from Germany, he had been a cutter in a big shop in New York. He had made almost enough money to set up a shop of his own. That was just before the war. He had talked it over with a friend, another tailor; he had talked about it with the owner of a building. If something or other had gone a little differently, the deal would have been made. Whether it was the operation his daughter needed or whether they treated German tailors the way they treated German butchers during the war, the deal wasn't made. Instead, Mr. Ehbling came to Bridgeport a few years later to take a job in a dress shop.



The dress shop was one of the hundreds of out-of-state places run by New York cloak and suit men. Some of them are named after flowers—the Rose Dress Shop, the Lily Suitmakers, or Daisy Dresses, Inc.—others are called Bon Ton, Glory Clothes Company, Paree Models or La Belle. They are never named after the men who own them. Sometimes their labels appear on the adorable little models that smart housewives pick up for next to nothing at sales—"You won't *believe* me when I tell you the price, my dear"—and sometimes the labels are left blank for the name of the local store to be stamped in. Outside of the occasions when checks are to be made out to someone by buyers, the names of the owners appear as seldom as a breath of fresh air in their lofts. It is often necessary for a quick-thinking businessman to close up shop in a hurry or at least change the firm name and, besides, real names hardly look fancy enough for the trade.

Mr. Ehbling had worked in five of these shops since coming to Bridgeport. He could not remember all the names. In one of them, the first or second, they made underwear as well as dresses. He had noticed that the size tags sewn in were very long. This seemed curious until he saw a stock room boy filling an order one day. The order called for twelve dozen bloomers in three colors and four sizes. Ehbling, passing through the stock room, saw the stock boy hunting through the stacks. There was one dozen nile 36's left and the order called for two dozen. The boy, new to the job and proud of his skill, was glad to show the old Dutchman how it was done.

There were plenty of nile bloomers in size 38. The boy took them from the box, pulled a scissors from his pocket and snipped the numbers from the ends of the long tags. From another pocket of his apron he took a rubber stamp, set it at 36, and stamped size 36 on the space remaining on the tags. Triumphantly, he put the re-sized bloomers back in the box, rubbed the pencilled 38 from the box cover, stamped it 36, placed the box with the regular one and checked off the two dozen nile 36 on his order list.

"Women don't know what size they are around there," he told the old man. "They'll think they're losing fat."

Ehbling saw this done hundreds of times later under orders but he still remembered how the boy had winked.

"Women don't know what size they are around there," he repeated to me in wonderment. "That's what this little boy said."

In those years he had been making fifteen, eighteen and sometimes twenty dollars a week. It was not bad for an old tailor in his sixties, even if the hours were long and nobody cared about his skill with the shears and needle. A seam must be sewed quickly. If it could be sewed quickly and straight, all right. If there was time for only one of these, it must be quickly. Almost never in the years Mr. Ehbling worked in the Bridgeport dress shops had there been time for a seam to be finished carefully.

Sometimes, when someone in politics happened to remember just before election time about the nearsighted and tubercular girls turned out by the Glory companies along with the classy $1.98 models, there would be a stir in the shops. Some would change names, some would close down for a week or two at night and send the girls and old tailors out with extra armloads of work to be done at home.

One of the shop managers had an even brighter idea. He opened a club for his workers in another loft, two rooms for women and one for men. In each room was a checker board and in the corner of one room an old victrola used to play three songs over and over again. Here the finishers could bring their piece work and have contests to see who could finish up the most dresses. It wasn't regular work, because it

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The Academic Approach

It requires an advanced moral philosophy to appreciate the conjunctivity of man and woman

by BEN KERN

▪ SATIRE ▪

I had spent the winter trying to be an effective preceptor, earn my Ph.D., and also do what I could to prevent the undergraduate brother Zeta Zeta Zetas from regarding me in a distasteful manner. I had this advantage: in my day I had known some very good preceptors. So I tried merely to be effective, which means that I gave freely of my head as a stepping stone to the passing "C" and let the boys arrive at Great Moral Truths unassisted, at least by preaching—at least my preaching.

When Affeld came to me with his problem, I was more surprised than flattered. I had never really believed that students really did go to preceptors with personal problems, although as a matter of form they were urged to do so, and even if I had believed it, I would still have been surprised at Affeld. He studied chemical engineering. Sometimes when I watched him across the table, observing the action of his lean jaws on the salad, I imagined that I could hear the numbers click as the formulas juggled and disentangled themselves behind his bleak eyes. What else he thought about, I could not imagine, but I was sure that it submitted to his logic.

I had no idea what the heavy thinker was up to when he confronted me in my second floor room on an afternoon early in May. I had one of the corner rooms facing on the avenue. I sat by the open window with my back to the sun and watched him as he carefully fitted himself into one of my upholstered but straight-backed arm chairs. Leaning forward with his elbows on the chair arms, he touched his finger-tips in a discursive manner. All this looked merely like the beginning of a peculiar technique for passing the time of day.

"I liked the way you talked to McKee this morning," he said.

I tried to remember how I had talked to McKee and what I had talked to him about. McKee, who wanted to be considered an amatory expert, tried to achieve this end by the simple method of recounting his exploits in detail at the breakfast table. Now I remembered having told McKee that the hypothesis of his ability might be more generally accepted if he talked less about it. I pointed out that although the talking might be more fun than the doing, silence would more than repay him in added prestige, in the long run. Prestige wilted under too obvious cultivation. He should restrict himself to more subtle methods, like plucking blonde hairs from his lapel and wearing rouge-stained collars. Affeld's colorless grey eyes stared through me and through the mesh curtains fluttering at the window.

He went on in a level monotone. He seemed to confine his efforts to the formulation of thoughts and to be satisfied with the mere mechanical reproduction of them, without the trivial modulations and inflections. He said:

"People like McKee should be severely dealt with. They stultify the most beautiful thing in life."

"Yes," I said, not quite sure what he was driving at.

"I have often thought of it," he said. "It must be ineffably beautiful."

"What?" I asked him.

Affeld formed his words carefully, and this time he achieved emphasis by pausing between words and amplifying the word "complete." He said, "The *complete* conjunctivity of man and woman."

To his rather academic approach to the subject, I responded with a nod, suitably grave. Affeld hesitated. Now that we were agreed on the beauty of conjunctivity, he appeared to be stumped.

He said at last, "I have been thinking that it's time I was beginning to acquire experience. It's a fault of mine that I am prone to neglect the practical. This is a shortcoming. Theory has always had too strong a fascination for me."

"Maybe that's a virtue," I remarked.

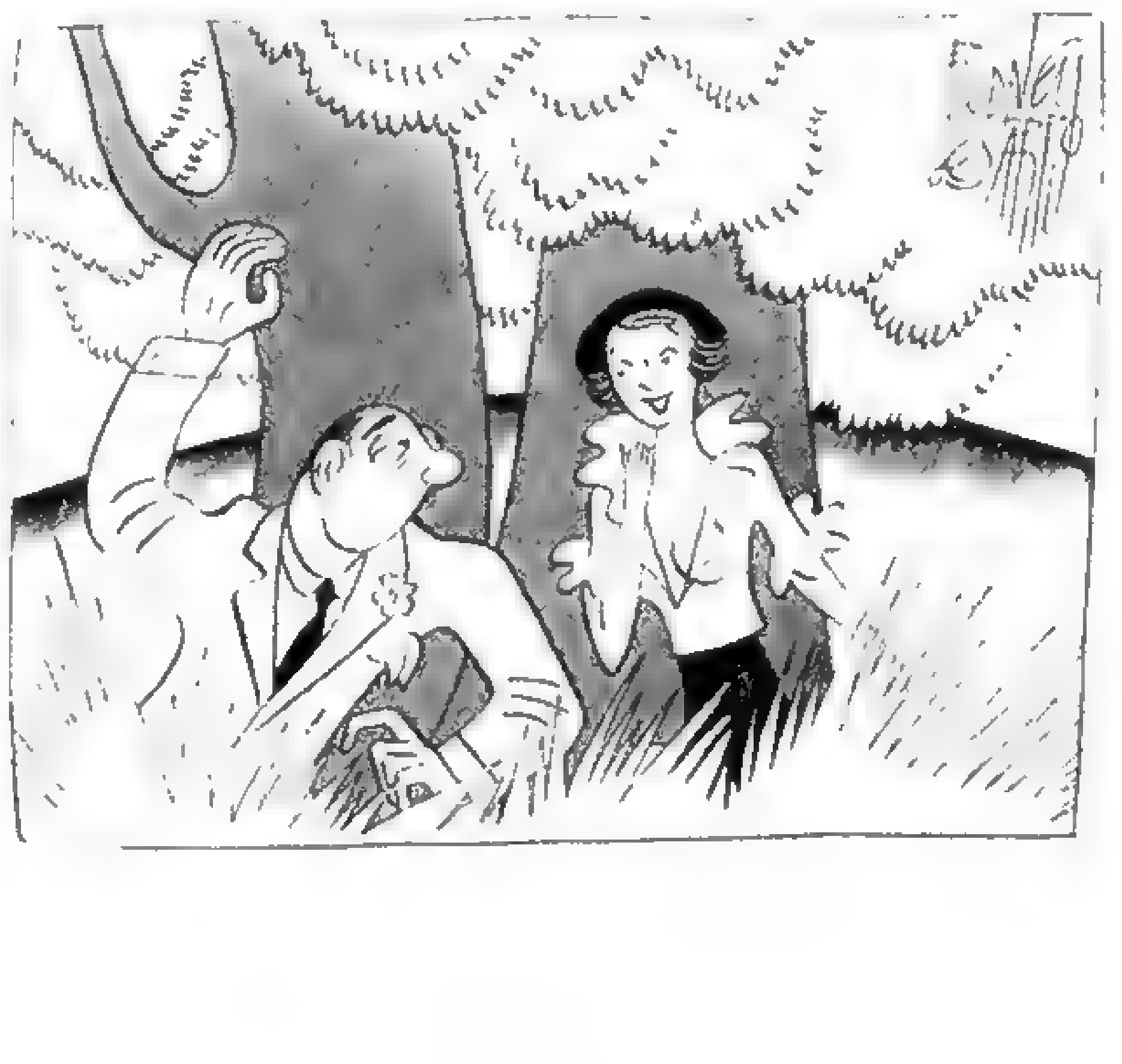
"In this case the theory isn't enough," Affeld assured me. "If you believe in the theory that man should love, which Russell, Ellis, Lawrence, and the rest have proved to my satisfaction, you can't, logically, let it go at that."

Sagely, I shook my head.

"And so—I intend to check theory against practice."

I said, "Naturally," in the manner of one scientist discussing the hum-drum of routine with another.

Sliding down in the chair, crossing his legs, clasping his hands, Affeld relaxed, but only in posture. The preliminaries over, he was arriving at the crux of the matter.



"The question," he stated, "is where to start."

There he had me. As he sat staring into space with his nervous high-geared frame draped indolently on my arm chair, his calm purposive intentness seemed to suggest that he awaited only my directing word.

"You aren't thinking of getting married," I stalled.

"I have it on good authority that in nine cases out of ten those who marry without previous experience are doomed to failure."

I waited.

"The thought has occurred to me," he said, "that I might go to a—"

"No," I said. "I wouldn't do that."

He said, "It's quite a problem."

"Yes, it is," I agreed.

"Do you think it would be at all degrading," he inquired suddenly, "if I were to approach a nice, decent girl, lay the whole problem before her, and allow her to make her own decision?"

The look that I accorded him, of admiration, which I have for the objective approach, he probably interpreted as purely deliberative. "No," I said. "I don't think that would be degrading."

This seemed to relieve him considerably. Relaxing more in his chair and folding his arms, leaving one hand free to indulge a habit of stroking his chin, he asked:

"What do you think of Estelle Brackett?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I can't place the name."

"You've met her," he told me. "I brought her to the last party."

I remembered that I had met his girl, all right. I had even danced with her. My cudgeled memory produced a wine red velvet dress clinging felicitously to a chubby figure, then a cute head with straight black hair, then a pair of brown eyes which outshone and diminished the importance of other features. But there was something else—Then I remembered: sedate silence, a cautious manner of sitting, as though the act implied a doubtful morality, and a deference toward the chaperones which seemed to make certain that they would put in a good word for her in case the Dean should raid the party.

"Yes, I remember her now," I said. "But having met her only once—I can't form much of an opinion. She did seem rather reserved."

"She has a calm judgment," Affeld insisted, "unblinded by the idle pleasures of the reprobate. That's what it requires to

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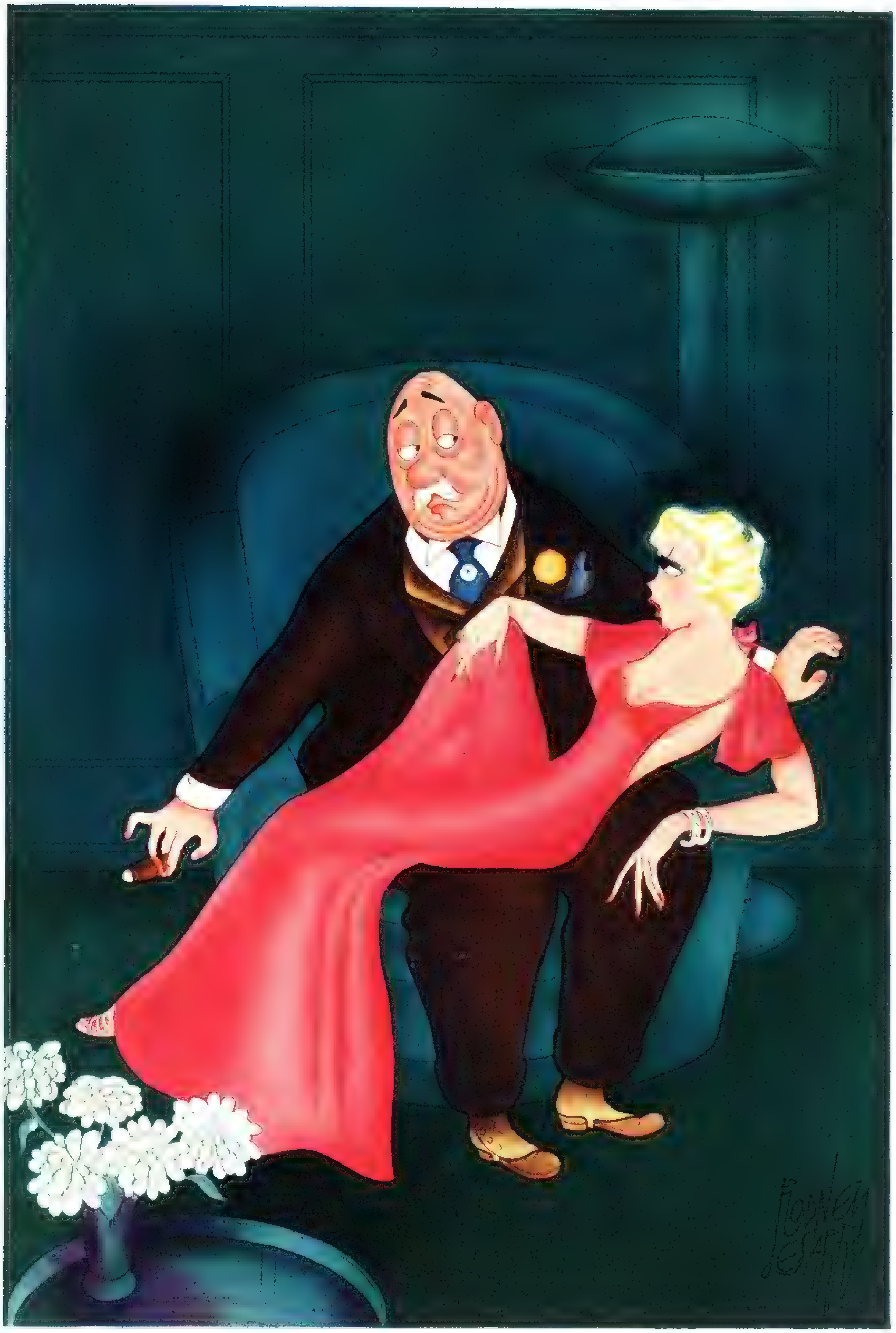
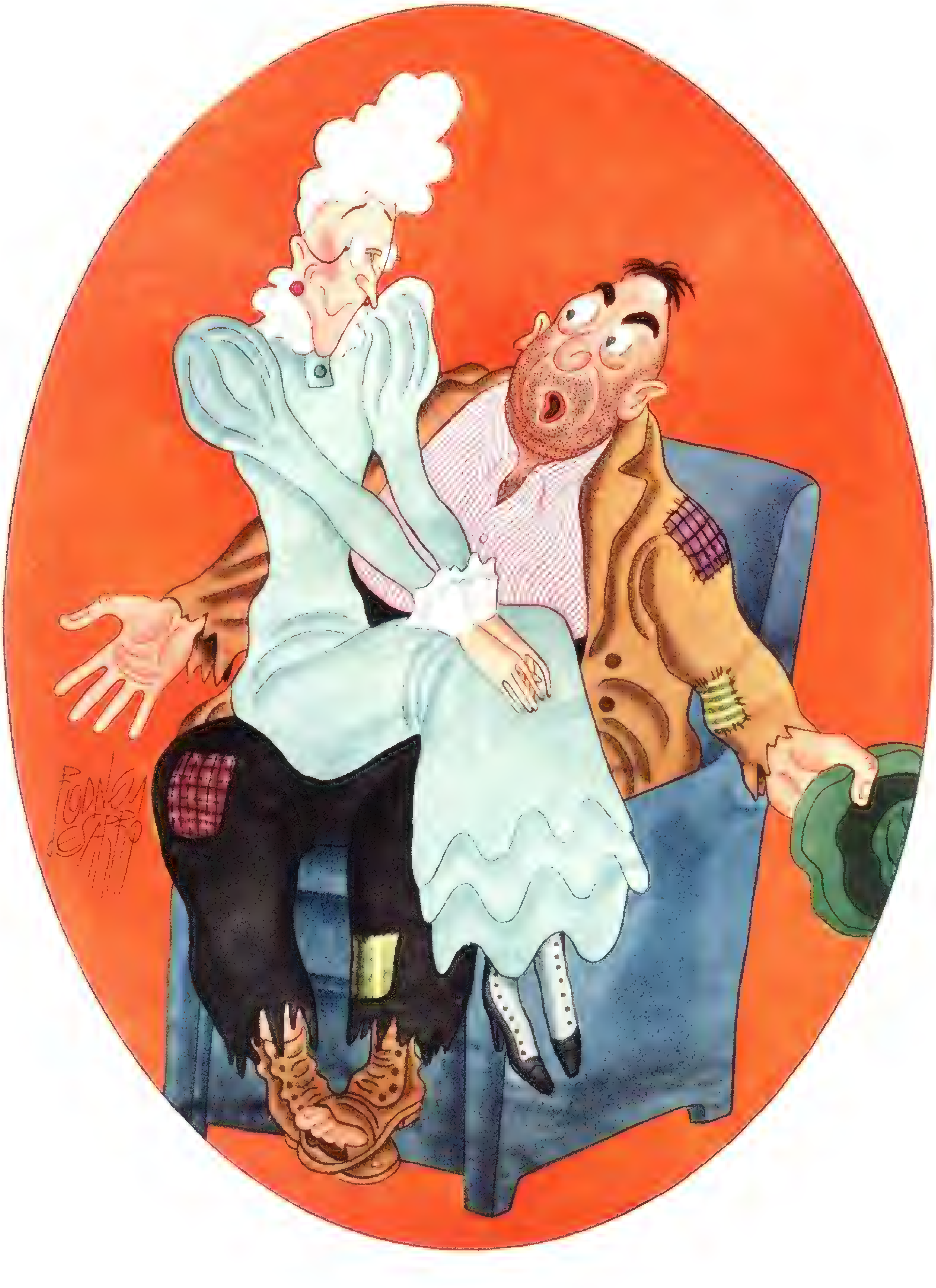


"Whaddaya mean if jewelry were involved then our friendship would be cheap?"


Rodney deSarro

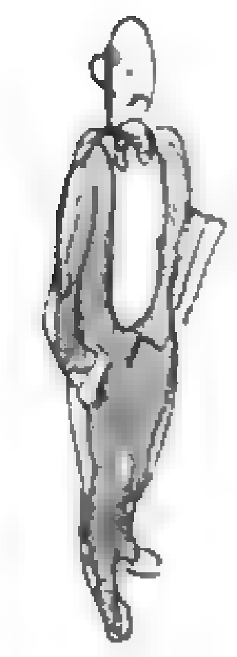
"But lady, when I knocked on your door I only asked for a dime."

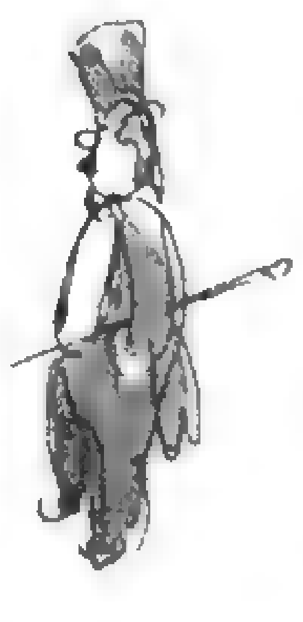
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Auguring the end of the doldrums from examination of the leavings of a splendiferous literary party

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •





This magazine grows in such weight that it might be used by the discus-thrower or shot-putter in intercollegiate games. The chart of Dow-Jones averages of stock market prices has wavered upward since last September to an angle of about 80 degrees. But these portents are not so significant in my mind that trade is out of the doldrums and that money is again beginning to circulate as the party the Viking Press gave in honor of Franz Werfel, author of *Forty Ways to Amuse a Dog*, I mean *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, at the Waldorf-Astoria on November 21st.

The lean and hungry book critics of New York have not been invited to a feast like this since the gay days of 1928. And the party, though large, was very select: I did not catch sight of a single one of those young Englishmen with vague connections with literature who survived so long in New York by the fact that there were literary teas and cocktail parties almost every day and that at these teas and cocktail parties sandwiches were served. The depression, it seems, has driven these lads back home, or better still, it may have put some of them to work.

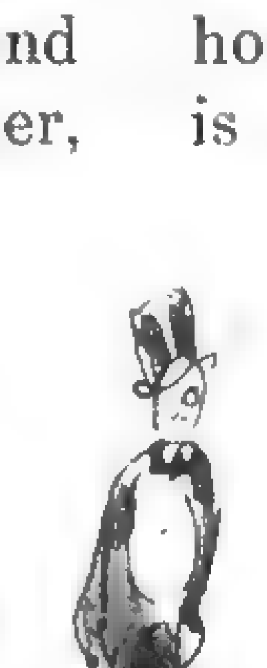
The party was held in the Empire Room, a very large room with elevations on two sides, and a long and wide depression in the center for the dining tables. I caught myself hoping that Cecil B. DeMille would never see this Empire Room. He would want to turn water into the depression and have Claudette Colbert swimming in it as an episode in one of his interpretations of the Bible.

There was a profusion of chrysanthemums, suggesting a bower. There was a reception lasting forty-five minutes during which two kinds of cocktails were served, Manhattans and Bacardis. Werfel was the only one of us dressed for the occasion in the Continental manner; he wore a black broadcloth cutaway and pinstriped trousers. He is a dumpy fellow, with a round face, roached black hair, very deliberate movements, a quiet self-conscious smile, and a fluidity in English conversation which is surprising, but all the more surprising in that he apologizes for his English while at the same time speaking almost perfect English. He made me think of Lucien Guitry in *Tartuffe*. If he had had a soutane draped over his morning coat and had shaved off his quarter side-burns, he would have been perfect in Lucien Guitry's scene where he accomplished seduction in the most pietistic terms.

I hasten to add that Werfel is not like that. I was speaking only of a visual impression. A visual impression is usually a very wrong basis to go on. My visual impression of Mrs. Werfel was that she is very like Mae West, in the very best interpretation of that simile. She is blonde, ample, vivacious; she wore a black picture hat and had long pendants from her ear lobes; she was gracious, self-assured and remarkably disenchanted.

As you might suspect, the speeches did not bear analysis. There is no particular reason why speeches in their kind ever should. We were gathered there to do honor to a man who had written a novel which may be one of the classics of all time. It is a novel of privation, of starvation, misery, and death in support of the high virtues of fortitude and faith. It is a novel of the will to survive. Werfel spoke in German like a member of the Rotary Club who had just been given a blue ribbon in token of his adherence to the club's principles of service. And why shouldn't he have? Sinclair Lewis made a speech and then after he had sat down it occurred to him that it wasn't the speech he intended to make, so he got up and made another one. His second address was not a speech: it was an anecdote. He told of a meeting in Munich when the occasion was to do honor to Germany's grand old man of literature and Nobel prize winner, Gerhardt Hauptmann. Carl Spitteler presided; he called on several guests to talk and they responded according to their loquacity. At length Spitteler brought the gavel down, dismissing the formality.

He had forgotten to call upon the guest of honor, Herr Doktor Hauptmann, or upon Adolph Hitler, Chancellor of the Reich, both of whom were just dying to make a speech.



That Werfel party was a microcosm. Novelists reach for a situation which will enable them to deal with a microcosm. Diverse characters thrown together, isolated —as on a desert island, on a trans-Atlantic liner, in an office, on a week-end party, in any circumstance which bundles people who may or may not be in the mood for bundling. If all the couples are in the mood, the novelist's problem is simple: he has a dull, repetitious book. If all the couples are not, he has to exercise a degree of imagination and logic; and, if he has rich talent, he will present you with so many dilemmas you haven't enough coats to hang them on.

The Werfel party was a pat microcosm. I wish I had the time, the talent, the cold, erotic desuetude of Marcel Proust to elaborate and adumbrate upon the significance of that party. There was, for instance, Glenway Westcott, with his close-cropped hair, like a pre-war German *leutnant* and his Anglicized accent and terrible indifference. As I talked to him he looked across at Sinclair Lewis and said, "I have never seen such a spiritual face in all my life. Look at those contours. They are divine."

I looked across. There was Lewis, tired but animated, sitting, pleased, with Madame Werfel, Hendrik Van Loon, Harold Guinzberg, Mrs. Guinzberg, and the Grand Duchess Marie. He was entertaining them, obviously. There was never a better non-professional entertainer than Sinclair Lewis. But I could not quite connect Westcott's adjective "divine" with Lewis. He is a mighty fine writer and a mighty fine man, but I don't think there is anything divine about him.

Nearly everybody in New York who writes was at the Werfel party. And one or two visitors besides. There was, for instance, James Hilton, author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and some other books. He was on his way out to Hollywood. But he had to tarry long enough in New York to be guest of honor at nineteen parties in one week. Hilton is a likeable chap. He is taking his fame in his stride. He is not even bewildered that a long short story of his about a sentimental English schoolmaster should be in such demand with American readers while being in such bad grace with the English critics. I find that I cannot describe Hilton: he is of medium height; his complexion is fair; his hair is brown and is parted on the side; his voice is low and pleasant; his manners are easy; but I have no metaphor or simile for him which would fix him in your mind.

He, like Werfel, is bound for Hollywood. Carl Van Doren told me at the Werfel party that he is going out there too: he is going to advise authors at a studio and at a handsome salary. Which reminds me. The last time I saw James Stephens, the poet and author of *The Crock of Gold*, he told me he was going out to Hollywood. He said, "I hear

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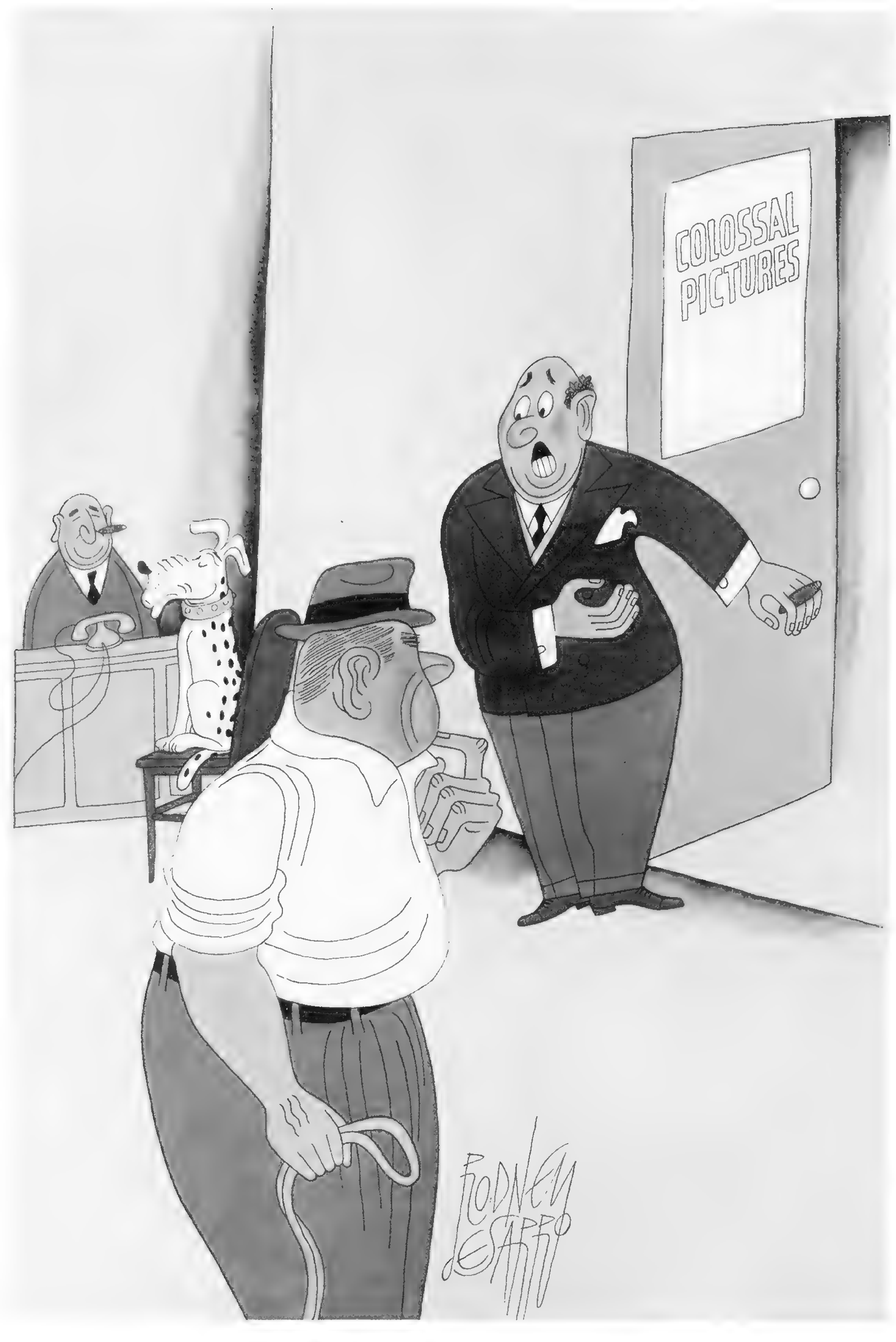

COLOSSAL PICTURES
RODNEY DE SARRO

"Would you mind stepping out a moment while we talk contract with your dog?"

The Candid Cameraman

Limited praise for the director who makes the most intelligent mistakes in the art of cinema

by MEYER LEVIN

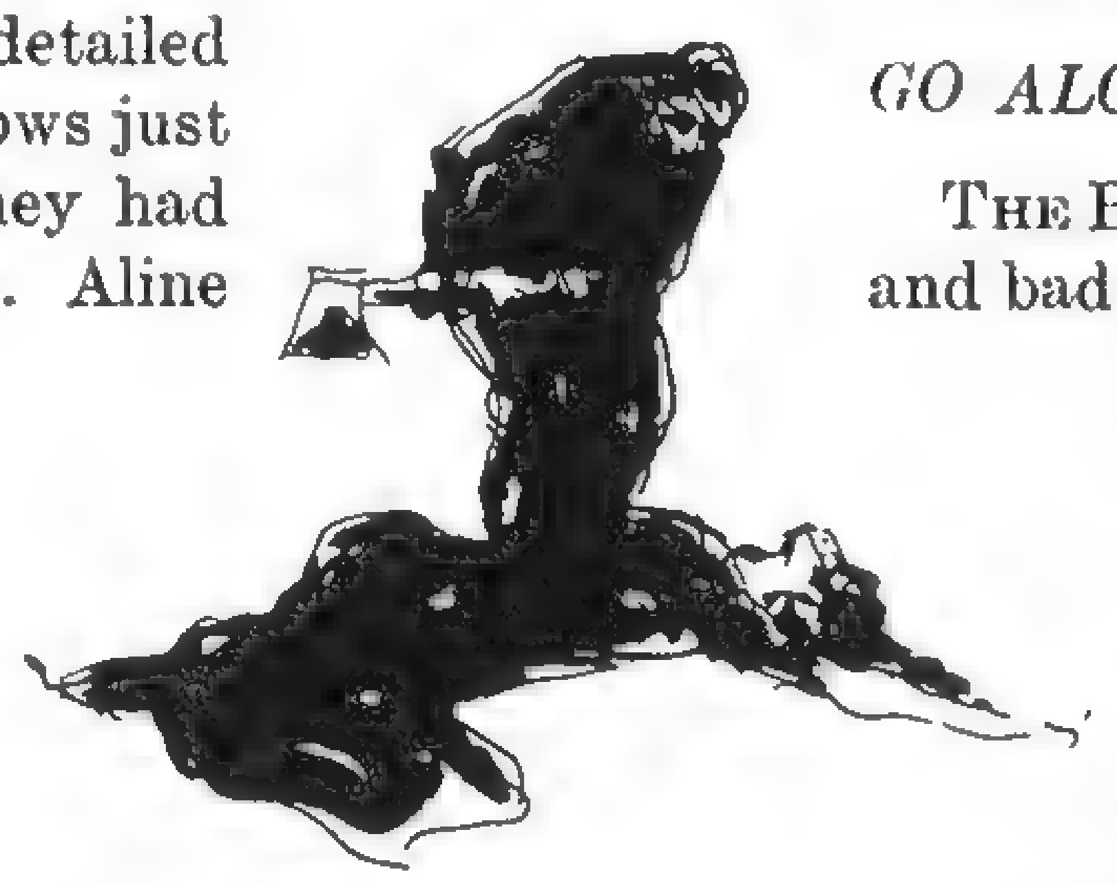
• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO ALONG TO SEE

Ah Wilderness: The inevitable word that everybody uses for O'Neill's fade-off is "nostalgic." It's pretty and sweet period stuff, meticulously detailed by Clarence Brown, who knows just what kind of bric-a-brac they had on the piano in those days. Aline MacMahon as the wise spinster is most convincing. Something like *One Sunday Afternoon*.

Crime and Punishment: The American version, with Peter Lorre, is an effective melodrama conceived on very different lines from the French version or the Russian original. See the main review.



The Frisco Kid: A twin of *Barbary Coast*, and maybe the central characters for both these pictures did not come from Melvin Levy's *Gold Eagle Guy*. The Warner Bro. picture is tougher and richer than *Barbary Coast*, as the sophisticated veneer which Hecht-MacArthur spread over the Goldwyn epic scarcely suited the subject. Cagney's performance is up to standard, if rather routine.

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo: A very pleasing performance by Ronald Colman, impersonating the head of a group of Russian noblemen who work as waiters, cooks, and taxi-drivers in Paris. Plot motivation is attenuated, but the frothy mood is entertaining.

March of Time: The Townsend Plan sequence in the Ninth issue is one of the most effective documentations ever brought to the screen. As Americana, it makes one infinitely sad.

Mary Burns, Fugitive: An odd angle on the G-man yarn, with an amazing performance by Alan Baxter, new to films. Further comment in the main article.

A Midsummer Night's Dream: The picture is beginning to get around, so we finally got a gander. There were no previews of this super-special, as the producers insisted that the critics had to feel an audience reaction to properly judge the film. Therefore this belated review. However, I can now report the audience reaction. The audience seemed pretty tired. More about the movie will be found under the head, *Lack of Direction.*

Show Them No Mercy: Darryl Zanuck shows what the new Fox pictures are going to be like with a kidnap-story version of *Public Enemy.* An unusual suspense trick is developed by having an innocent couple wander into a deserted farmhouse which turns out to be the gang rendezvous. The opening sequences, as they explore the house, are intimately real. The four gangsters are good.

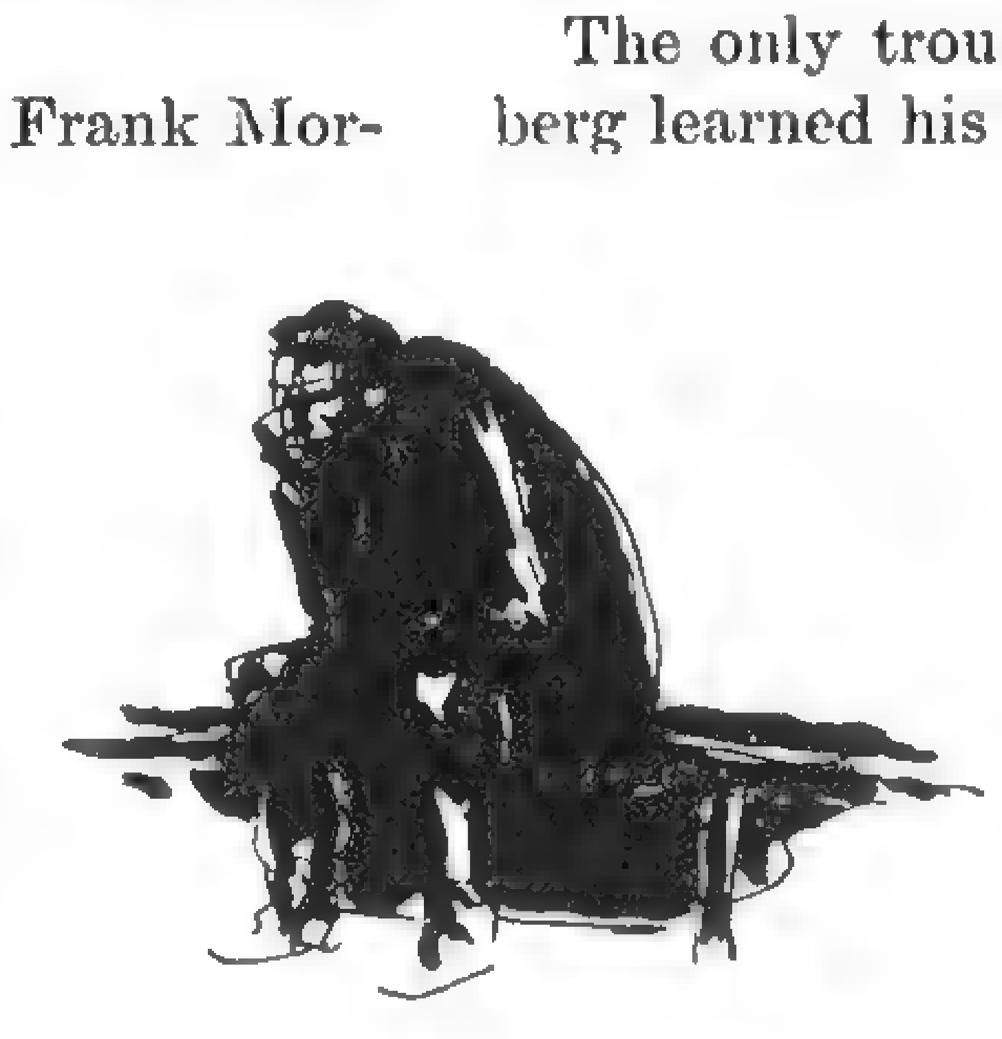
GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO

The Bride Comes Home: A thin and badly stretched fabrication for Claudette Colbert, overworking the gag about lovers who spit at each other at first. Winds up with a very comical scene in which actor Kennedy, representing a marrying preacher of Crown Point, Indiana, tries to get off his ceremonial speech. There is a lot of what is known as "trouping" in this piece, as the actors have to resort to every known comedy device to keep it going. I ought to be prejudiced in its favor, as the heroes start "a magazine for men," and seem to run it from our Palmolive building. There's even a love-scene on good old Oak Street beach. It comes pretty close to home. Except that A. G. is not usually found with his feet wrapped around the typewriter. Unfortunately this is a fairly punk picture, but thanks anyway.

Mr. Hobo: A perfunctory George Arliss picture in which he sniffs the free wind and looks longingly after flying birds, and gets involved in finance, but saves the young lovers.

The Littlest Rebel: For the first time, I got definitely weary of Shirley Temple. The production is pretty much like *So Red the Rose,* with loyal slaves, with Yankee ruffians trampling through genteel southern homes, plus a crudely acted characterization of Lincoln. Don't fear: Shirley has the opportunity to sing a cute baby song, and to dance an up-the-stairs-tap routine with Bill Robinson.

The Perfect Gentleman: Frank Morgan and Cecily Courtneidge, an English music hall star, troupe it through this one. Morgan plays a blustery bluffer who brags of his exploits in the colonies, a lovable old pretender. Note, again, the "innocent" preparation for war with the introduction of a musical production scene glorifying soldiery.



WASTE

If You Could Only Cook: A lugubrious effort at smart comedy, using the Cinderella theme. Herbert Marshall very stiff, and Jean Arthur set back after a few recent successes. Even though the hero's auto designs look like the ones you see in Esquire.

DIRECTION

Comparison is the life of criticism, and there is one director out in Hollywood who seems bent on giving us fellows a living, although it would appear that most of the critics are trying to do the reverse for him. As the critics are aware that by taking Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg out of the kitchen they may be depriving themselves of an occasional meal, their motive, in this instance, cannot be selfish.

Let us hasten to add that Von Sternberg is in no danger of being removed: *Crime and Punishment* has netted him a new contract. And I, for one, am willing to let him keep on grinding because his mistakes are the most intelligent mistakes in cinema.

Last year Mr. Von Sternberg came along with *The Scarlet Empress,* which was completed just after a British film on the same subject, *Catherine the Great,* had been released. It is pertinent to the understanding of Von Sternberg's treatment of *Crime and Punishment* to remember that he was booed all over the lots for his over-embroidery of the screen when *Scarlet Empress* was shown. He sacrificed story, action, characterization, actors, to a passion for ornate atmospheric composition. In comparison, *Catherine the Great* was a direct, speedy picturization of the same theme, built around a virtuoso performance by Elisabeth Bergner.

Now, Mr. Von Sternberg seems to have taken to heart the criticism of his lavishly subtle technique. He has literally torn away the veils through which he loved to film the faces of his actors. He seems bent on proving that he can produce a sharply focused, swift film, simply set, that he can brush aside every pictorial distraction to focus attention on his actors, and that he can direct a virtuoso performance for all it's worth.

The only trouble is that Mr. Von Sternberg learned his lesson too well, and chose the wrong vehicle.

Curiously enough, the circumstances of the last comparison are repeated. Again, the scene is Russia. Again, Mr. Von Sternberg had the advantage of being able to view a completed foreign product before finishing his own work. In this case, the other producers are French; a note on their version of *Crime and Punishment* appeared here last month.

One omission epitomizes Von Sternberg's production. The murder of the pawnbroker's sister does not take place. In fact, Elizaveta

Continued on page 170

Swing, Mr. Charlie!

Truck it to the home of happy feet where Mr. Charlie gets off in the Lindy hop, and swings it

by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

• ARTICLE •

All Harlem dances. Here, in the heart of New York, between the Bronx and Central Park, wriggling black America disports itself nightly to the Lindy Hop, the Shim Sham Shimmy, or to Truckin', its latest dance creation. In a score of tiny night clubs, in low-ceilinged cabarets, shot with amber and dull red lights, couples twist, wriggle, and tap to Harlem's high priestess: the dance. Gone are the days of the Charleston, the Heebie Jeebies, made famous by Louis Armstrong, and a score of lesser *Stomps*. For those possessed of indefatigable constitutions it's the Lindy Hop; for the tap-conscious the Shim Sham Shimmy, shortened by Harlemites to the *Sham*, and for everyone inclined to shuffle it's Truckin'.

Categorically these dances follow each other, events evolving dances, just as military steps and fashions precede wars and as a country's music reflects an era. Lindbergh's world-famous flight to France will always be commemorated by Harlem in the Lindy Hop, an outburst of gaiety, of pent-up emotions, a dance of sheer joy and abandonment: "Ole Lindy did it!—done crossed de ocean!—oh, *swing it*, boy!—*swing it!*"

A couple glides across the floor, their arms are propellors, are wings as they spin and are off. This creation is an intricate dance, done in stop time to fast two-step music. It is stimulating to watch. A lithe black boy and a full-bosomed girl, heads thrown back, eyes closed, strut toward each other like game cocks. With the wildest abandon, they clinch and begin to whirl, their feet making an intricate maze of concentric circles, and it is often hard to tell who is leading. The girl is as loose-hipped as a marionette. The boy seems to be made of India rubber. There follows a spinning break in which the girl is thrown away in the Apache manner, though not released. She is yanked back to him, they twist apart, twist together, and as she is finally flung away, released, each becomes obviously unconscious of the other. Each has his own interpretation of the Lindy, although both are keeping time to the mad tempo. They snap their fingers, twist their shoulders, and move in an ever-widening circle, tapping and spinning as they literally sail away. Now, stamping their heels and swaying to the rhythm, the dancers come toward each other: "Oh, *get off*, boy!—slick black boy in the plum-colored suit, show 'em how to do it!—strut—slide—strut—truck *lightly!*"

They embrace, dip, and are off again. Two or three times they repeat this figure, each swinging away, spinning, yanking the other all over the floor, and dancing furiously around the other, finally fusing together and doing a side-kick, holding hands tightly for balance. As the late Dr. Rudolph Fisher, one of the ablest young writers in the Negro race, once remarked to me, "If only Lindy could have hopped like that!"

This is no specialty number by picked and trained dancers, awaiting the burst of applause from a first night audience in Times Square. These are two of hundreds who are executing this amazing Harlem creation all over the floor. Incredibly, no one bumps or collides with others, each dancer seeming to know just where he belongs in this maze of color, cigarette smoke and cadence.

To vary the Lindy Hop—purely because of aesthetic reasons, and not physical exertion—many of the couples swing into the Shim Sham Shimmy. Some name, and it's some dance! This dance can be done singly, by a couple, or by groups, in fact, I have seen as many as could stretch across a dance floor doing it. Its basis is the time-step in tap dancing, and to say you don't know a time-step is as bad, in Harlem, as to say you don't know the meaning of "*Swing!*" "*Lay it!*" or "*The stuff is here, and it's really mellow!*" Arms around each other's shoulders, the various couples sway from side to side. You've really got to get into the mood of these dances, the rhythm follows automatically.

It's usually danced to *The Call of the Freaks*, written by Luis Russell, a Negro band leader. This is a decided "hot" number, having a rolling bass and a fast, high treble introduction. You sway from left to right as the music starts and gradually pick up the time-step. Exactly when one begins to tap is purely an emotional reflex, transmitted through the bodies of the dancers until soon the whole line is tapping. They all do not tap at one time. It is as though a wave of tapping starts gradually, gaining in speed and sound until the line is a rhythmic, perfect whole. Perhaps its very rhythm is decidedly Negroid, its beats, the pulsations it creates are as old as time, and Negroes do not have to be told where to lighten up on their step—crescendo and diminuendo blend in the taps as well as in the music. The musicians know it; the dancers know it; it's essentially the "feel" of the dance, that quality which whites say is inherent in Negroes, a natural sense of timing and rhythm, and which I, over the shouts of many Negroes, do not disprove. Two fast choruses usually suffice, and before the dance ends, this sense of timing comes to the forefront. Each one knows exactly where to break. A "break" is a decided stop, to change tempo, and in doing this one may assume any position one chooses, ready to continue the dance at a moment's notice. I have never seen any of the dancers of the Sham make a break too early or too late, many of them never having danced together before, and the breaks come at various times throughout the dance until the final one. How do you account for that? In doing these taps, the foot is not raised high in the air—steps usually danced by Negroes are shuffled, the foot raised just enough to distinguish the tap, and the whole foot slithers along the floor, accents produced by lifting the heel, shuffling the foot along the floor, and touching the toe, thereby continuing the dance pattern unbroken until the break.

GLOSSARY

Stomp: A dance that's plenty hot; also a house party.
To swing: To syncopate, extreme in virtuosity.
Get off: Same as above.
Lightly: Take things easy.
Lay it: Dance or sing your best.
The stuff is here and it's really mellow: Likening one's self and what one does, as an entertainer, to fine whiskey.
Mr. Eddie: The white man—in his capacity as a controlling force.
Truck on down: "On down;" right to the *n*th degree of perfection.
Deep: Very very fine.
Solid sender: If something "sends" one, it moves him to ecstasy; if the "solid" precedes it, it is paramount, super super.
To the very bricks: Same as "on down."
Mr. Charlie: a Negro.

Throughout this dance they sing in low tones: "Oh, shim—sham—shimshamshimmy! — shim — sham — shimshamshimmy!" On the final break they hold the pose a minute, and then everyone breaks up the column, and, shaking shoulders, they "truck" on over to their respective tables. The dance ends in complete disorganization after adhering to strictest rules of tapping, balance, rhythm, and pattern.

Eliminating every movement of exertion is the "Truck" or "Truckin'," as it is called. It's done to four-four time and consists of placing the right foot behind the left heel and sliding forward flatly on the right foot, the left knee bent and kept close to the right leg. At the completion of the slide, the right foot is turned abruptly outward, the body swinging right. This same movement is begun again with the left foot, starting the slide close to the right foot, and the right knee bent. The head is inclined to the side, arms akimbo and swinging slightly. It's the "Take it easy" dance of Harlem.

As to its origin, Cora La Redd of the Cotton Club, "Rubberlegs" Williams, the dance team of Red and Struggie, and numerous entertainers have claimed to have had some part in its birth, but "Chunk" Robinson, a

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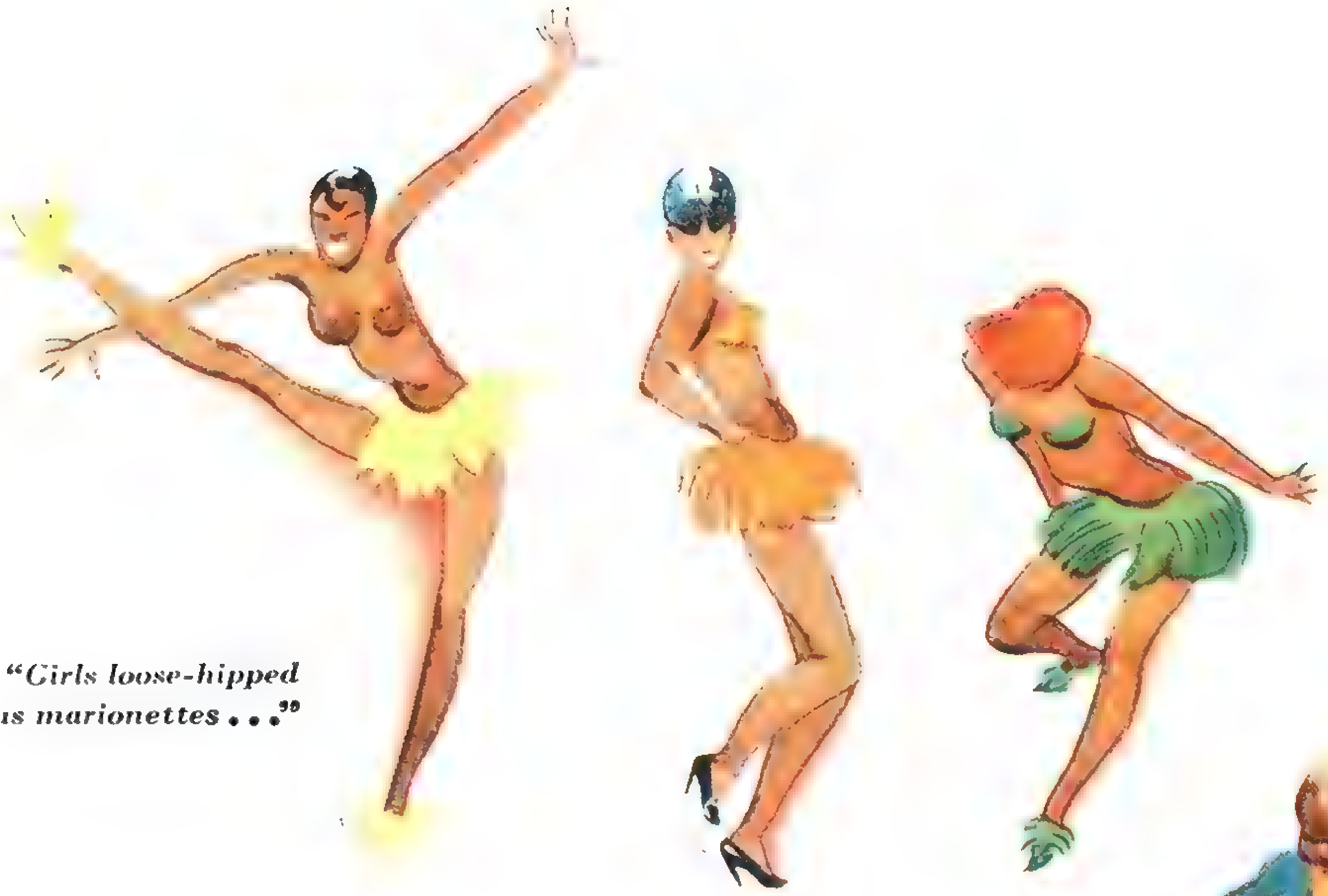
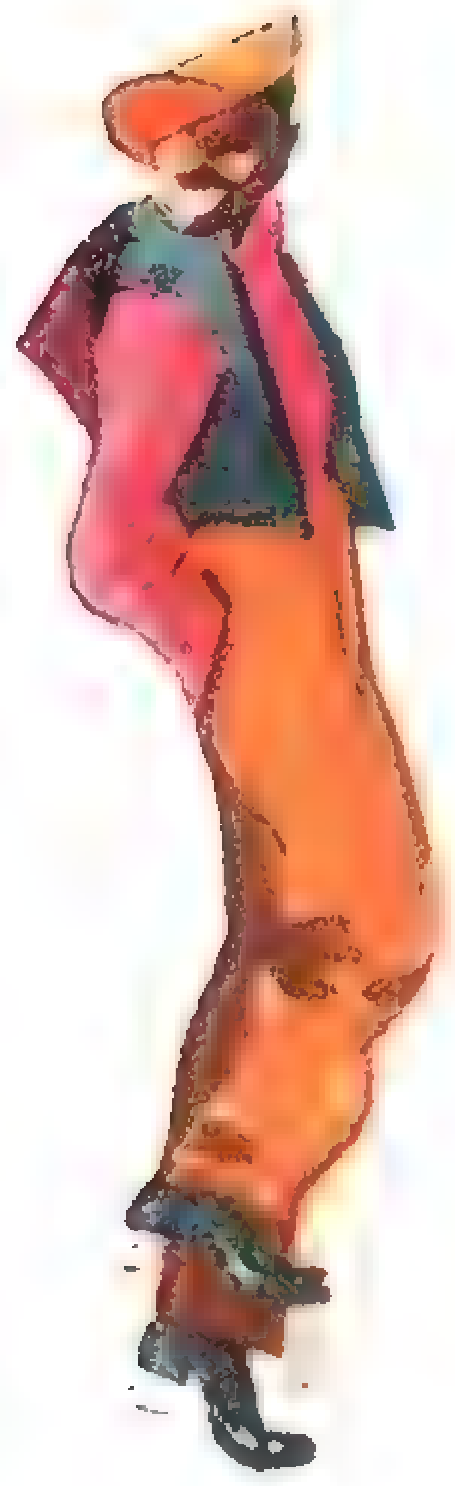


"Girls loose-hipped as marionettes . . ."



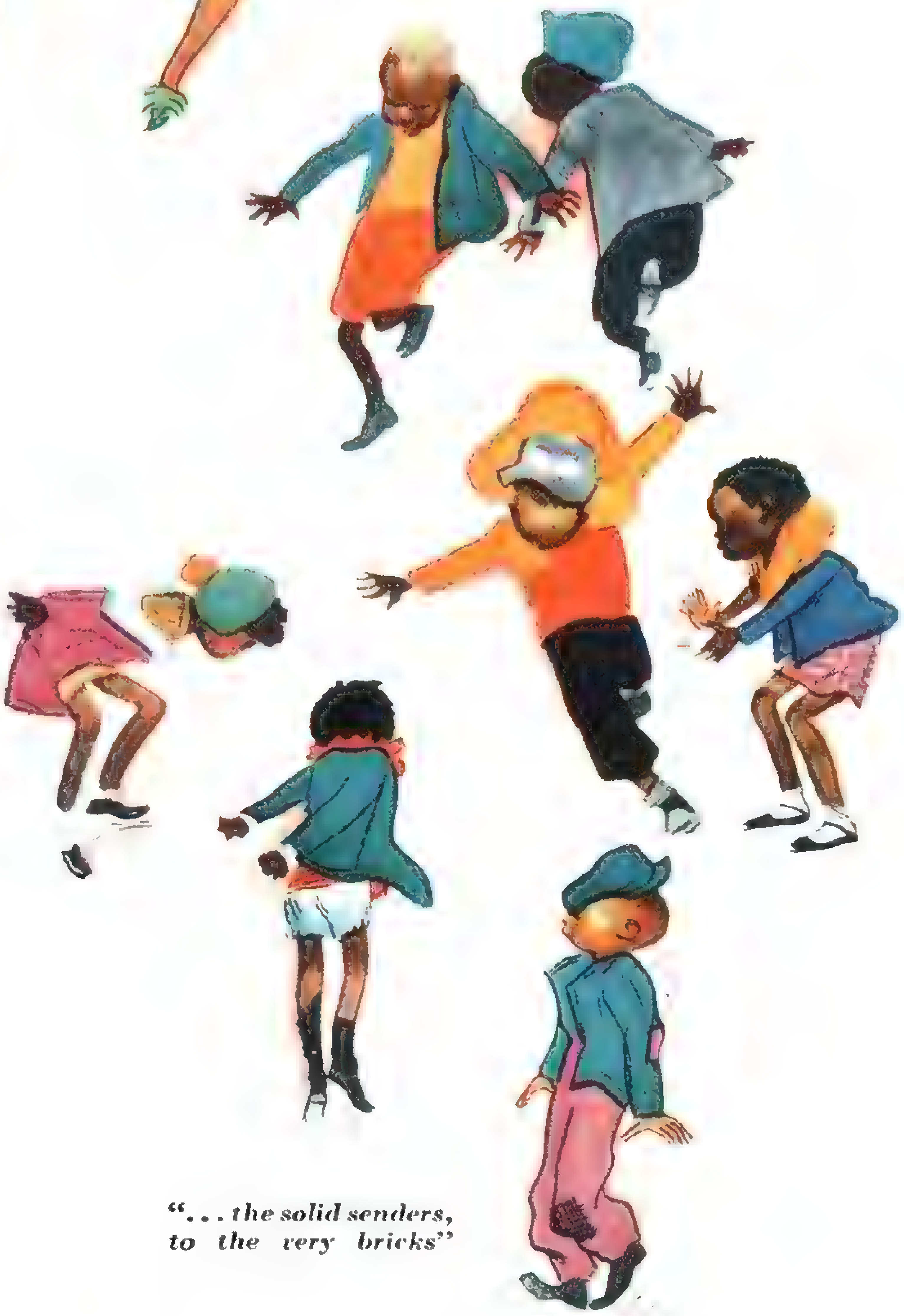
"and boys made of India rubber"

Homeland of Happy Feet

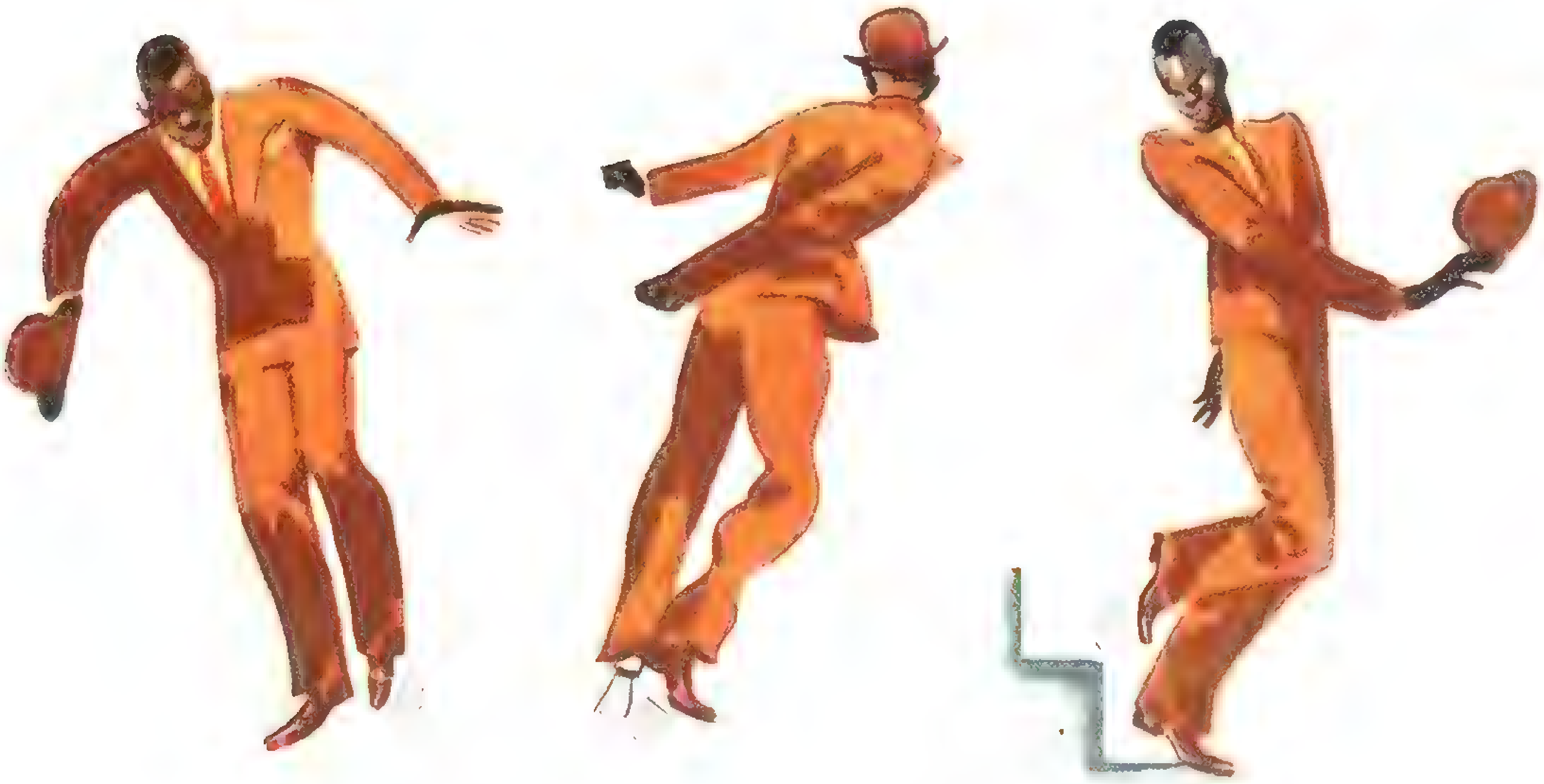
by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

On this and the opposite page, as well as on the two pages next following, E. Simms Campbell, himself of Harlem, observes and interprets the spirit of Harlem's dance crazes, including the current Truckin'. For the fullest understanding of the drawings, read the accompanying article first, or at any rate the glossary. E. Simms Campbell, whose humorous illustrations have been one of the features of this magazine since its inception, here appears in a new light. Both in the article and in the drawings he reveals a happy combination of sympathetic insight and critical detachment as a serious interpreter of one of the distinctive characteristics of the Negro race.

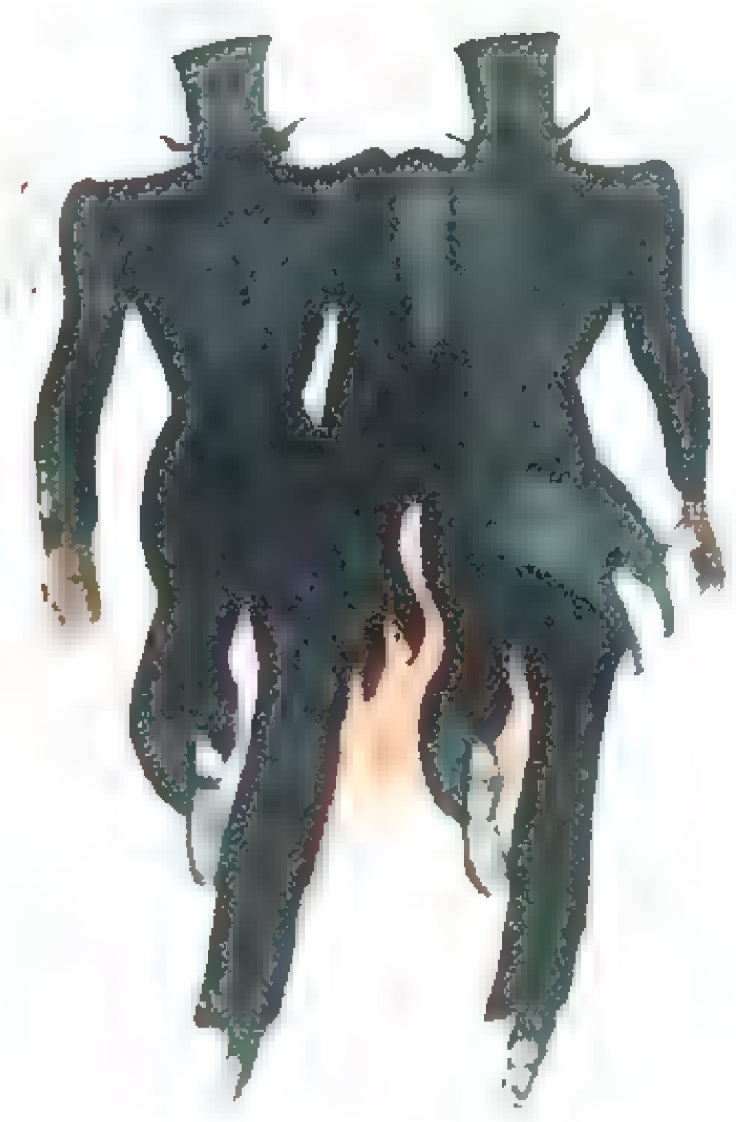
—The Editor



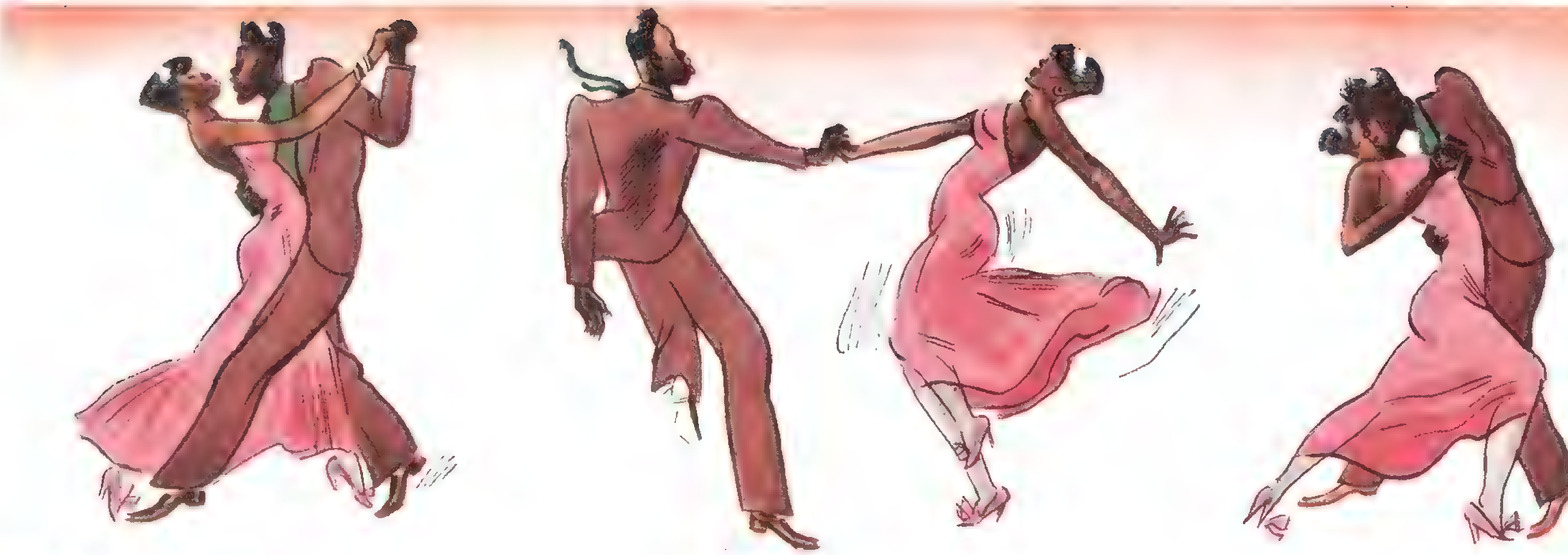
". . . the solid senders, to the very bricks"



". . . the stuff is here and it's really mellow"



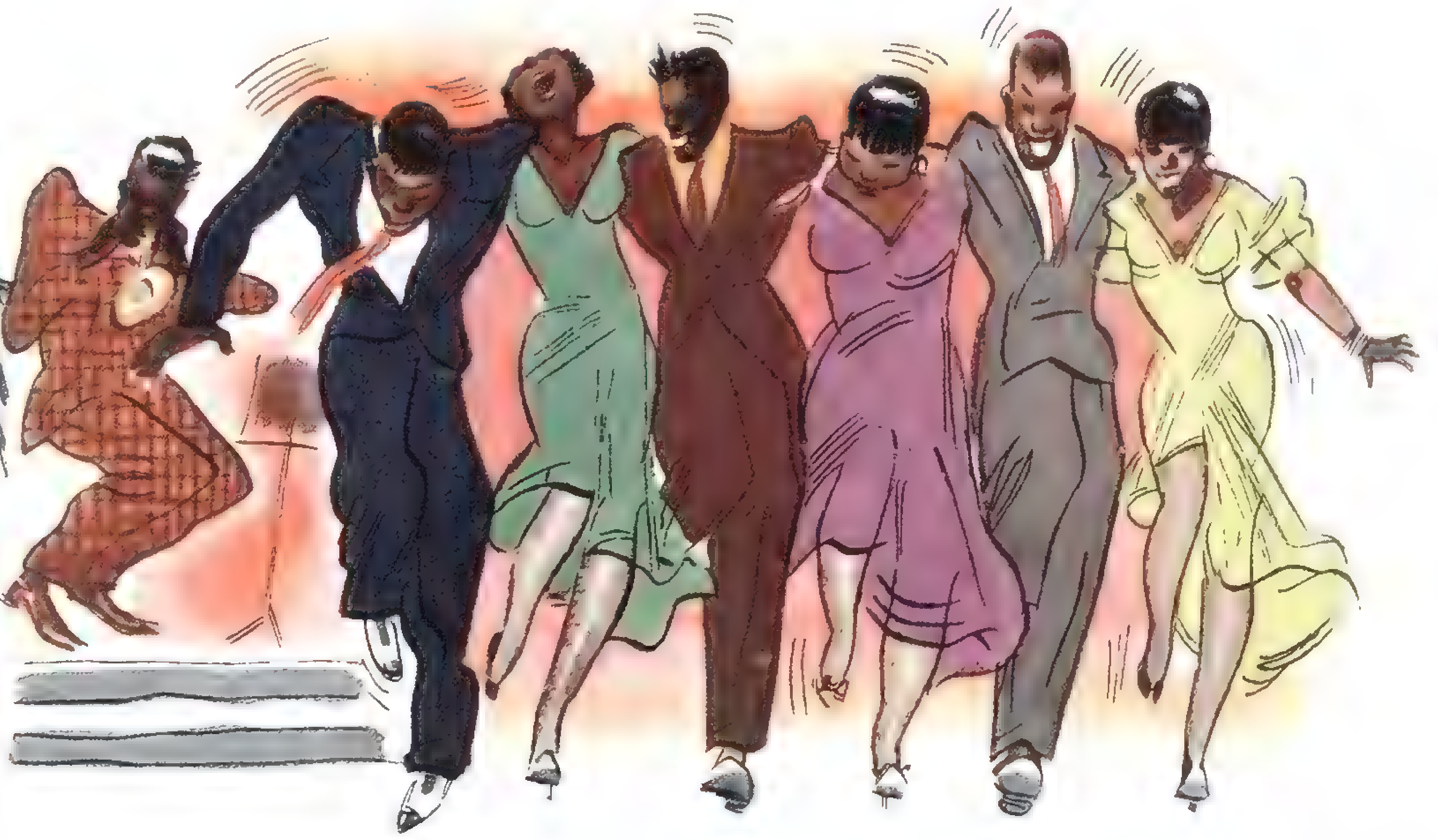
"truck on home"



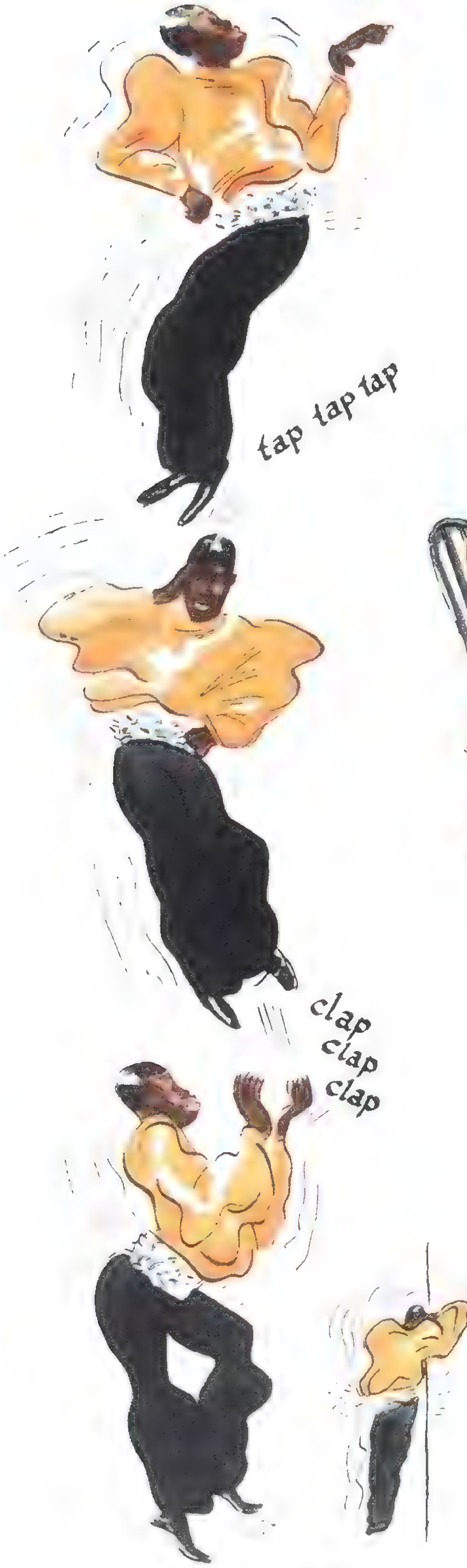
THE LINDY HOP

"Oh, *swing it, Mister Charlie—swing it!*" Whirling thru the Lindy Hop at the Savoy Ballroom, where, for from forty cents to a dollar, one can dance to the hot strains of two bands until dawn, with scarcely any lull in noise or music.

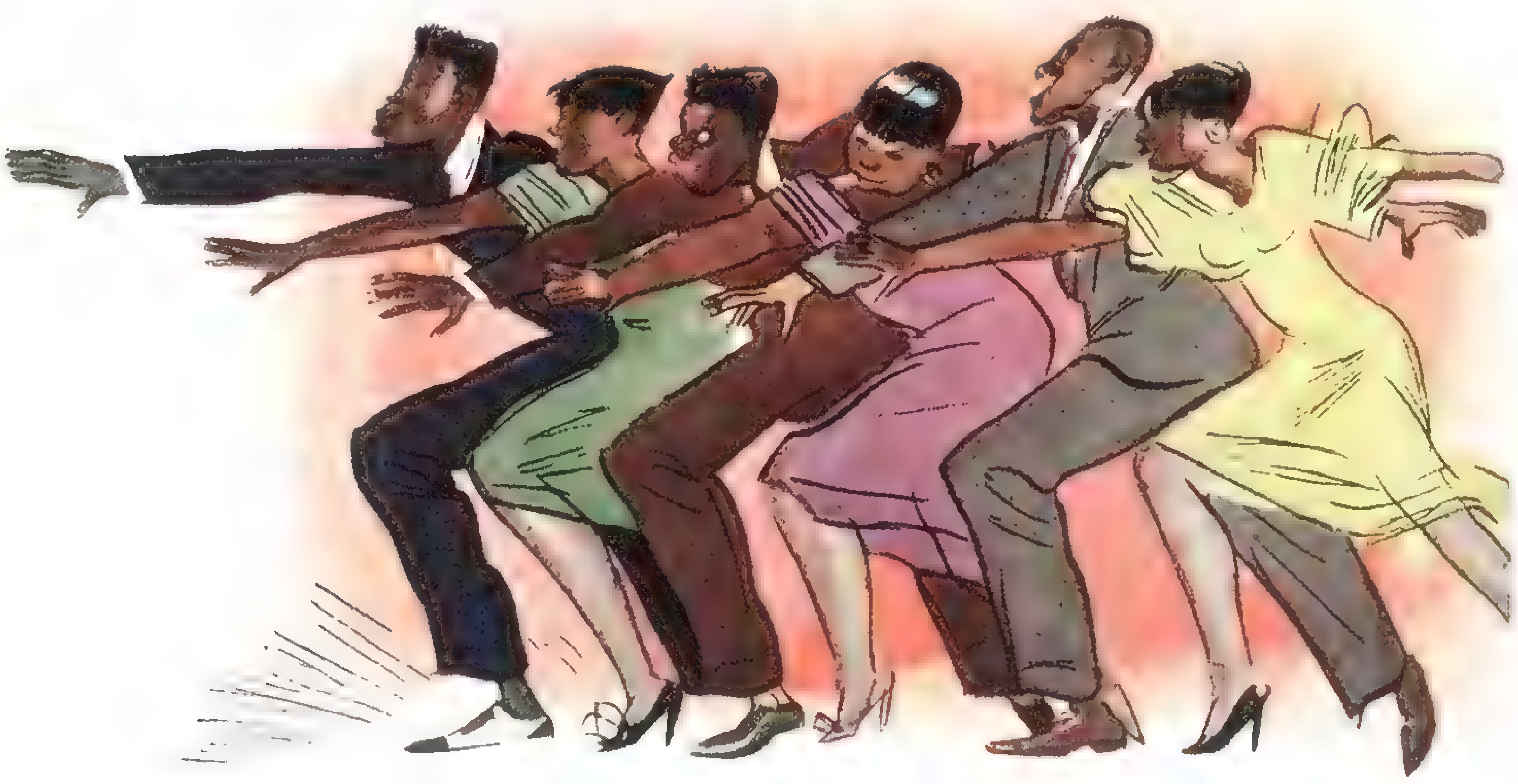
To the left, Earl "*Snakehips*" Tucker, originator of that weird dance, the "Snakehips." Gliding sensuously back and forth, tapping a continual one-two-three — one-two-three, he peers out at the audience. Satin blouse, diamond belt, a contemptuous, quivering, black pearl, bathed in a sea of light. More than contortion, it is perfect muscle control, climaxed in his crying near the wings, with his blouse and belt fluttering like a gale-whipped flag.



"Shim—sham—shimshamshimmy—aw, shim—sham—shimshamshimmy. Now it's to the left—tap—now it's to the right—*Mr. Eddie, Mr. Eddie* ain't treatin' me right—aw, shim—sham—shimshamshimmy!"

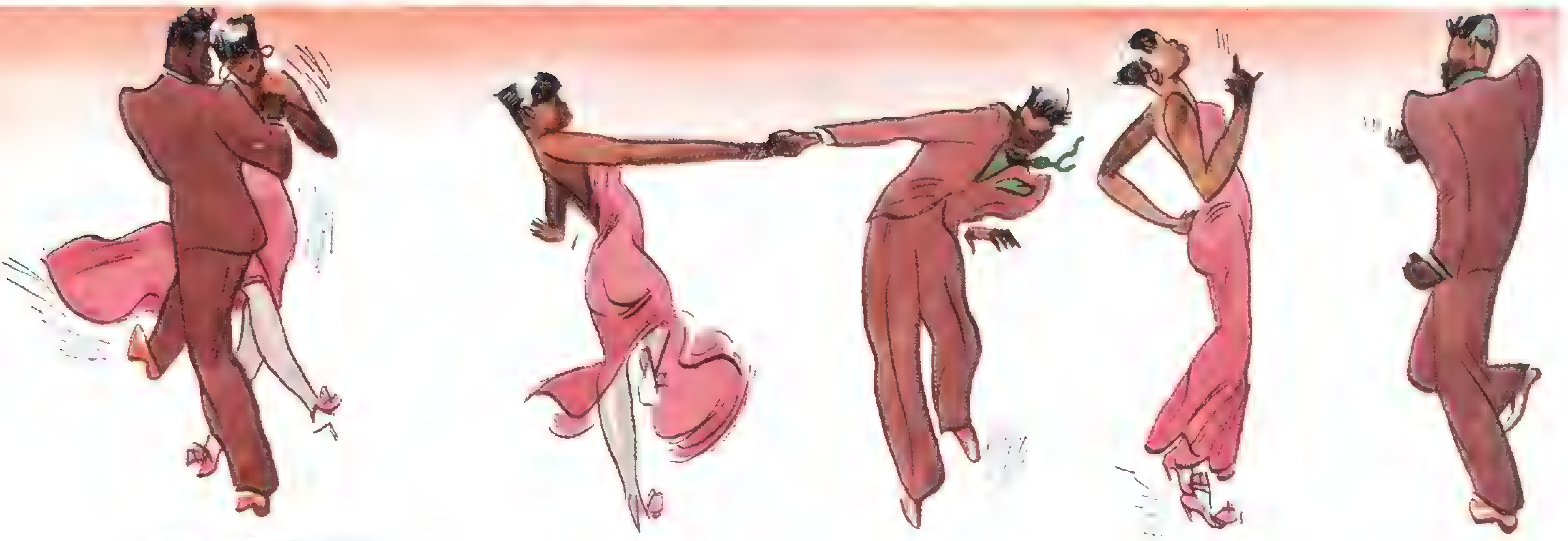


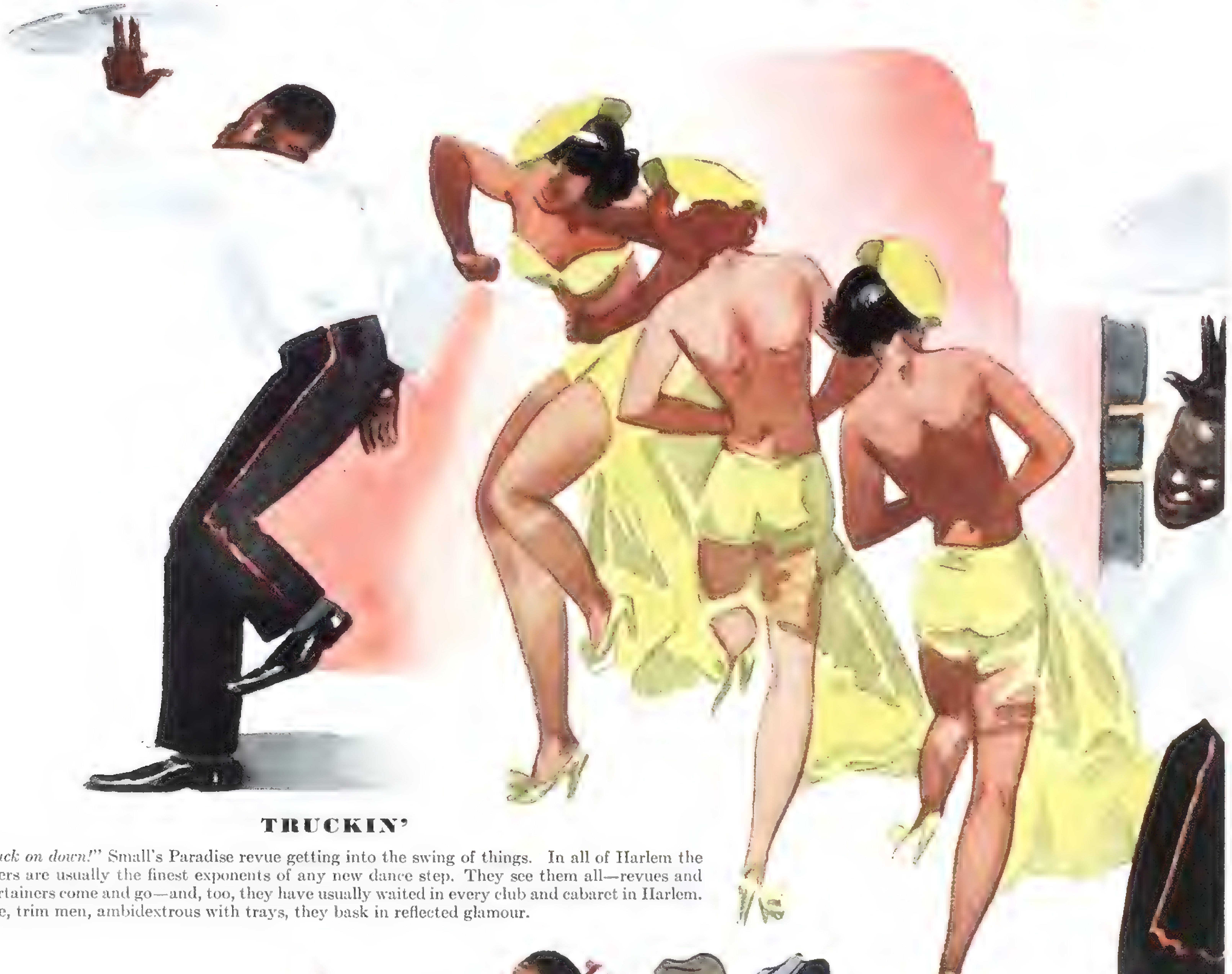
SNAKEHIPS



THE BREAK

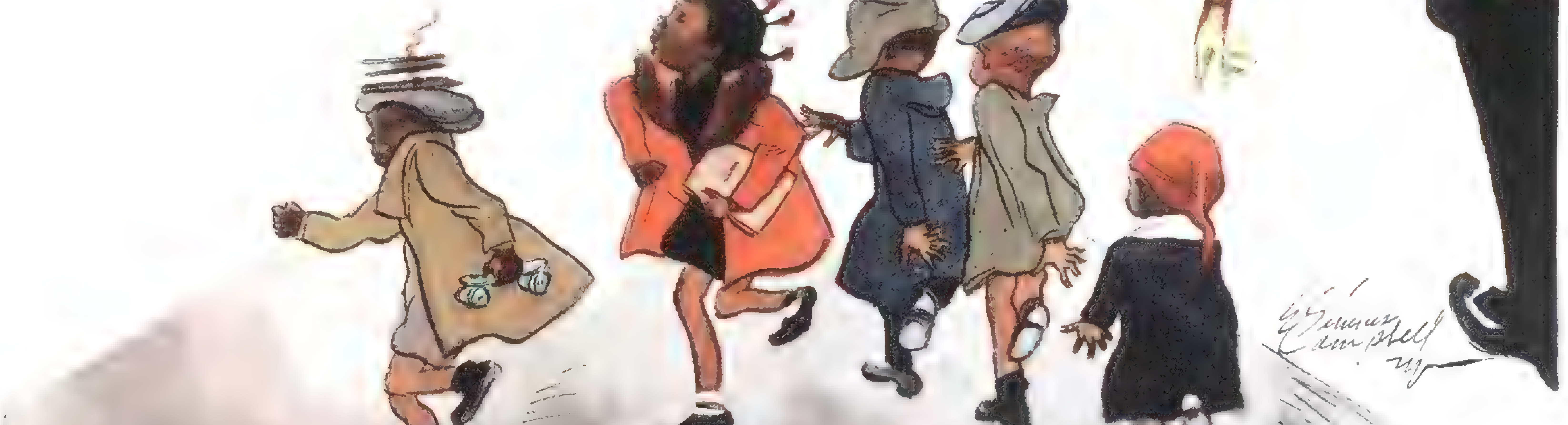
Everyone poised momentarily before continuing the mad pace. Another break—and that's the "Sham."





TRUCKIN'

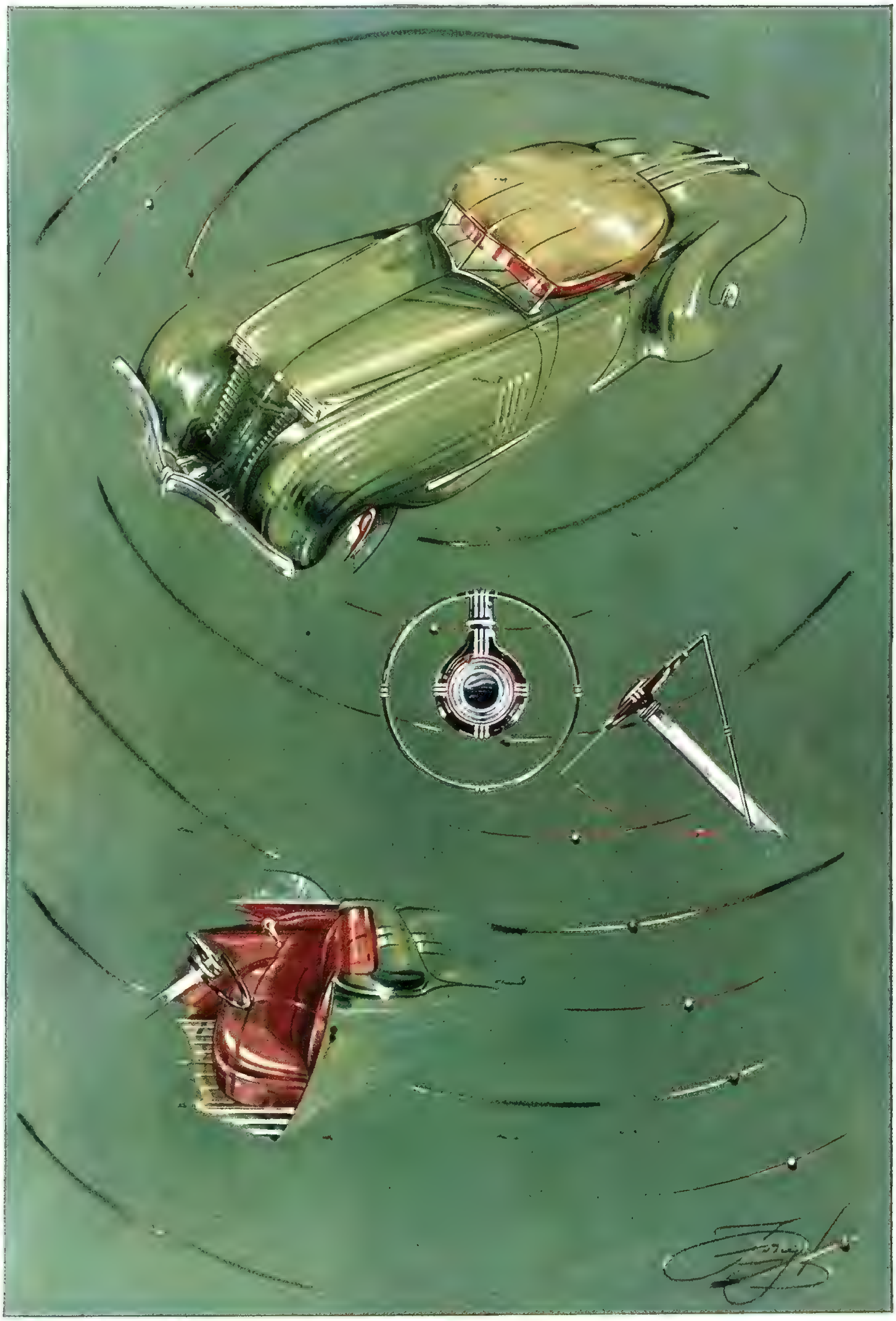
"*Truck on down!*" Small's Paradise revue getting into the swing of things. In all of Harlem the waiters are usually the finest exponents of any new dance step. They see them all—revues and entertainers come and go—and, too, they have usually waited in every club and cabaret in Harlem. Lithe, trim men, ambidextrous with trays, they bask in reflected glamour.



E. Simms Campbell

DOWN TO THE VERY BRICKS

To be specific and technical, the very finest dancers, the "*deepest*" truckers, the "*solid senders*" of the art are the street urchins. There is no step, no movement, which they cannot execute; no words to any song written they do not know.



WITH A STEERING WHEEL FOR ALDERMEN *by* ANTHONY

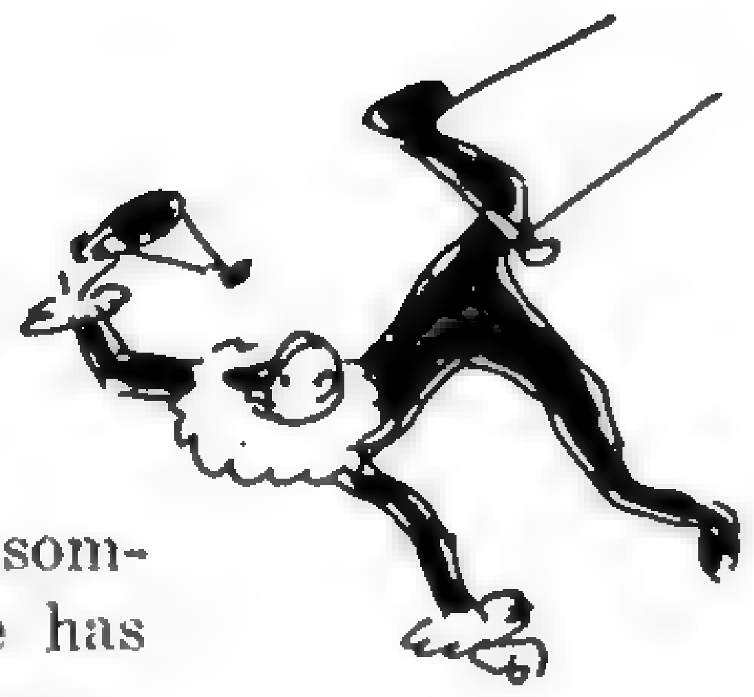
Piously hoping to leave this world better than he found it, this artist observed the need for a new type of steering wheel—one that would free the forgotten fat man from that old devil interference. So he fashioned a steering wheel with only one spoke or standard, which not only makes for simplicity of design but also enables the wheel to drop down when not in use. On the standard are three chrome strips: the center one, as it joins the wheel, is constructed so as to set the wheel rigid or release it to be dropped. To leave the driver's seat, the alderman need merely press the center chrome strip, releasing the lock and allowing the wheel to fall to the steering column where it will fasten into a rubber niche. After stepping out with unaccustomed ease, he can bow to admirers, climb in again, his stomach serene and unshrinking, bring the wheel into position and, just for the fun of it, repeat the process.

Esquire's Playboy, Pro Tem

Herewith our master of The Lively Arts doubles amiably in drama at the drop of Stage-Door Johnny's hat

by GILBERT SELDES

• THEATRE •



Glimpse List

ALL ALONE

Winterset. Maxwell Anderson single-handed restores the grandeur and the dignity of the theatre in an absorbing poetic tragedy echoing the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Jumbo. The circus made modern, all its stupidity eliminated, a few slow moments, a superb spectacle in action.

MUSTS

At Home Abroad. Bee Lillie and some marionettes.

Blind Alley. Good shocking melodrama.

Boy Meets Girl. The funniest show in town even if it is about Hollywood.

Dead End. Melodrama of the old swimming hole in the shadow of Park Avenue; no core, but miraculous children.

First Lady.

Paradise Lost. Odets on a tangent but you can't sell Odets short.

The Children's Hour. Better see this before the movies sterilize it.

Three Men on a Horse. The second (see above) funniest show in town.

Tobacco Road. Should have had the Pulitzer Prize over two years ago when it started, no matter what Chicago and Detroit say.

GOOD

Night of January 16th. Two endings: you may be drawn for the jury to decide which.

Parnell. Love and politics stiffly done but intelligent.

Porgy and Bess. Too ambitious, too operatic, too pretentious, but nobly acted and sung.

Pride and Prejudice. Relentlessly charming, and really pleasing—almost a "must."

Remember the Day. You fell in love with your teacher.

Squaring the Circle. Hearty Russian farce based on errors in marriage in a crowded apartment. Full of simple faith.

Whatever Goes Up. Gets in this category for its first act and Ernest Truex.

BEWARE!

Jubilee. Moss Hart and Cole Porter trying hard to prove, in spite of Mary Boland, that they never had any talent.

Moon Over Mulberry Street. Made of green what?

Mulatto. Hysterics about our cullud brothuh's hard lot.

The Taming of the Shrew. Lunt makes the gesture known as "goosing;" arty, mannered, unfunny.

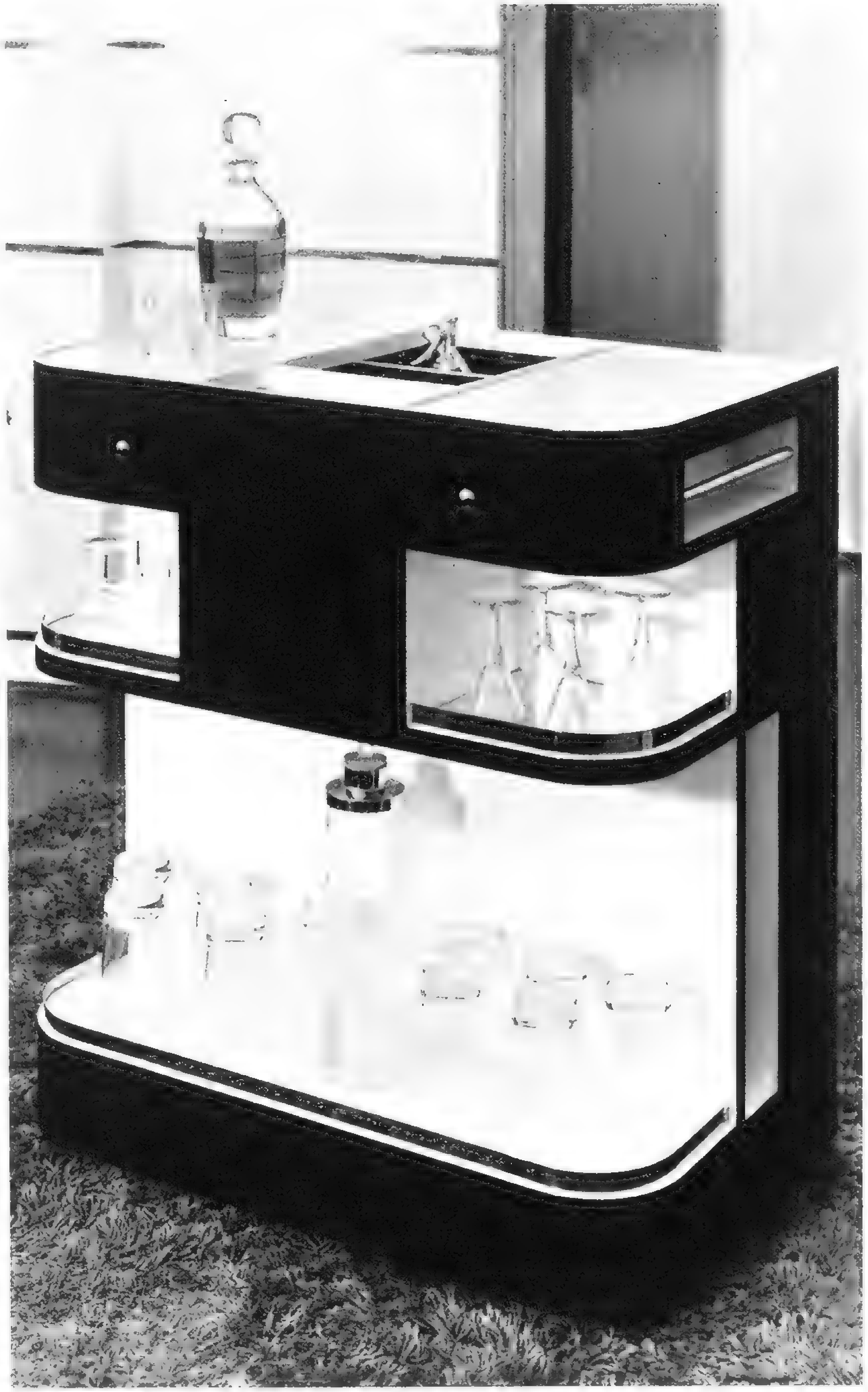
News, nothing but news, in the theatre, more news than plays, more arguments than criticism. The dramatic critics of New York City form a Circle to knit a shroud for the Pulitzer Prize which will serve at the same time as a gaudy blanket for a play of their own choosing: they won't give money (have they got it to give?) but they will announce before the Pulitzer judges do; the world can hardly wait until they choose the same play. Next item: Elmer Rice says, "I have been predicting for twenty years that the commercial theatre is dead, and I believe my predictions have come true," and over the holidays shows played matinees every day and boosted prices for special events to $8.80 a ticket and *Jumbo*, right from the start, extracted between 60 and 70 thousand dollars a week. Next item: the Group Theatre is more angry than hurt by the critics and sends out a statement saying that the reviewers "have been extremely respectful and judicious in their comments" on *Paradise Lost*, but "the least that one might expect is a clear-cut statement that every sensitive theatregoer must by all means see it" which was conspicuously lacking from the reviewers' reviews. Next item: jolly old Ibsen has come back—but what makes him so attractive to women? Eva Le Gallienne does *Rosermholm* and *The Master Builder;* Alla Nazimova is so infatuated with *Ghosts* that she appears as Oswald's mother this time instead of his light of love. Final item: John V. A. Weaver gives over this page, temporarily, to me and I'm the lad who has been going around the suburbs discussing the tender point, is the theatre dying and if it is, does it matter? Don't blench: I shall not discuss it here.

I'd like to point out that when Mr. Weaver quit, he didn't know that I would sit in for him. That excuses him for not having included in his valedictory an announcement as charming as the one made by Bernard Shaw for his successor, known thenceforth as "the incomparable Max"—thenceforth until Max Gordon, the good producer, filed claim for it. The revelation came to Shaw—I mean the feeling that he couldn't bear to see any more plays—after he had been under ether and spent several weeks of convalescence; he announced that he was through and was going to sleep; that was in 1898, but most of us feel that sleep didn't overtake him until somewhere in the late 1920's, since when, in a somnambulistic trance, he has continued to write plays—Erik Satie once said of a rival composer that he continued to write music as the beard of a dead man continues to grow, for a time. A lot of our playwrights are following the same system.

Among those who are still alive, Maxwell Anderson is in a sense the most dependable: you can depend on it that you will not like some of the things he does, but when you do like them, you will find them superb. The list to the left of this column of type has been altered in many respects, but the only important difference is the creation of a new category, intended to suggest that *Winterset*, Mr. Anderson's new play, is by so much the most absorbing and moving play of the past few years, that it simply cannot be considered as competing with anything else in the current theatre. Or, the other way round, the remainder of the shows are not even trying to do what *Winterset* accomplishes. You may have heard moans of pain because Mr. Anderson has chosen to write a play about social injustice, with an imagined son of Sacco or Vanzetti, a hanging judge, and a couple of gangsters, in blank verse; or, if you get the other publications, you may have listened to angry mutters about Mr. Anderson's failure to see the class-struggle clearly. I have my reservations, too; but I testify that for the first time in years a play made me believe that the theatre was something more than a place to go when you had nothing else to do, or wanted to see women in nice furs, or had to get out of the rain, or had seen all the good movies. That isn't quite fair and belittles a lot of pleasurable nights; I wouldn't want the theatre always to be as moving and exalted as *Winterset* is; but *Winterset* is in the tradition of the great and apparently everlasting theatre—and what else is?

As a matter of fact, *Jumbo* is. Not because Billy Rose had the idea of grafting a radio-sketch plot on a circus, but because the circus itself is a good theatrical enterprise and Mr. Rose has drained off from the ordinary circus its excesses and its stupidities, and has concentrated on clowns, acrobats, animals, and spectacle, four elements so exaggerated in the usual production that you can't see them. The original announcement said that Mr. Rose had instructed Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur to bring on the yak and the aardvaark only in accordance with strict dramatic requirements; but those who know Billy Rose and his admirably restrained press-agent, Richard

Continued on page 167



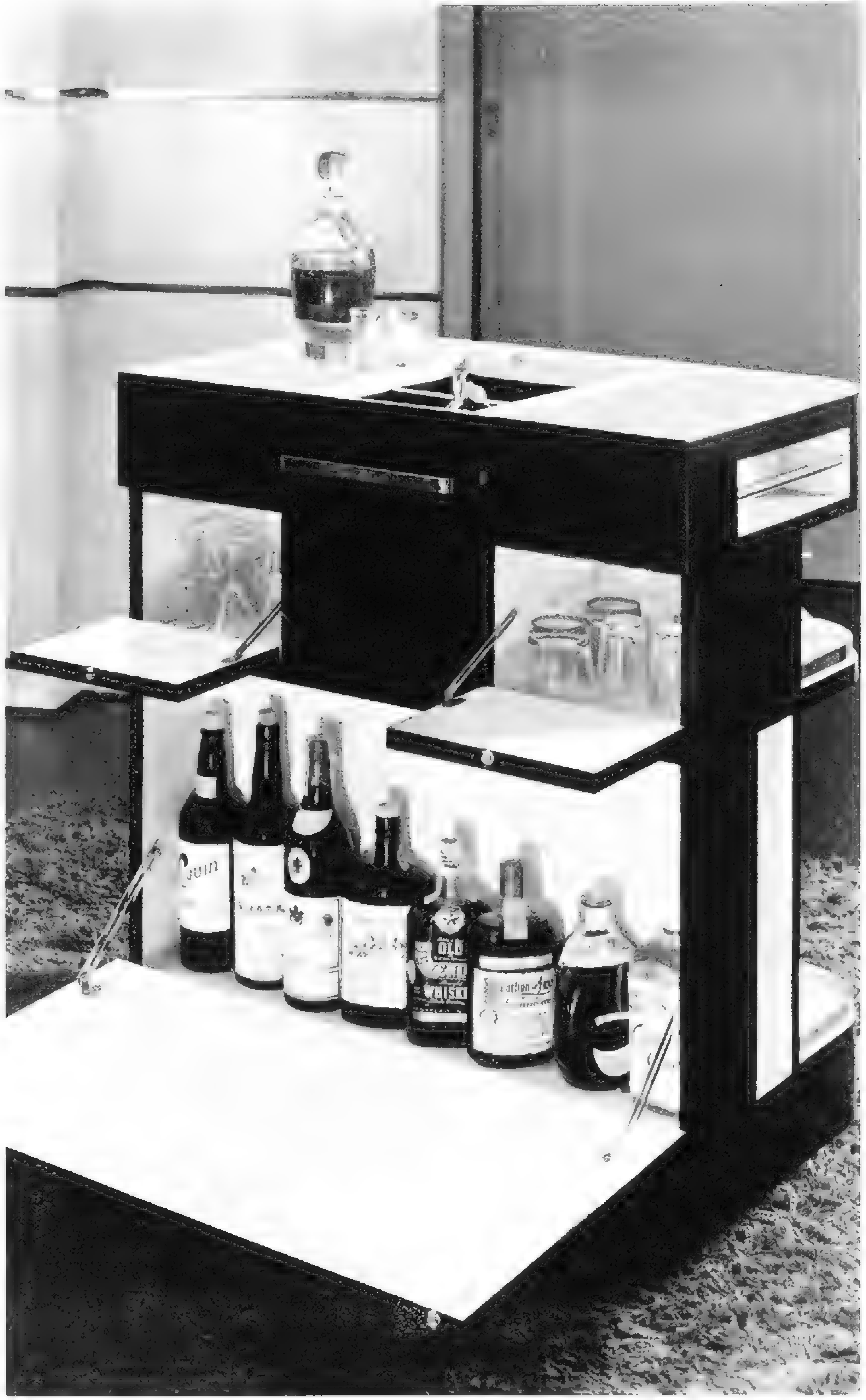
(PATENT PENDING)

THE BUTTLE-BAR

Designed to Enhance the Gayety of Home

by **G. McSTAY JACKSON**

This being the age of Action for Action's sake, even bars are expected to move about very smartly. The one shown here, constructed of wood, swings easily around on ball-bearing rubber tired wheels. It has a Satin Ebony finish and is white lacquer inside. Pictured at the left, a large section in the front enclosed with a thin chromium gallery holds cocktail shaker and highball glasses, while above are similar, smaller sections. The shelves are of white Carrara glass. At the top, two small drawers, opened by sunken, chromium handles, hold bar silver, cork-screws, etc. The spaces on either side of the top center section, of white Carrara glass, are used for mixing. The top center section has a compartment for liquor and seltzer bottles and a chromium ice cube container with an ice drain. The illustration on the right shows the back of the buttle-bar. An easily opened fall, hinged at the bottom, reveals a compartment holding eight or ten bottles conveniently. Various sized glasses may be kept in the smaller compartments above, which open from the ends, eliminating superfluous hardware, and creating a streamlined appearance. The long, narrow opening on the side is for cocktail trays, the small one above with the chromium rod is for guiding, and the chromium handle at the top is for pulling the bar from its nook. Its compact design enables the bar to fit into small spaces, or into book cabinets designed especially to accommodate it.



Warming the Inner Man

When white hot swords flavor the champagne the concoction may be called a fiery drink

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

THE chestnut trees were dripping and had lost all that advertised gayety under the steady downpour of rain. The thousands of taxis were blowing their silly horns, peep, peep, the bicyclists were doing a double invitation to death on the shining pavements and a million or more Frenchmen were rushing home in those faded white raincoats that will undoubtedly last longer than the memory of the true causes of the war that spawned them. My friend drew me to a table under the canopy of the terrace in front of the Select and we huddled as near the glass wind-break as possible. It was too early for the charcoal braziers, the disconsolate waiters hung in the doorway or under the awning. The business was ruined for the hour of apéritif, that is, the business as compared to one of those magical sunny days. But there were still enough Parisians around to indicate that life, and drinking, must go on despite a few rain drops.

"A drink, I think is indicated," my friend was an English actor and never forgot it.

So we gave our order. Or at least I gave mine, a dry Martini, with a dash of absinthe and triple sec. My friend snorted and lifted his hand to stay the waiter. "Are you crazy or don't you know anything about drinking? Waiter, bring us two Grog Americain."

Soon the waiter was back with two steaming tumblers, a slice of lemon floating on the top. I watched my friend and, determined to commit no further breaches of drinking etiquette, sipped my drink. It went right down to my stomach and from there right down to the wet soles of my feet. The lights along the Champs Élysées had begun to come on, the rain drops took on a sort of rose glow. The people, sitting around at the little tables preoccupied with their papers, began to seem very chummy and this spot certainly the one place on earth for an American. The little saucers began to pile up under the tumblers.

"Strange that you don't know anything about this drink," my friend mused. "It's named after your nation. . . . I believe the father of your country had a hankering for it, at least his troops found it very heartening when they were running from General Howe's men."

"I believe I recall something about it. They passed it around just before the battle of Bunker Hill," that was pretty quick for me with only four grogs to go on.

"Let's have another and forget about that German, George III, who ruled England so badly."

So we had another and we fell to talking about America and some of its more peculiar phases. There was the noble experiment, he found difficult to fathom. And after I had explained all about the Puritans and their terrible legacy and how every American felt that he was his brother's keeper, he thought he saw the light. But he couldn't understand how, after the noble experiment had been buried under the grass of Mr. Hoover's streets, we still knew so little about the purposes and joys of drinking. For he held that there could be little joy in drinking if you just drank anything at any time. So I got to thinking about that, for a glass or two and I tried to explain to him about tradition.

A headline on a newspaper of a man at the next table caught my eye. It was about Russia celebrating her eighteenth birthday of a new idea in government. And another streamer told of how the class of 1914 was being called to the colors in Germany. Here were two major events in the world, involving millions of people and the unit of time was about the same as that consumed by our years of stupid and criminal prohibition. A whole generation of Russians didn't know anything about the Czar and a generation of German youth didn't know anything about the Great War, except as it was told them. So a generation of Americans didn't know anything about drink and drinking. Their palates were scalded by the costly poisons of the bootlegger and speak-easy proprietor and their attitude toward the business of drinking had taken on the sinister, under-cover behavior of the criminal farce. Our fathers had known something about drinking and graceful ways of living. But how could a father pass on that knowledge to a generation whose manners were learned in speak-easies and whose acceptance of anything foreign to their *mores* was acknowledged by a Bronx cheer. Well, we came to the conclusion that they would learn it some way, even though they may seem to hold in contempt anything that has to do with the "good old days" of horse car, Delmonico's and Lillian Russell. And we also came to the conclusion that if they didn't learn it, they were missing half of the fun.

That settled, we got to talking about how you remember this or that drink or meal from the circumstances or the friends, and of how much emphasis we are wont to place on a thing, emphasis of a factor that really is out of all proportion to the whole. But as long as the emotional is the thing that governs the mainspring of our lives I suppose it will be so. I further suppose that my friend told me some stories of meals and drinks. I remember someone's interrupting every now and then. But you wouldn't expect me to remember any of the stories *he* told *me*. They wouldn't interest you anyway. There was something about William Hickey, a fine young gallant that sailed the world and raised merry hell from the age of fourteen on. I remember his memoirs, in three meaty volumes. It was Hickey's custom to gather his rakes about him in his London flat and toast the name of the valorous George Washington, of the Colonies. This was done by pouring great quantities of champagne into a silver bowl, the gentlemen then thrusting their swords into the open grate, and when the blades were at white heat, thrusting them into the bowl of champagne. The champagne was then quaffed to the honor of George Washington and the ultimate confounding of George Third. Then the bowl was filled again, the swords heated and so on.

I didn't know any good English drinking stories. The last time I was in London I had gone to bed with one suit of clothes and two overcoats on and had eaten thick beefsteaks. A guy could get some sleep that way.

But that reminded me of the time when we were running a railroad from Atoka to Kanawah. If you want to know how old I am, without looking at my teeth, figure out that the state was then known as Indian Territory. It was a few days before Christmas. The four of us on the engineering gang had been out on location on the old handcar. About seven miles out I had spotted an enormous clump of mistletoe in an old oak tree by the roadbed. Now, where I came from, mistletoe was rare

Continued on page 185

The Music-Box Review

A dissertation on Kreisler's fiddling power, Beethoven's gold toothpick, and Bing Crosby's latest burnt offerings

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

Bach is the fugal lord of architectonics; Haydn, the formatist; Mozart, the dweller in fairyland; Beethoven, the humanist and innovator. In the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven tried to say something that cannot be said in orchestral music so he added voices and lyrics. His idea was great, but his writing for the voices was either tremendously optimistic or intentionally cruel because the vocal part of the symphony for both soloists and chorus is unsingable. Many have been the silent curses hurled at him by vocalists struggling with that ungodly high tessitura. It is not only too high but it is an endurance test, and there is many a sore tonsil among the singers after a performance of this work. Critics consider this the rock on which most conductors split their G strings, and they don't know how true that is. No conductor can feel certain what the bawling baritones and temperamental tenors are going to do when they perform this symphony. (You will notice I've said nothing about the cooing contralti and simpering soprani.) It's a hard nut for any director to crack even if his teeth are good.

The purely instrumental sections of the work have a grandeur about them that has only been approached since. What an impressive opening and what a logical development! And what a great conception for a symphony!

Now for the extry! extry! extry! Both Victor and Columbia have recorded the Ninth Symphony. Stokowski is the boss for the former and Felix Weingartner rides herd for the latter. Take your pick, but in case you're choosey about your interpretation hear both before deciding.

Weingartner's album hews more closely to tradition and the metronome markings, while Stokowski's has more innovations and the vocal parts are sung in English, which doesn't help. However, as I said before, take your pick and you can't go wrong—both are beautifully recorded.

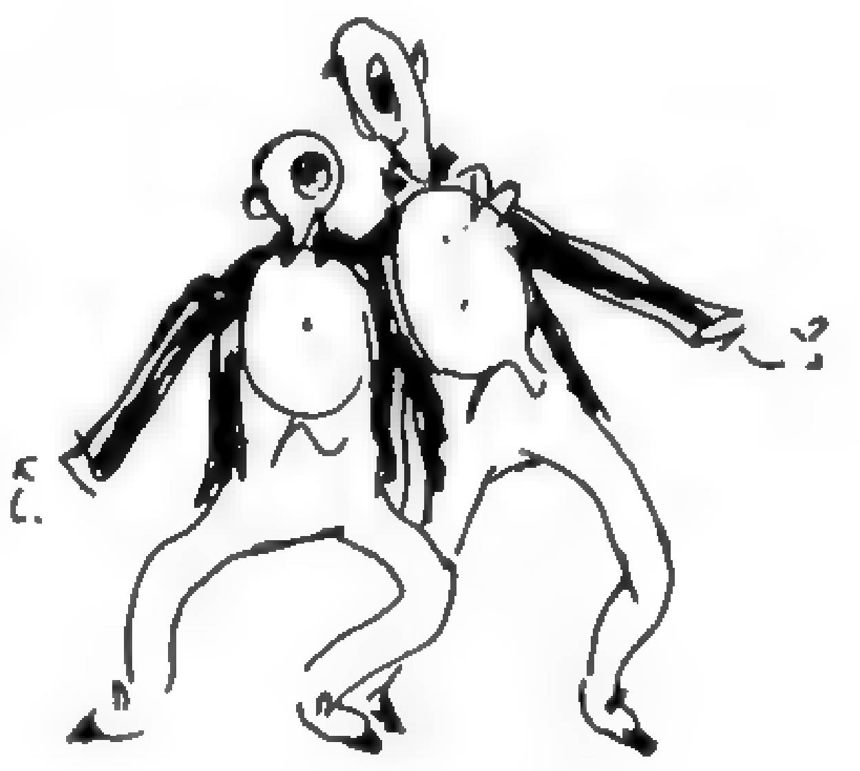
Beethoven Ninth Symphony in D Minor (Opus 125): Performed by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra with the Philadelphia Orchestra Chorus and Soloists.

Victor Album M-236—Musical Masterpiece Series.

Performed by Felix Weingartner conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Vienna State Opera Chorus plus Soloists.

Columbia Masterworks—Set No. 227.

Every once in a while during a musical season we are pleasantly surprised to notice old Pop Haydn peeking slyly around the corner at us. Be it oratorio, symphony, string quartet or trio, he shows up sooner or later.



This F Minor Quartet, which is the fifth in his Opus 20, is frankly old-fashioned music, but you find yourself liking it. And not because it is a venerable thing with white hair and beard and wearing octagonal specs, but because it is still naïve in its old age. It doesn't solve any grave questions or pose any new ones.

The Roth String Quartet gives a fine account of itself in this particular recording. Their palette is a small one, and the players wisely restrict themselves to the scale of a string quartet, not trying to approach the sonorities of the orchestra which means tone-forcing.

As a Finale, Haydn has written a quite simple fugue, if you care for that sort of thing. My personal opinion is that they are more fun for the player than the listener. But, then, no composer ever need try to out-fugue Bach, for Bach is the granddaddy and Haydn is only a Pop.

Haydn Quartet in F Minor (Opus 20, No. 5). Played by the Roth String Quartet.

Columbia Masterworks Set No. 228.

* * *

Meet Mr. Kreisler. Not the air-flow or the floating-power one. This is the fiddler with a style. Look at all three and then take your pick. I, personally, will take the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto if Kreisler is playing. All is grist that comes to his mill and he transmutes it into golden tones via his precious art.

Don't look down upon Mendelssohn. It became the fashion some few years ago to act a little uppish when his name was mentioned. Most of the 1910 sophisticates said that his drawing-room pieces were for old-maid pianists to lure the men from under their beds at night. Nowadays, these remarks are considered, in smart musical circles, about as sophisticated as "Twenty-three, Skidoo."

Take his Violin Concerto, for instance . . . yes, you take it, violinists, and study it. For here is a work that is your Alpha and Omega, your Old and New Testament, the cream in your coffee. You all play at it but mighty few of you are able to play with it. I can hear your teacher saying, "Now, that passage lies much easier in the second and fourth position." And I seem to hear the pupil perspiringly retort, "Indeed—indeed! But who in the hell told you that anything was easy in the second and fourth position?"

Now, about Mr. Kreisler and his reading. He makes of the concerto a composite whole and not a lot of isolated and unrelated bits of passage-work. His is the grand manner personified. He doesn't play the last movement too fast for the listener to grasp its significance. You'll be realizing pretty soon that I'm going to say something good about this album. You may now go to the head of your class. Oh . . . bye-the-bye . . . the orchestra is the London Philharmonic under Sir Landon Ronald's direction, and it doesn't just fill in while Mr. Kreisler is out stealing a lap on the field. Sir Ronald makes it as important as it should be, and there is a grand "being-together" feeling between the orchestra and soloist.

May I address one remark to all phonograph companies? Never mind fooling around with any more recordings of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, because from now on they will all be A. K. . . . After Kreisler.

Felix Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor (Op. 64) Played by Fritz Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald.

Victor—M-277.

* * *

Again Beethoven! Ah, the gloomy man of many sorrows, the man of rough humors, musically picturing the spheres laughing at the Universe, et cetera, et cet, and et, until you say "Phfft." Now, Beethoven was a composer who wrote a lot of great music, but he was a human being who picked his teeth with a gold toothpick, as was the fashion in those days, and a gruff, crotchety guy whose music was so much better than his company. To prove, if it is necessary, that there is no analogy between a man's disposition or character and his compositions, listen to this Fourth Symphony in B Flat Major. Honest music, if ever there was any written, and the notes are sunshine on paper. I agree that many pages are rough and gruff sounding, but I wonder if much of that isn't in the traditions of performance which have been handed down from the prehistorical conductors to our prix-hysterical ones.

Eugene Ormandy has achieved a really fine sense of proportion in this recording; the sense of ensemble and attack is refreshing, and the symphony actually bubbles under the ministrations of the Minneapolis

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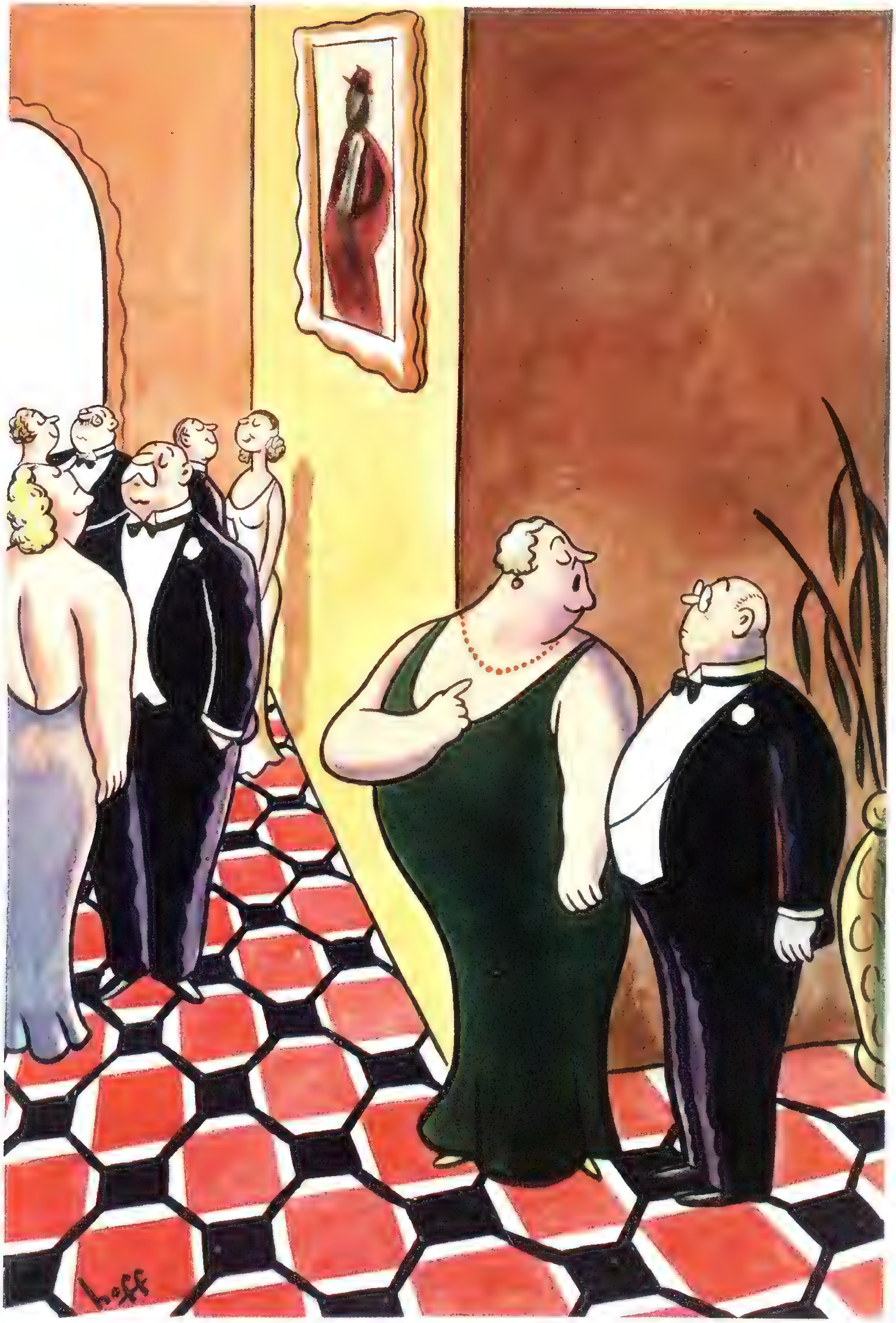
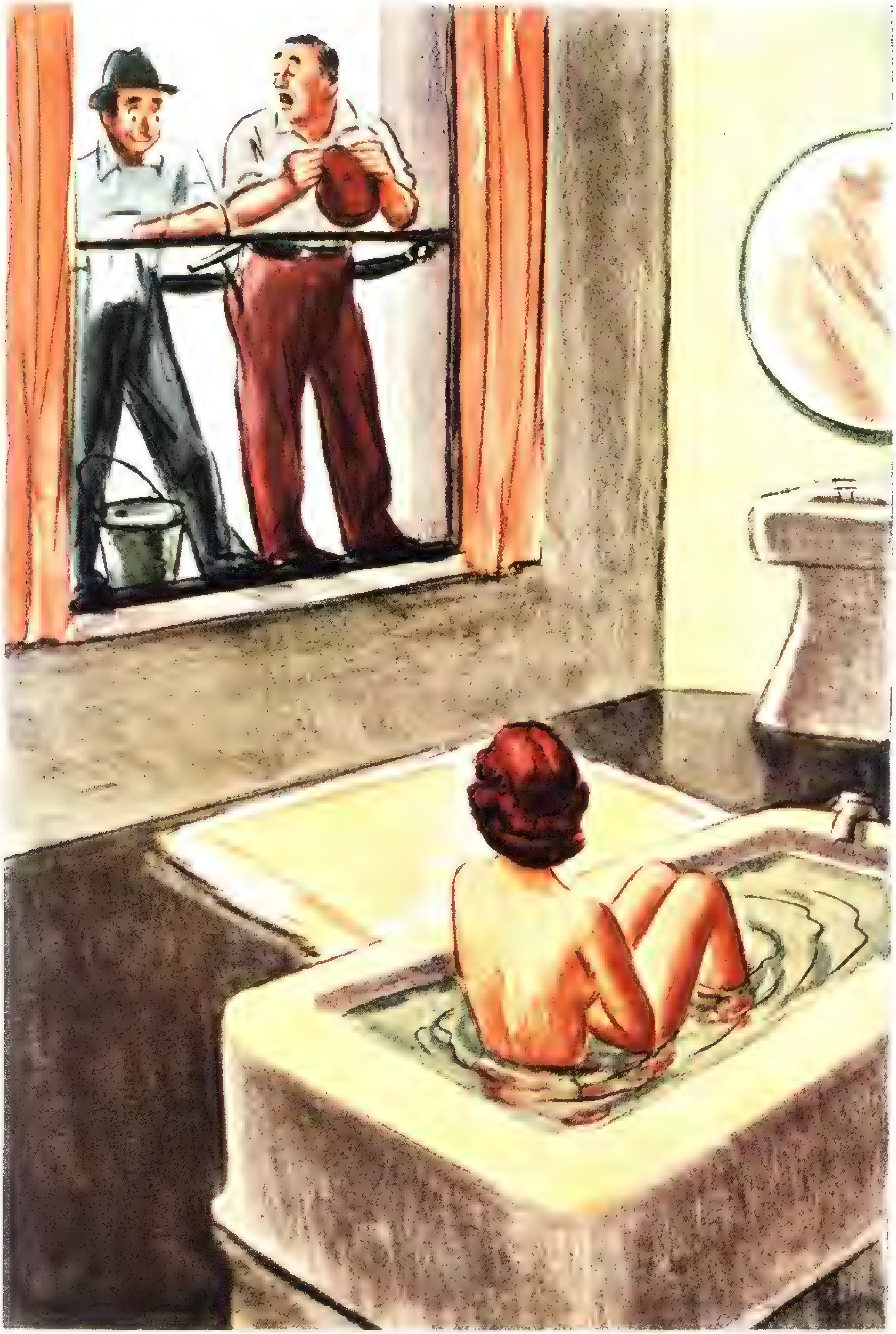


"Remember now—before the guests it's 'Join me in a game of billiards' and not 'How about shootin' some pool'!"



"When will you learn to take your hat off in front of a lady?"

Divinely Fair

Continued from page 76

to cure himself of her, and well he knew it was hopeless. While she lived he would be her dog. From the staggering, dazzled day when he first kissed her, he had been overwhelmed.

He called to the kitchen, "Finished," lit a cigarette and went outside.

A horse's steps sounded up the trail. In the clear darkness, Elogio Gavarrete rode towards him.

"*Amigo, ¿que tal?*"

"*Bien. ¿Y Ud, don Luis?*"

"*Muy bien, gracias.*"

The younger man dismounted and they shook hands.

"Come in."

"Thanks. I just wanted the receipt for that cable. Your lady wife made the voyage without news?"

"Yes. She will reach Santa Ana Thursday. I leave to meet her day after tomorrow."

"I am made happy. It is lonely for you here."

Lewis lit the lamp and signed his name. "Here is the receipt. Have you dined? Sit down."

"Thank you, I had some little beans at La Loma, and I must return to Platanal immediately." Elogio grinned, white teeth in a wide mouth. "A young man's business."

Lewis' smile stiffened on his face. Elogio was of good height, handsome enough, with the free manner of a vaquero. A strong man, full of juice—that was the feeling he gave, full of juice. He remembered, as he had not for months, that his Adam's apple was too large, his neck thin, and his glasses and the receding hair above his forehead made him look all brains and no face.

A little of the awkwardness he felt when he talked with some oaf from the Varsity after class came upon him.

Elogio was telling a bit of scandal from La Loma. He responded mechanically. This youth respected him, they all did, since years past. If you asked them, they would say that to try to fool with Don Luis' wife would be dangerous folly. But that wife would be here in short order, and to these primitive people a man with horns. . . . Nor could a young vaquero resist her. I shall never be able to come back. There will be nowhere left for me.

Elogio accepted a brandy and departed. Lewis called for another beer, arranged his notebooks by the lamp and sat down to the evening routine. Almost pathetically he pointed out to himself as he copied the day's rough notes, the skill, the insight and long experience which informed his work. This terse, exact record carried its background of hardships, sickness, the maintenance of the keen mind through the difficulties of the tropics, the handling of men, as his colleagues would know. Thought, knowledge, speculative brilliance went into some deductions. This was all real, all strong. Elogio, smelling of sweat and the saddle, his dark skin. Phoebe's whiteness.

There is no divorce. She has my soul in her pocket. A fool for her. Divorce is absence and absence does no good. Not while those hands exist. If only she were never kind to me. Not while there is a man to embrace her. If I could kill all young, strong men. . . . "Push her over a cliff."

He took a sip of beer. Abnormal—Bill was tactful.

Between Comalpa and Tuxtepec on the road in from Santa Ana, is the crossing of the Rio Bravo. A string of boulders, making a rapids, enables people to get over on foot. Horses must swim downstream, guided and helped by lariats. It is an exciting operation at best. The full, confined river tears at one's legs, clutches; below, it swirls, leaps, all deep, swift water to the fifty-foot Salto del Lagarto. If a person slips there, that is all.

Big trees overhang either bank, a wall of them. A short distance upstream is a backwater where animals come to drink; he got a jaguar there once, and several times deer and wild pig. Elogio went with him when the boy was just turned sixteen, excited at using Lewis' breech-loader, the first he had ever handled.

Then she would not exist. My country would not be soiled; there would still be a place for me. I could own myself again; stop hating the big undergraduates, being first unfair, then over-fair to halfbacks.

Juan Vigil went over two years ago, and Eufemia Garrido the first season I was here. Marcos and I would take the horses across first, then I'd go back to get her.

Impossible, I'm mad. He took up his pen, wiped the sweat off his glasses, and returned to work. The day's record was perfected, but his pleasure in it failed him. It was barren. Everything was barren. Elogio smiled in the lamp-light. Full of juice. He concentrated with an effort, lost himself in the intricate detail of a cross-section which was bringing out vital stratification.

As he recorded on the chart the locations of his finds, the sequences, their possible meaning appeared. His mind raced, fitting evidence together. Sturnheimer says . . .

Done. He pushed it from him with a sigh, finished his beer, flat and warm now. He rose, lighting a cigarette. It's murder, of course, but she can't be allowed to live. Very simple. I wonder if Bill will guess.

He stripped, washed, put on pajamas and climbed into his hammock. His cigarette made a dull glow when he pulled at it. Since he knew she was coming, he had lain long awake each night, worrying, desiring. He threw the butt onto the dirt floor. He felt excited, but also satisfied, released. It was solved. He hitched his blanket up, settled himself. Drowsiness of a hard day's work overcame the excitement. #

"Said Aristotle Unto Plato . . ."

Continued from page 75

of colors a map-maker need use in order to color a map so that no contiguous districts will be of the same color? By "contiguous" we mean countries whose common borders are represented by a line; two countries which touch at a single point are not considered contiguous. It does not matter how involved the borders may be, or how the countries may interlock; there is a definite number of colors *and no more* which the map-maker need use. Oh, yes—and to forestall any quibbling, the map need not be of any known country. Draw your own map, border your districts as fantastically as you please, the minimum number of colors will be the same. What is it?

Since maps were maps the proof of that little puzzle has worried the Best Minds. Nobody's proved it so far, and it looks as though nobody ever would. But don't let that discourage you. Nobody has ever proved—*proved*, we said—that two and two make four. The best that can be stated is that two and two have never made anything other than four. (Will the bright young man who just rose to state that if you put two and two together they make twenty-two please depart into outer darkness?) This absence of proof is no reason for doubting the truth of the proposition. It's just, as a mathematician would say in his peculiar lingo, *horum rerum unum*—which is, being interpreted, one of those things.

It would appear from above that time out of mind the boys enjoyed trying to stick each other with dilemmas, paradoxes, and what not. From Zeno on the masters of thought have taken an unholy joy in propounding apparent impossibilities. And the recipients seem to have enjoyed it, too. The ancients were nuts about wire-drawn distinctions. Recall the numbers who were joyously willing to be made martyrs over the single letter i—lower-case, at that—back in the third and fourth centuries. Oh, yes, they were. Look up homoousion vs. homoiousion if you don't believe me. Thank goodness, we have progressed. Today we demand elaboration. We wouldn't go to war for a single letter—the letter S, for instance—not unless it had a couple of lines drawn through it.

However. One of the most maddening propositions offered by anybody is the following, whose origin and dates are lost, alas! as are those of so many nifty problems. Take a sheet of paper, a playing-card—any conveniently-handled flat surface, and try to give it four quarter-turns so that the result will be equivalent to one quarter-turn. Putting it geometrically, rotate a plane through four right angles so that the effect is equivalent to turning it through only one right angle. It can be done. But if you get it first off—no, if you get it at all—you're good, you're plenty good.

Plenty of people will say, when confronted by the above twister, "Who the so-and-so wants to give a card one quarter-turn by moving it through four quarter-turns?" Admitting, as they have it in New England, that there is something into what they say, still that doesn't detract from the excellence of the puzzle—as you'll find when you try it.

Another popular indoor sport among the ancients was the exercise of expressing as many numbers as possible by using only certain digits. They had various systems, some of them extremely complicated; but of all the problems that have come down to us the one called the "Four Fours Problem" is the most fascinating. Here it is: using four fours, no more and no less, express the numbers from 1 to 21 inclusive. You are allowed to use the signs plus (+), minus (—), multiplied by (×), and divided by (÷), and the decimal point; also parentheses or brackets. Divisions can, of course, be expressed as fractions. No radical, or sign of the square root, can be used. This is one of the prettiest problems we have come across in several blue moons.

Some of the numbers can be expressed in several ways. For instance, 1 can be expressed as $44/44$ or $4/4 + (4-4)$, etc. Probably the simplest way of expressing 2 is by using $4/4+4/4$; but it can also be expressed by $(4\times4)/(4+4)$ which is, of course, $16/8$.

Now go ahead and try to express all the numbers to and including 21. Some of them are easy; some of them, as you (and the ancients) will agree, are humdingers. Remember, four fours, no more *and* no less.

In such manner did the boys who hung around the white marble porticos, and the robed and argumentative lads who frequented cloister and palace, amuse themselves. Humanity may have changed in some respects since then, but when it comes to liking a good puzzle the likes of us are one with Plato or Abelard. Moreover, the problems that wrinkled those august brows are as good today as they were then. If you want verification, see above.

Solutions to problems center of page 155

Death Over the Cities

A lucid exposition of modern air strategy which needs no aid from imaginary death rays

by LIEUT. BEIRNE LAY, JR.

• ARTICLE •

I AM not a World War ace nor the graduate of a War College, nor am I a militarist. No one who has squatted behind a bomb-sight and pulled the handle that releases the big eggs, half-rolled his Pursuit ship out of a tight fix in combat, or roughed it for a month of Air Corps maneuvers in the field is a militarist.

Military pilots of all countries do these things in their peace time training. Maybe we do a little thinking, too. About the significance of the motions we go through in air training. About air power and what it means in warfare today.

If you want to hear about "Z" rays, flying rockets charged with a hideous load of bacteria, or hellish cloudbursts of death from the skies that will wipe out entire civilian populations, let me out right at this corner, where the sign reads: "Air Power—how does it work? What can it do? Where will it do it?—Today, not tomorrow."

A couple of blocks farther up the road, you will find the "sensation boys," the "future horror" merchants, and the "atrocious engines of destruction" salesmen. Ask for their credentials and they will hand you a card with "Imagination, 99% pure" written on it. What are mine? The practical viewpoint which even a couple of years of military flying gives. And the curiosity that a one-ton demolition bomb gives—if you take a long hard look at it.

Authorities will tell you that the principles of war have not changed, in spite of aircraft. They haven't. There are nine of these principles, and they fit air strategy like a dress boot. However, air power offers such a new application to the first of these nine—the principle of the Objective—that it has radically altered the conditions under which war will be fought.

The political and military Objective of warfare is, and always has been, the overcoming of the enemy's will. This has been accomplished in the past by means of defeating the hostile forces and holding enemy ground, which gives control of land and sea, and therefore leaves the whipped belligerent no choice but surrender to the will of the winner.

Air power contemplates achieving the same end, but by different means. You know that any highly developed nation, like France, Germany, Italy, or the United States is peculiarly vulnerable—industrially; that the whole national set-up is a complicated piece of machinery—industrially. What you may not know is how few vital parts of that machine really interest the air strategist. His reasoning is this: you don't have to batter a man to pieces with a club when you can still his heart-beat with one small bullet. Call it a sharpshooting strategy—sniping at the targets that really count.

To bring home to you exactly what these targets are, assume that an enemy is across the Canadian border with a strong air force. Such a situation is unlikely, for a long time to come, and I use it for purposes of illustration only, since the geography is familiar. It is meant to give you a picture of what the Italian, British, and French air strategists have up their sleeves in case the simmering European kettle bubbles over.

No international spy system is necessary to give the air tacticians of any country the facts they need. A grammar school kid, wet behind the ears, could find the facts. Most of these are in the World Almanac. That tactician with his hostile air force up there in the Canadian woods is faced with the problem of strangling the United States—a country of tremendous wealth and resources, and unsurpassed industrial strength. But it is that great strength which is our great weakness.

Our air-minded opponent up there will spread a map of Uncle Sam on his camp desk and draw a pencil line around a relatively small area. It is bounded by the Great Lakes region in the West, and by New York City and Washington in the East. He will forget about the rest of the country and focus on this zone—the Strategic Area. Within its limits, he is going to hit three things: transportation, power plants, and water supply; for if he can truss up this Strategic Area in a strait-jacket, containing as it does the greatest concentration of population and industry in our country, or in the world, for that matter, the United States will become a body with its head cut off—our national brain, governmental and financial, is situated inside the skull of that particular zone.

What is the quickest way in which he can nail transportation? In the first place, eight trunk line railroads string the large centers together in the Strategic Area. The tracks run over fifty bridges. He will plan to get those bridges, and rail transportation is stopped, if he does. It simply cannot move. Rail transportation between the big cities will have been cut off.

How about motor transportation? That job is easier for our air strategist to lick. He won't blow up highways for the same reason that he didn't shatter railroad tracks. Both require too much time and ammunition. He will strike the oil refineries—push-over targets, and self-destroying after they have been hit. By this means, the fuel for motor transportation is dried up at its source.

How long, then, can we expect the gasoline supply on hand to hold out? You will have a partial answer if you ask your filling station attendant how often his pumps are filled by the gas trucks that you are always finding in your way at the top of a hill. He will tell you "every day" or "every two days." The average is 1½ days.

Let's climb aboard one of those gas trucks and ride with it back to its local source of supply—the distributing point. After hostile air operations have been in action, you may find a column of black smoke climbing the sky from the storage tanks. If, on the other hand these particular tanks have been left unharmed—they won't be if they are vital—you can expect no replenishment of the precious liquid already in the tanks. Wrecked railroad bridges mean no more tank cars coming in. Even if they could jump a shattered bridge, they would arrive empty from the smoldering heaps of metal that used to be refineries. At the coast cities, where the oil tankers put in, you will find that the railheads by now are interesting studies in scrap iron.

Clearly, the total gasoline supply will consist of the 1½ day's supply in the local pump, and that which remains at the unharmed distributing points. With the most drastic emergency conservation of the fuel which alone can keep motor transportation rolling, such a reserve will run out in from two to five days, depending on the particular locality in which those reserves are located.

The loss of rail and motor transportation will place the cities in a position best described as directly to the rear of the eight-ball. Any large population center is like a hungry leech—sucking in food supplies in a continual stream through the rail and highway arteries. Sever those arteries and the city will starve. It is estimated that Philadelphia, for instance, has only a four day supply of food inside the city limits.

One channel for heavy transportation is left—canals. More traffic moves through the Sault Ste. Marie and the Detroit River canals than the next three largest foreign canals combined, including the Suez. Most of our iron ore goes through these canals. If he can smash them, he has paralyzed our munitions and war industry with one stroke, for steel goes into nearly all of the implements of war. Smashing the Erie will be on his list, and any other canal which can be made to substitute for rail and motor transportation in the Strategic Area.

Next the power plants. They are large vulnerable bulls-eyes to snipe at. You know what happens when your electricity is cut off during an electric storm. It's a helpless feeling—lights, radio, refrigerator, and elec-

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

tric stove on the blink. Besides these personal inconveniences, and what is more important, you will have on the N. G. list telephone, telegraph, and wireless communications, plus trolley lines, subways, interurban electric railways, and all factories which depend on electric power.

One more thing. He would strike at water supply. Here's what would happen to New York City. Its water is piped down from the Catskills, below ground at some points and above ground at others. Destroy those pipelines where they are above ground. In the case of another city, a dam might be the mark. Fires in New York average seventy-five a day and are extinguished chiefly by means of water under pressure from the city water reservoir. Without water, you can see that Manhattan would make a pretty fair stab at burning itself down. What is worse, epidemic would break out immediately—no sanitation. To epidemic, add starvation and thirst, and you have an untenable city — rendered untenable strangely enough, without being bombed, gassed, or showered with germ-laden bacteria.

Every important center of population in the Strategic Area will share the plight of New York. Squint your eye at that area now, bearing in mind that it represents the heart and brain of the country—the industrial heart and the governmental brain essential to equip, maintain, and direct a defensive army. Imagine a modern army "springing to arms overnight" out of such a chaos—armed with pitchforks, subsisting on grass and roots, receiving orders from Washington by Indian smoke signals—a Washington snowed under with the problem of caring for the living civilian population—a far greater one than that of caring for the dead. The damage has been done quickly. Can it be repaired quickly? We may recall that San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake and then set on its feet again in a surprisingly short time. But the railroads into San Francisco were open and the means of reconstruction were available without hindrance. Suppose that San Francisco had been in an area surrounded with cities in a similar plight—cut off from each other. How rapidly could the work of repair go forward?

Before rebuilding power plants, oil refineries, water supplies, and bridges, you must have the heavy materials which go into their construction. In order to move the heavy materials, you must have rail transportation. The rail transportation can't move until its bridges are built over again—with what? Motor transportation can't bring them the materials until the refineries have been rebuilt to supply the gasoline to run the trucks . . . again, with what?

This vicious circle makes you dizzy to think about. Where could the repair job get its foot on the first rung of the ladder? Your guess is as good as mine. From where I sit, it appears to be a question of months, if not years, to build and put in operation again the vital cogs in the industrial machinery, each of which required months or years to set up in the first place, when all other resources were available for their construction.

It seems to me a safe assumption that the repair job could not possibly be accomplished in time to make continued resistance with modern mechanized weapons of war a possibility.

The effects of an air power treatment in the Strategic Area of two nations at war, especially if each has employed its air forces successfully, will have a bearing on the subsequent conduct and outcome of the hostilities which is due for a hearing later on in this article. First, I want to give you a thumb-nail sketch of Bombardment coöperating with Attack aviation—a combination which forms the spearhead of modern air attack—and a word on Pursuit and Observation aviation.

The best of present day bombers, in the possession of major powers, have a top speed in the neighborhood of 200 miles per hour and carry one ton of bombs. Types now being tested have shown a cruising speed of as high as 230 miles per hour and get off the ground with two tons of explosives which they can tote for 2500 miles without refueling.

A one ton demolition bomb will shatter the heaviest kind of material target—concrete dams, or railroad bridges, for instance. And don't think it can't hit them. The bombsights of five years ago can't compare to the bombsights of today—not by a bombsight.

Bombardment aviation is the fist that throws the aerial knockout rights it must have the close coöperation of Attack aviation, which shoots the left jabs to furnish the openings for the knockout. Pursuit aviation acts as the Bombardment's bodyguard en route to the Objective. It will probably join the bomber formation from an advanced airdrome, because of its shorter range. Observation aviation is the stool pigeon that tips off the Bombardment and Attack men—tells them what they will find on the way to their destination, and what is waiting for them when they reach it. This function of Observation is tremendously important.

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Until George Flies

Continued from page 87

are) and that if there has to be a hostess, she shall be restricted to one of them, the other being, so to speak, a smoker. There will be penalties attached to such a change, I know. Nothing is more agreeable now than the sensation you get of traveling in a rare, if not unique, conveyance; the way your baggage is taken away from and restored to you, without tipping, is a pleasure; the general feeling that the whole of the United States is watching over you while you fly over it, is superb. But flying is bound to become natural and casual; and when it does, the passengers will not want to be coddled or babied or hostessed.

In all fairness, there are exceptions to the deadliness of the tribe. I recall with gratitude a young woman on one of the reaches of the American Airlines route—over the moonlit swamps of Arkansas, I think—who asked whether I had flown before, and when I said I had, told me that if I wanted anything, I had only to ask her—and then departed leaving me entirely to myself. There was another—I can't remember where—who suffered from the malady of conversation, but at least told her story well. A passenger, she said, once pestered her (that's news) and kept on asking what she would do if the pilot was struck dead or the plane caught fire, and was discontented with her replies. Finally, he asked her what she would do if one of the engines stopped functioning. At that moment she looked over the wing and one of the propellers was just slowing down—the engine *had* stopped functioning. So she said to the passenger that if one of the engines stopped, the pilot would land the plane with the other. "It wouldn't be any harder than landing this way," she said and lied heroically about a radio message to pick up an important passenger at an obscure field, until they were safely down. And there is the young woman on the *Condor* out of Los Angeles to Fort Worth who said, confidentially, "If you can't sleep, I've got some tablets that might help you." These are the salt of the earth, or the air. The rest of them talk too much.

Co-pilots are totally different. They slam a few magazines around for you to read, but you know in your hearts that they want to get back to the cockpit. They come out once an hour or so, to make sure that murder and mayhem have not been committed. You have to trap them into conversation, and their conversation is about the best I have heard in America. There was the youth on the United line from Los Angeles to San Francisco who, on account of double traffic, had been denied his day off and actually forced to take the place of a hostess. In five minutes, he conveyed to me more of the feeling professional fliers have for their business than all the truck I had read in years. And when I said it was too bad he had missed his day off, he replied, "Oh, gee, I'd rather be up there"—in the cockpit—"than playing tennis or doing anything down there."

That contempt for "down there" was unforgettable. And somewhere over Texas one of the American's co-pilots helped me with a map and answered a few questions, each with a word or two, and populated the southwestern desert with animals and human beings, and made it a place to live in and part of the United States.

These are among the satisfactions of flying, and they are better than the thrills and excitements, and infinitely better than the twittering comforts which are highly advertised. The whole idea of a hostess is based on the false assumption that you need help of some kind in the air. You need nothing of the sort. On a ten minute flight you may be so excited that you need to hold somebody's hand. A long flight, covering the continent, is such a voyage of discovery that your mind is too occupied to be bothered with trivia. For the first time Tennessee and Arizona become more than names, you know what a dried river-bed looks like, you see flames rising out of oil-wells, you know that rain moves sideways as well as downward, you see lightning on one side and moonlight on the other, you discover, as Gertrude Stein did, that the air is solid beneath you.

Well, I say that these profound satisfactions ought to be the great interest of flying and that the lines which take you from sea to sea ought not to make you feel that you will be lonely or frightened while you are up—which is what they do when they assure you that a pretty nurse will be hostess for you. You want the Pullman porter, who will let well enough alone. The way to make flying a pleasure is to improve the sight-lines, so that you will someday be able to see the world on every side, with no wings in the way, and to get out better maps. *Otherwise flying is perfect.* It has grown up. It needs no nursemaid. #

The Academic Approach

Continued from page 94

evaluate the phases of life."

I nodded.

"I think, perhaps . . ."

"You have my permission," I said.

Toward the end of the month, my thesis complete, I was enjoying a Tuesday of relaxation with the breeze, the sunshine, tennis, the swimming pool, and now my easy chair by the window. As the breeze caressed my head, I yielded my complacent body to the resilient lap of the leather chair and scanned the Proverbs.

This was the time that Affeld chose to recross my threshold. Sinking into a chair, he lapsed into brooding silence.

I laid the book discreetly with the cover down on the table.

"I see you are reading the Bible," he observed.

I had to admit it.

"An interesting document."

It was plain to see that he had something besides literary chit-chat on his mind. I hoisted my ample feet to the study table.

"Well," said I, jocularly, "how goes the battle?"

Affeld arose and paced with slow and measured stride to the east window. There he gazed away into space. "What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied, easily.

"Could you—" He turned to me. "Could you possibly spare an hour or so with Estelle and me, just the three of us, down at the Pike or somewhere?"

"Yes," I said. I supposed I deserved it for being off my guard.

Affeld sat down again. Then he returned to the window. It seemed that since his recent step from the theoretical into the practical, his nerves had suffered.

"I need your assistance," he said. He stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and his shoulders hunched and stared ahead through the window.

"I'll do anything within reason."

"I want you to talk to Estelle." His tone made me feel like a venerable uncle who was supposed to explain all about the facts of life to his little niece.

"You do."

"If you will—"

"What do you want me to talk about?"

"Well—you see, I haven't been very successful." He spoke in a recitative tone of bewilderment. "I have explained the situation, much as I did to you, and also the logic of my beliefs. I have done it time and again. She agrees with everything I say, but somehow she doesn't get the idea—or at least the application."

"Can't you make yourself clear?"

"I have tried to be—" He shrugged dourly.

"What does she say?"

Affeld spoke on a deep and rather hopeless note. "She just laughs — politely — as though I have been trying to be witty."

"The best advice I can give you," I offered, "is to pretend that you *have* been trying to be witty."

"But I haven't," he protested, reasonably. "It's discouraging."

"It all takes time."

He said, "I thought you might be able to help."

"How?"

Sitting up, Affeld tried to recapture his former equanimity. He touched his finger-tips in the old manner. "The fact is," he began, "I have already explained to Estelle the essential things about you."

For instance?" I inquired with interest.

"Well, first that you have an advanced moral philosophy."

"Oh, yes."

"Then I told her how you suggested that she and I might do well to get better acquainted."

I thought back. I supposed I had, in substance.

"I feel that if she meets you, she'll be awakened to the reality of the situation. I realize that I'm inclined to be somewhat hazy and far-flung, while you have a certain matter-of-factness. It might be well for you to go over some of the points with her. Then you might tell a few stories."

"Stories. Funny stories?"

"No, true-life incidents, with a moral. Pleasant relationships that you have shared with women."

I stopped myself as I was about to stroke my chin.

"How does it strike you?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"You see," he pursued, "I want to bring home to her the fact that people in her own sphere are conducting themselves in accordance with the most advanced morality."

"Justin, old man," I said, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's no good."

This set him back perceptibly.

"I might consider it," I said, "if I thought it would do you any good—even though my resemblance to Casanova doesn't include his narrative talent."

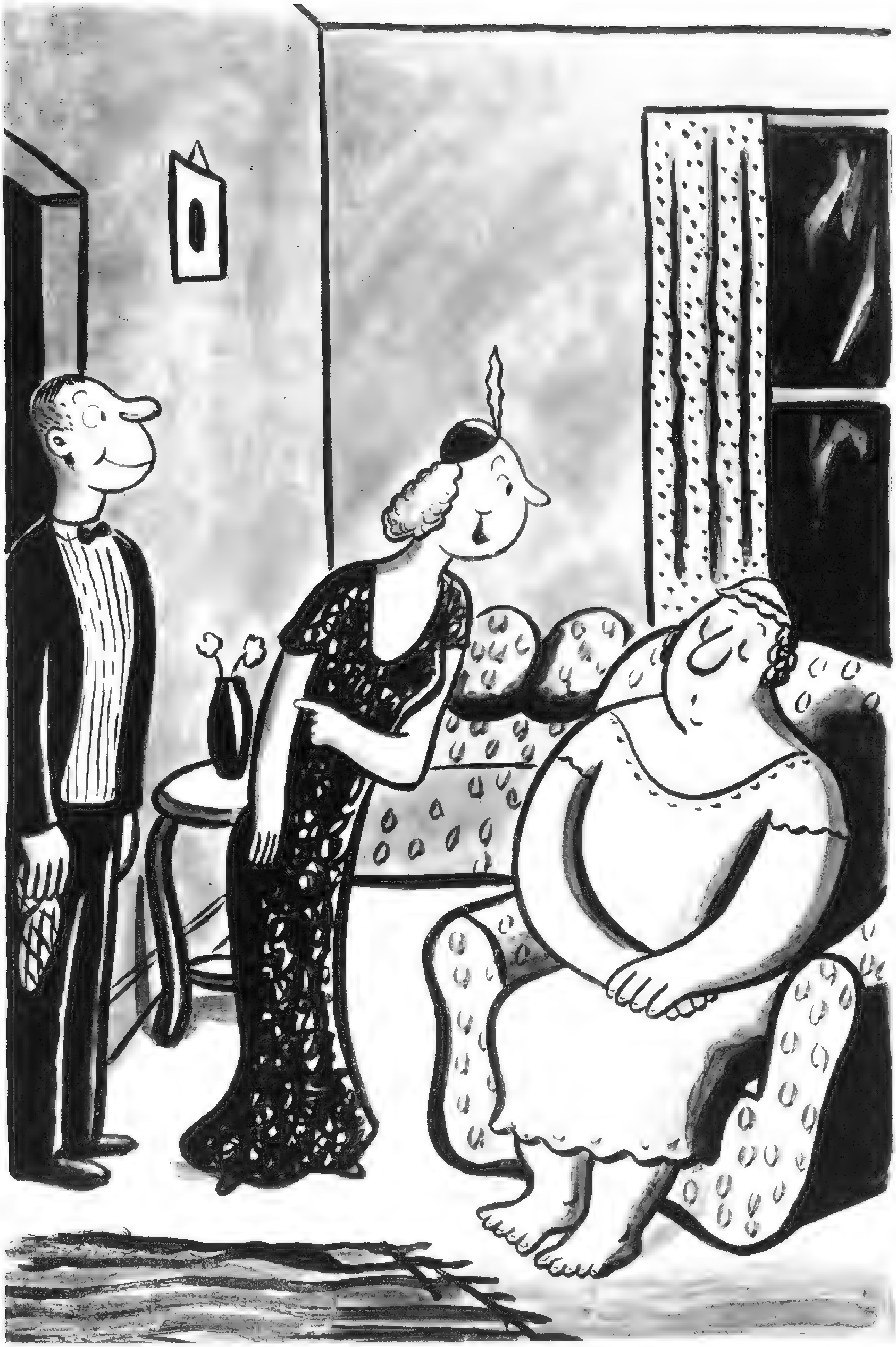
"You don't think it would do any good?"

"Affeld," I said, "when you rely on me to advance your arguments you rely on bleak logic. Unfortunately, women do not respond to logic. They respond to the unique charm of the speaker which is attached to the words as they pass from his mouth. If you want the girl, do your own talking."

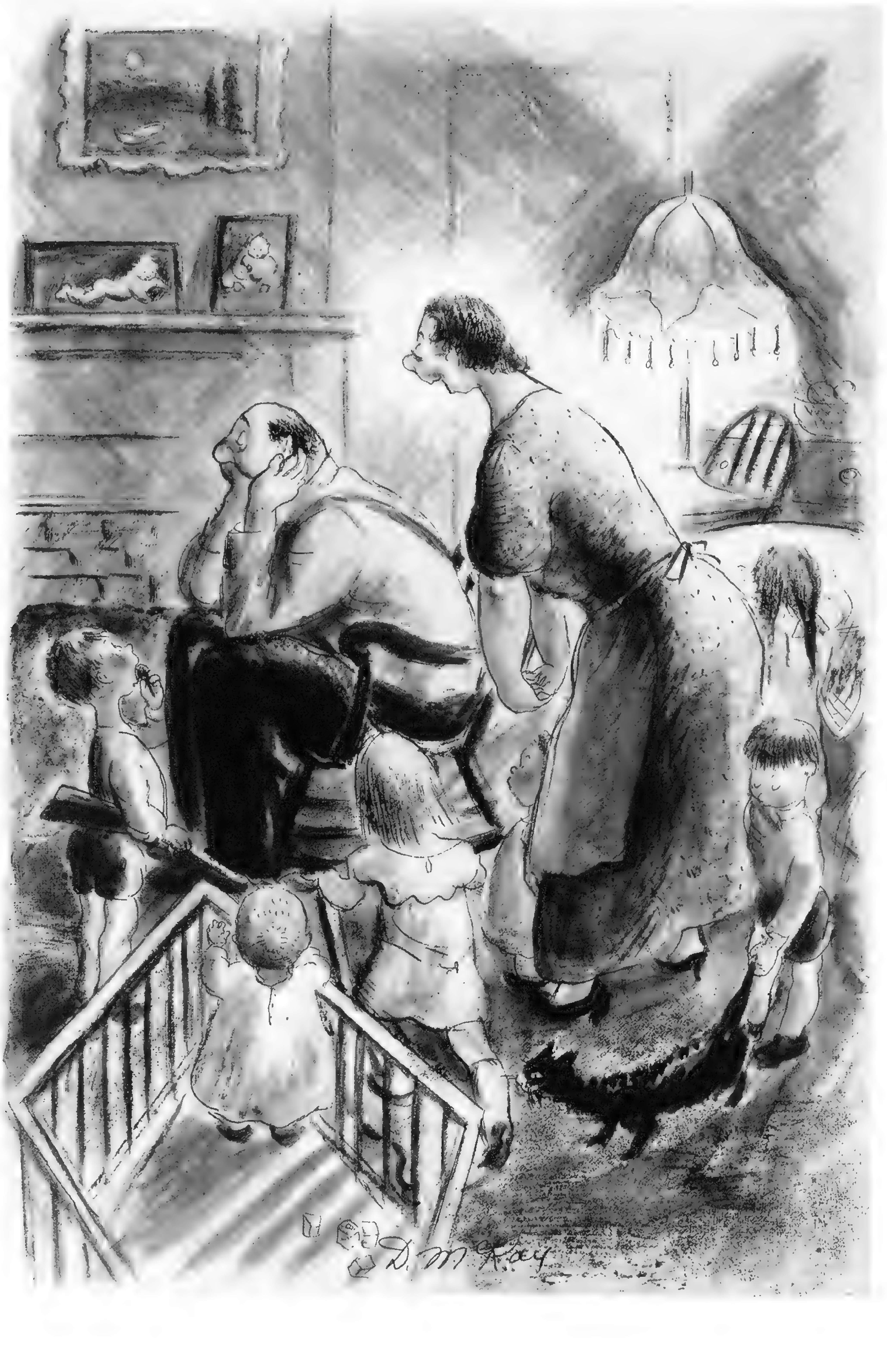
"I see." Affeld stood up. "Well, I suppose there's no point, then, in your coming."

I was obliged to agree.

Once after that, at the spring party, I saw him with his girl. Late in the evening I stepped out on the porch for a breath of air and a glimpse of the stars through the open spots among the elms. There was a couple sitting on a bench. I recognized the voice. As I turned to go in, I thought I heard a silvery laugh, as though Affeld had been trying to be witty. #



"Look, Mamma! A son-in-law!"



"Henry, I've got a surprise for you"

Seven Stages to Baldpate

Sad testimonial to the adage that anyone who can grow hair can soon become a millionaire

by **FREEMAN F. GOSDEN**

• ARTICLE •

DEAR JOE: I received the jar of hair restorer, for which accept my thanks, also your note telling me how you hesitated to send it for fear of hurting my feelings.

The salve you sent smells great, and the guy that wrote the label for the jar apparently wrote some great copy previous to his present assignment. I will use it as the copywriter suggests, and when we get together again next month, you will probably see me with an old Stradivarius, looking the part of a concert director.

Speaking of baldness, it completely overtakes you in seven distinct stages, and knowing your interest in the matter, I thought you would like to know the stages in detail. For your own information, I am now in the Fourth Stage.

The First Stage of Baldness is unnoticeable, except on the comb. This is the delightful stage, inasmuch as no embarrassing remarks are made and you are merely in the process of losing without feeling it. Although it is a warning, it really means nothing. You figure there is plenty left.

The Second Stage is when you see some friend getting a focus on the top of your knob, or else he will notice the hair receding at each side of the forehead. He may say nothing, but during this stage another friend might venture with: "Aha, getting a little thin!"

If you happen to have the baldness appear on the back of the head first and work its way forward like a bunch of boll weevils going through a cotton patch, that is more pleasant, because for the first few months you notice nothing as you face the mirror. In combing your hair, you see only a full crop.

In this stage, if married, your wife will casually say: "Dear, you should do something about your hair." This is felt very deeply, although you pass it off with some light remark in a jovial way.

Unfortunately for me, when I hit the Second Stage of Baldness, I saw it. It so happens in my bathroom there is a large mirror over the tub. Over in another corner is a swinging mirror in the cabinet over the stationary washstand. During the second stage, I approached this swinging mirror when it was at an angle, and saw myself reflected in the other mirror from the back. I knew I had to get busy. I was in the middle of the Second Stage.

In this stage of baldness, you make your first effort to correct the situation by buying a bottle of nationally advertised hair tonic. The company whose agency writes the best copy gets the business. You buy your first bottle of hair restorer. Previous to this you may have purchased many fragrant and glossy liquids to give your locks the George Raft sheen, but now you are looking for the words:... *"grow hair."* Regardless of the odor, you carry out the directions to a T. You apply this for a while and patiently await results. Your barber, possibly knowing your sensitive nature, and realizing that he has promised many things with the rubs and tonics he has used after a haircut, has failed for the last twelve months to hold the mirror up after the haircut to show you the neck. He thinks you are living in ignorance. *You* bring the matter to the attention of the barber, but ask no advice because he is completely bald. You know that if he had a good hair tonic, he would have used it himself.

After two or three bottles of your present tonic, you figure you are on the wrong track. That is when you enter the Third Stage of Baldness.

During this period your various friends repeatedly tell you that you are losing your hair. The loss to you is important. You get busy. You dash from place to place trying desperately to find some successful remedy or treatment. You try various tonics. You may even try sleeping with your head soaked with greasy salve. You are told by different experts that a three minute rub morning and night will do wonders if just a little olive oil is applied. You try it. Upon completing the rub, you look at your greasy hands and find them covered with hair.

It is during this stage that an old friend tells you about a woman who has done wonders for a friend of his. He explains that this woman uses absolutely nothing on the scalp. She gives a hand massage, and mind you, this is not a friction rub, but a scientific massage that brings the blood to the pores and awakens the tiny blood vessels which will feed the roots of the hair. During this stage, you refer to the hair and scalp in technical terms. You know what cells supply light to the hair, what cells supply color. You are hair conscious, and during this period, you hear and say the famous line: "Anyone who can grow hair will be a millionaire."

You go to this woman, or have her come to your office. She gives you references. You may have the nerve to call one. She may refer you to someone "who was completely bald in the back, but in one year his hair has grown in and now only a spot about the size of a half dollar remains uncovered." During the first month, you know you are going to have a head of hair. Appointments with this woman hair grower become more important than anything in your business career. You have taken new courage and are even telling your friends that they should go to this woman, although you have only had two treatments. You explain to these friends that this is not a friction rub. This is entirely scientific. Using nothing on the head, this woman has you strip to the waist, she brings the blood up and pushes it in your scalp and feeds the hair roots.

But summer comes, and baseball, golf or a vacation causes you to bring down the curtain on act three.... and you next enter . . . the Fourth Stage of Baldness.

This is a sad era, because you start consoling yourself that your father's hair was very thin, your brother's hair was very thin, and while no one in your family was completely bald, they all eventually reached the stage that you are in now and you know it must be hereditary. You pretend to be indifferent. You also say to yourself, "I know a lot of successful bald-headed men." And to the wise guys, "Grass does not grow on a busy street."

It is during this stage of baldness that you look at your friends' hair and wonder why they have so much. Before going to bed at night, you enter your bathroom and deliberately set the swinging mirror at the angle which will show you the back of your head. It is a sad sight. You realize it is

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Why Hibernate?

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golf and ordinary skiing. Neither offers much in the way of excitement to the average spectator. In fact neither of them offers much encouragement or accommodation to the spectator at all. They are games to play rather than games to watch.

The importance of technique should not be overlooked. Serious accidents are rare but when they occur they are almost invariably due to foolhardiness and lack of skill. To get the most out of the game, start in at the beginning and learn to control your speed and to make the simpler turns and stops.

Don't be a suicidal maniac like so many beginners and put on a pair of skis—climb to the top of the highest hill in the neighborhood—point the skis in the general direction of the valley and let everything go—depending on nothing but the grace of God, and the force of gravity to bring you down to the bottom intact.

Books have been written on ski equipment and very few of them agree even on the minor items. You are pretty safe if you put yourself in the hands of a reputable sporting goods dealer. Many of them employ experts for this very purpose. The beginner should not sink a lot of money in expensive equipment until he has given the game a trial to find out his individual preferences. But don't skimp on the boots, even at the start. If your boots are comfortable and give you good control over your skis you can put up with a lot of drawbacks in the rest of your equipment.

When you buy your first outfit beware of gadgets. There is nothing you can carry in your haversack or your hands, tie on to your poles, strap around your ankles, attach to your skis, hang on your watch chain, wear in your ears or rub in your hair that will give you the slightest advantage over an expert skier equipped with the bare necessities of equipment. Let someone else experiment with the gadgets and concentrate on improving your technique.

The final object in developing technique is the ability to control your speed, change direction suddenly—and safely—and to stop on any degree of slope under any conditions of snow; but the beginner must first learn to travel along the level and climb, before he can qualify as an expert.

In skiing along the level try to acquire rhythm. The simplest timing is the same as in walking. The left foot slides forward as the right arm advances and the right foot slides up with the left arm. Some skiers bring up both poles together and push both feet forward together and others take three steps and then push with both poles. Pick out the timing that suits you best but don't shuffle along with no rhythm at all.

Skis are designed to slide over the surface of the snow. They are not intended for support alone, like Canadian snow shoes. Remember this fact and take advantage of it. Never lift your skis off the snow unless you have to. "Ride on the slide of each stride" as long as you can. You should average at least six inches of sliding at the end of each step along the level. This counts a lot in a day's travel. If a man walking without sliding takes an average pace of thirty inches he will take 2,112 of these paces to the mile. If he can steal a ride of six inches on each step he can cover the same mile with only 1,760 steps thus saving himself 352 paces in a mile. Or to put it another way, the number of steps required to take him five miles along the trail on foot will take him six miles on skis if he takes full advantage of their sliding capacity. Downhill he may be able to slide for miles with little or no effort, but uphill—well, to be perfectly frank, they are damned awkward things to climb with.

But you can acquire a knack that reduces the labor of climbing to a minimum. It is largely a matter of balance and of getting the "feel" of the snow and of course a matter of expert use of the ski poles and of ski wax. On very steep slopes you have to "herring-bone," a simple enough maneuver to the expert but rather hard to describe in words alone. It depends largely on keeping your head up and your heels down and on keeping moving so that one ski hasn't time to backslip before your weight is off it and on to the other.

Downhill ski-running calls for a sort of modified crouching position. The knees are thrust forward "chin, knee and toe in the same straight line," and the body is bent so that the skier's shoulders are well down toward his bent knees. He may be crouched so low sometimes that he could touch the snow with his hands. One foot is normally slightly advanced. The heels are never intentionally or consciously lifted from the skis. The hands should be held low and well in front of the knees, holding the poles widespread to act like the balancing pole of a slack-wire artist. But there is nothing stiff or taut about the skier's attitude. He is always able to crouch lower or rise to a more erect position to meet sudden changes in the surface of the snow.

Keep your skis fairly close together in light fresh snow so as to break as narrow a trail as possible and thus cut down snow resistance. On hard surfaces keep them well apart to give you lateral stability.

When you come to a bump or a pitch-hole let your legs spring with lots of "knee action." Straighten out your legs or extend your springs when you come to a hollow. Bend your knees or compress your springs when you hit a bump. This keeps your skis in steady contact with the snow. Learn to ride for short distances with all your weight on one foot so that when necessary you can raise one ski or the other to pull it out of a rut or lift it over an obstacle. In riding over a series of pitch-holes or "snow waves" draw back the foot that was advanced till it is level with the other and keep your skis fairly far apart.

Learn to fall gracefully and safely. Everyone has to take a toss sometime or another but remember that the skier falls backward or sits down a hundred times for once he pitches forward. When you feel that cowardly tendency to totter backward—punch forward with both hands as if you were trying to land on somebody's jaw — punch hard. This shifts your center of gravity suddenly forward and usually overcomes the tendency to squat. The chances of its carrying you into a forward plunge are very small.

If you feel that you have entirely lost your balance and can't possibly recover it — and don't give up until you are sure—try to throw yourself as much to one side as possible. Don't sit down on your skis or the icy trail. A broken or dislocated coccyx is an uncomfortable disability. Try to take the fall like a base-runner sliding for the bag. Try to distribute the shock all along one side from calf, to thigh, to buttock, to shoulder, with your arms well raised above your head out of danger. But whether you flop backward or pitch forward don't come down with all your muscles taut and your joints rigid—try to relax as much as you can.

The various maneuvers that go to make up the art of controlled skiing are almost unlimited in number and variation. The different turns and stops grade into each other and combine with each other in a series of complications that have given rise to endless controversies among writers on skiing and other theoretical experts. The beginner would be well advised to keep out of the argument.

The first and most vital thing to learn in downhill skiing is to control your speed and the easiest way to do this is by "stemming" or "snow-ploughing." This consists in spreading the tails of your skis wide apart and bringing their tips close together in front and then raising the outside edges so that the skis skid forward diagonally over the snow. The wider you spread them and the higher you edge them the greater the braking effect.

If you start soon enough, before you gather too much speed, you can descend almost any hill under complete control by this simple stunt. Once acquired, it can be used for a turn to either side by throwing more of your weight on one foot than the other.

The Christiania turns are quicker than the stem turn and are a little more difficult to acquire but if you have ever done any skating you should have little difficulty with the so-called "jerked Christiania."

There is a remarkably close resemblance between skiing and skating in spite of the length and apparent clumsiness of skis as compared to skates. As a boy you learned to bring yourself to a quick stop on skates by slewing yourself around and skidding on the edges of the skate blades. Non-skaters have perhaps seen hockey players stop or turn this way dozens of times in a single play. One writer describes it as a "subdued jump" — an excellent definition.

You sink down a little and then rise as if you were going to jump but without quite enough effort to clear the ground—you subdue the jump before it takes place. At the moment when there is practically no weight on your skates or skis, but they are still in contact with the ice or snow, you crouch and slew your rump around just as you start to bring your weight down on your feet again. It would be quite impossible to swing your skis around if all your weight were on them.

As you come down in the new direction you instinctively "edge" your skates or skis in order to let them skid sideways and you spread them wide apart to keep you from toppling over sideways. Your inside foot slides forward almost automatically to give you stability, fore and aft, as it were, and after a steady side-slip, you come to a full stop. If you modify the maneuver from the start you will merely make a more or less abrupt turn into a new direction without too much checking of your speed. If you can do this half-way down a hill on skis you can do a "jerked Christiania."

You can go through somewhat similar motions and make a real jump instead of a "subdued" one and you have a "jump turn" which is a very useful maneuver in deep snow when you want to come to a sudden and complete stop.

On the other hand if you cut out the jumping part altogether or reduce it to a minimum and start the turn by merely twisting and advancing your inside ski and putting most of your weight on it you will have the "pure Christiania" — why "pure" I haven't the foggiest notion.

There is only one other basic turn that is not a variation of the Christiania and that is the Telemark. Its successful accomplishment depends on perfect balance and control and it can be used to advantage only in fairly deep soft snow in wide open spaces.

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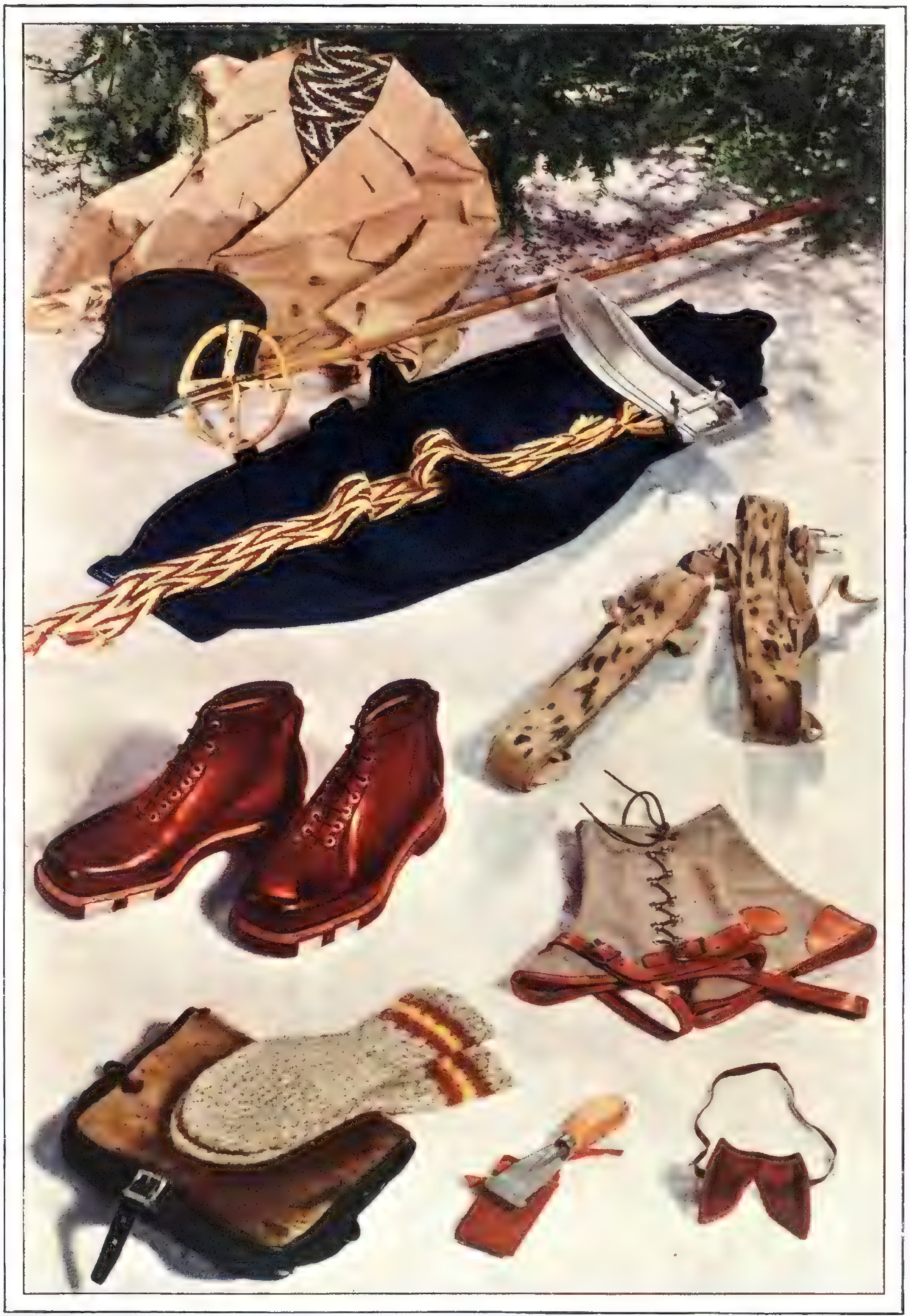

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A LAYOUT DEVOTED TO FASHION ON SKIS

ALL of the objects on this page being of sufficiently distinctive shape to assure their eventual identification even by those who have yet to con the rudiments set forth by Dick Lewis in this issue. we have dispensed with the usual numbering and charting and will proceed under descriptive power only. To wit: a double-breasted lightweight wind proof ski jacket with Norwegian peasant muffler, a Norwegian ski cap, a ski pole, a pair of navy blue ski knickers, on which are laid Norwegian trouser bands and an aluminum tip for the ready reactivation of a broken ski. The speckled objects northeast of the ski boots are sealskins for going uphill on skis. Remaining are canvas gaiters, a sealskin lunch bag on which are poised some Norwegian mittens, a waxing iron (that's for the ski bottoms), and goggles to protect your eyes from the glare of the glistening snow, shaped to keep snow out of your eyes.

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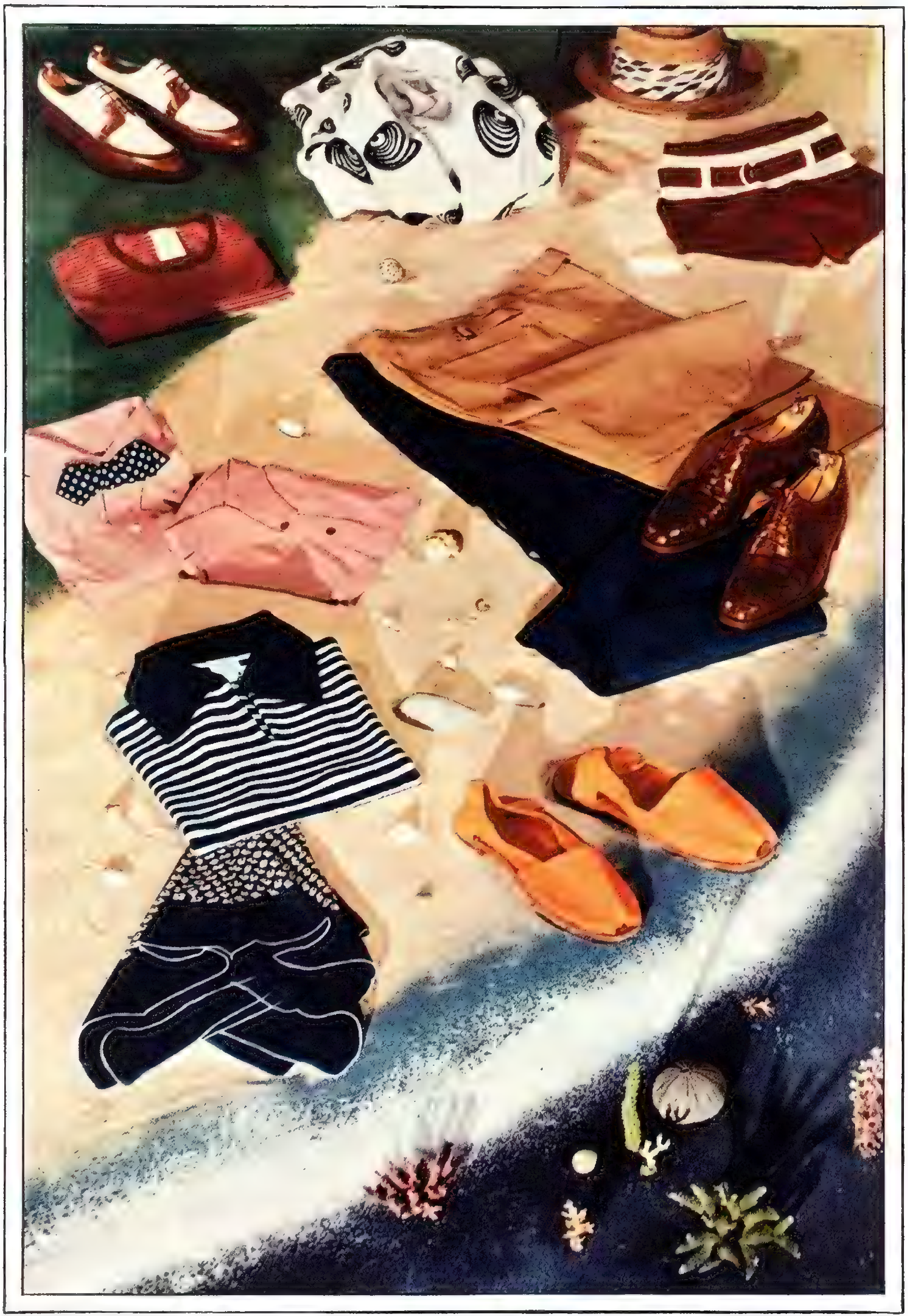

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SEASHELLS & SHOREWEAR, SOUTHERN STYLE

The brown and white Norwegian model shoe, shown in the upper left hand corner, is one of the prime fashion items of the year for Southern resort wear. Alongside is a bold pattern terry cloth beach robe. Next is the now widely accepted coconut straw hat with puggree band. Below are knitted swimming trunks as featured by a famous London hosier. Southwest from there is a grouping consisting of tan gabardine shorts for golf or sailing, blue beach slacks, and the new crocodile shoes. Due south you see twine beach sandals with leather soles. Down our synthetic shoreline you will find a cotton print oversized handkerchief above which are, respectively, a horizontal striped wool shirt with short sleeves, a Celanese polo shirt, a broadcloth shirt worn with a large knot foulard bow tie and a crew neck lisle beach shirt in horizontal stripings. All of these suggested items are sunkist and fashionfast.

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The beginner can quite safely leave it for further consideration later on.

And what is the use of trying to master even these few complicated turns? Can't you just go ahead and ski and never mind about them? Sure, you can, just the same as you can go ahead and play golf all your life and never get within hailing distance of a hundred. But when most of us start to play either game we find ourselves striving for improvement.

If you could follow an expert skier making his first trip in new territory over a rough bush trail you would see what I mean by the advantage of good technique.

He comes to the top of a steep hill and spreads his skis in a "snow-plough" to check his speed until he can size up the situation. He finds he can make it so he lets his skis swing back parallel again and crouches down to take the descent "wide open." At the bottom, the run-out still keeps him going at a pretty good clip and he is suddenly confronted with an unexpected turn to the left. He "stems" lightly with his right ski, barely brushing the surface of the snow with it and sees that the turn is a fairly easy wide one with a smooth snow surface. He shifts his weight gradually to his right ski and swings into an easy "stem turn" to the left.

Then he climbs, apparently without effort, up a steep slope and over a ridge and finds that the trail dips suddenly again and swings sharply to the right—too sharp a swing for a "stem turn." This calls for a quicker "stem Christiania" and crouching lower he skids around in a little cloud of powdered snow.

The next hill is a long one, cleared out wide and smooth but a woodcutter has left a pile of brush across it down near the bottom. He can't take this one "wide open" so he swoops down easily in a series of short linked "Christies" with plenty of speed but perfect control. The grace and steadiness of these turns remind you of the swoops of a seagull. But even a tyro can see that the skier is riding his skis—they aren't taking him for a ride.

Next the trail narrows and drops through a patch of heavy timber. Here's a long easy hill—no sharp turns that he can't "step" around or ride around in the ruts. But as he comes over a small rise he sights a gal—you can't get away from them even in heavy timber—who has fallen and is lying waiting for some big handsome man to come along and pick her up. The expert may be fairly sure that he isn't the man she is looking for but if he doesn't do something quickly he is going to barge into her and perhaps break one of his skis.

He tries to stem but he's going too fast. There isn't room for a Christie. He might just manage to squeeze past between her and the trees if he were sure she would stay still but she is flopping around and he doesn't know where she'll flop next.

Now he's almost on top of her. His right pole swings forward, its tip drops into the snow. He springs up, using the pole as a lever and swings around into a jump turn. He comes down in the soft snow as light-footed as a cat, a bare yard from the flopping feminine hazard. Then he picks her up and goes on his way talking to himself.

And finally the swoop down the long hill in front of the club house. There's a wide, open run-out at the bottom and here he swings into the easy, graceful, sweeping curve of a Telemark. There are verandah members in ski clubs as well as golf clubs and a nice showy Telemark gives them something for their money—and after all the verandah members do help with the finances. #

On the Eve of Parole

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entrance of the messhall. It was Thursday, Art reflected, and there was no need to spoil pleasurable anticipation of freedom with a supper of flabby jello, tasteless bread and long boiled tea. He would eat the slabs of cold beef and buttered bread that a thoughtful inmate had stolen from the keepers' dining room, and had given him in exchange for the promise to make a telephone call when he got out.

He munched his heavy sandwich and planned what he would do the first evening in the city. Presently, the long lines came cheerlessly marching back, to be locked in for the night. After the next count, a dead silence settled over the prison like a suffocating pall. Everything was so quiet, dead . . . while outside, everything was happily noisy, alive. He stretched out on his pallet, smiling at previous fears of a warrant.

A slight rasping noise startled him. Something moved. He listened to find out if the man in the next cell were trying to signal him.

"So you got your haircut to go out. Well, I'm here to tell you, you will be right back." The gibing whisper pierced Art's ears. He threw his right arm as if to shield himself. He stared about the cell.

"The warrant is here, but no one will tell you," insisted the voice.

"Shut up, Charlie. Yes, I'm going out and you're staying in—where you belong," Art said defiantly.

"Ha! Ha!" Charlie laughed. "We intend to keep you under observation all night, because you'll have to be taken to the asylum when you get the bad news in the morning."

Asylum? . . . In a flash, Art remembered burly keepers loading chained inmates into the huge ambulance that went to the Asylum for the Criminal Insane. One inmate had to be carried out in a strait-jacket. With an effort, Art erased the picture from his mind and tried to frame a reply to his persecutor.

"You said you were a friend of mine. Why do you worry me, my last night here?"

For a few seconds there was no reply. Art rolled to the side of the bed to catch the whisper he expected.

"It's about time you stood up," said Charlie.

If he knew he was lying down, then he must be able to see him. Art sprang from the bed, determined to find out from what vantage point Charlie was watching him. He put his hands against the moist wall.

"Take your hands off the wall." Charlie's voice was a stertorous command.

Art's eyes roved the cell. Except the gate, there was no place from which he could be seen. He leaned against the wall, faced the gate with every muscle in his body rigid, and ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

"You are under observation. We are watching you," said Charlie.

"What's the matter with you? Only crazy persons are kept under observation." Art loosed the collar of his shirt.

"Keep your shirt fastened," said Charlie.

Art gasped. His every gesture seemed to be under the critical eye of the unseen Charlie. Then the muffled drum of his heart sounded in his ears as a faltering fear of the supernatural swept over him.

What can I say, he thought, that will make that Charlie stop worrying me? What can I do—can I do—what can I say?

"There is nothing you can do," said Charlie. "You are under observation for the night."

Observation? . . . Quaking with horror, Art recoiled from the wall. He had not spoken aloud and Charlie had replied to the thought. That was madness! He heard a dim humming and in his wild fancy, myriads of revolving wheels whirled in regular, insistent unison, "Crazy! Crazy! Crazy!" Cold perspiration started from all parts of his body and waves of nausea bore down upon him, threatened to engulf him. He staggered weakly to the cot, his mind a misty void.

For a time he remained so. Out of the chaos of his imagination, he saw the vivid dream castles of outside, pale, crumble and vanish; around their ruins, the gay colorful crowds receded into murky oblivion; the dream girl hovered sadly, and disappeared.

It was all over; he must be insane. The authorities would never let him out now, unless—they didn't find out.

Art lurched to the door seeking safety in nearness to one of his kind. The scratching pen of his neighbor made him decide to test his sanity by writing a letter. He took a bottle of ink from the improvised shelf; sat near the gate with pen poised to write.

"Are you writing your obituary?" The voice, deeper now, slithered around the cell.

Art's racing heart almost stood still. His long fingers trembled coldly against his throbbing brow. What was the meaning of the word, obituary? Something about death, wasn't it? He couldn't be hearing a voice in his head for the word, obituary, was unfamiliar. Goaded into action by this discovery, he examined the cell minutely, in an effort to learn if Charlie were throwing his voice through the wall. Each stone was tapped but there was no hollow sound.

"A ventriloquist," he said aloud, snapping his fingers.

"No, my friend, I'm no ventriloquist." The voice came with startling clearness, right at Art's ear.

Art was rooted to the spot. With bated breath, he thought, "Tell me how you do this?"

Faintly came the voice, as the rustle of a slight breeze, "I think, and you hear."

"But that's impossible," Art thought.

"You don't find it so," replied the voice, "Look over here."

Art looked due south, the direction from which the voice apparently came. He saw nothing, but continuing to look in that direction, reached out with his mind, and got the sense of a person speaking from that place. He tried to project his thought, as a beam of light, up, down, and laterally. When he imagined that he was thinking downward, he heard the voice of Charlie more clearly.

"He's doing very well. Gets me perfectly," said Charlie.

"He doesn't want to get you," thought Art, lapsing into the third person. "He's only interested in getting out of this place."

"You aren't getting out. You are to be committed to an asylum."

"He—he will get out—tomorrow," thought Art, unable to word it in the first person.

"The ambulance is here. They're making a night trip with two cases. Hear the gong?"

Art focalized his hearing. It was true. From the yard, he heard the muffled clanging of the ambulance bell. He groped his way to the bed. He shivered on the edge of it. "That was a real bell; it's not a voice in my head. Somebody

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can hear me and talk to me when I only think. What—what is it? Some enemy is watching me; knows everything I think and do. Who can it be?"

"Some one too smart for you," said Charlie in a cold whisper.

Art felt that he was revealed by a searchlight. He tried to quiet unruly movements of his body and still the chattering of his teeth.

"He isn't—afraid of you," he replied in thought, still referring to himself as a little child who hadn't learned the meaning of I. "Won't you tell him who you are?"

"Charlie is the keeper who takes the crazy ones to the asylum. Are you satisfied?"

Projected before his mind's eye, Art saw the keeper who escorted demented inmates to the criminal asylum; a man selected because he thought suddenly with his fists, and without provocation. Holding the image, Art saw the great ears that constantly wig-wagged, the low brow and square jaw; small eyes that glinted above the ridges of high cheek bones. As Art looked closely, light seemed to come into those eyes and they leered at him; the lips drew back in a sneer. That was Bull Costello, one of the few guards whom every inmate hated.

"Costello!" The whispered word wrung itself from Art's lips. "Calling himself Charlie."

What could he do now? If a keeper were against him, anything might be done to keep him in prison, to keep him from freedom next day. Art jumped to his feet and began the eternal pacing, his body getting warmer and warmer until he was clothed in steamy moisture. As he turned on his heel, the lights went out. It was ten o'clock and there would be twelve hours to pass before he would know whether he would get his parole or not. One thing was certain, with a keeper watching him through some trick, he must be very careful. In this city, anything could be done through political influence; at home, he could go to the village officials and tell them the facts. He would sleep with his clothes on, in case Bull Costello tried to tie him up. They wouldn't have a chance to give him a hypodermic and carry him out, the way some had been taken.

He stretched on the sagging cot, and closed his eyes, trying to shut out the irritating sound of water that dripped in the sink at the end of the wing. The more he tried to stop the sound, the stronger it became, until he felt that his pulse was keeping time to it. He ground his teeth in an effort to stop hearing this nerve shattering sound, but succeeded in getting with it, an undulated sense of whispered speech.

There were two voices, now. One was explaining, defending; and the language was phrased as Art spoke. Listening to it, he thought that it was like an uncontrolled phonograph record of things he might have said. The other voice was a coarse whisper, laughing, gibing, mocking, jeering.

"This fellow has no chance to go out," said the low voice in that sneering whisper that Art had come to hate.

"He will go out," thought Art; and the thought was repeated to his own hearing like the weak treble of a little child.

"Listen to the fool, hearing himself think for the first time. Let's get nearer to him. Charlie's coming closer. Expect to see Bull Costello, do you? Have you forgotten, he's on the day shift?"

Art had forgotten that. But his new bewilderment was lost as he saw a light shadow pass against the gloomy background of the cell. The muscles around his eyes became steel rings in the intensity of the look, and as the shadow passed again, Art slid along the bed without making a sound; reached the cell gate. He edged close to the bars through which came almost imperceptible light from a low powered bulb on the far wall of the corridor. Satisfied that no one had passed on the tier, or the corridor below, he stood up straight and faced the interior of the cell.

A gray fog was gathering and as Art watched, it separated, as though a current of air had blown it into vaporous splotches which hung against the background of blackness. Unable to withdraw his eyes, Art saw these patches tremble into misty life and assume forms; human forms clothed in long lead colored garments. Pale faces stared back at him, faded into somber shadows and were succeeded by others. New ones came crowding in, until the cell was filled with these ghostly figures from which floated thin drapes of mist. They kept advancing upon him, inch by inch; unrecognized, dead white faces with undefinable expressions.

Art's feet lost their weight; his body hurled against the cell gate; and his locked jaws burst open in piercing shrieks. Bedlam broke loose in the wing of the prison. From each cave in the steel and stone cliff, whistles, yells, screams and roars sounded like the baying of hounds and the whistles and cries of huntsmen at the kill. Guards came running from three directions and old Reilly rattled his stick against the iron support as he puffed up the stairs. He unlocked the tier bar and ran down to the cell where two of the guards had their lights flashed on Art's prostrate form.

Art returned to consciousness in front of the little office downstairs. Cold water dripped from his hair and chin to his wet shirt. One of the keepers stood with a pail of water poised to douse him again.

"O. K. He's coming to," said the principal keeper. "What happened to you?"

"Mr. Costello is trying to send me to an asylum and—I'm supposed to go on parole tomorrow. If he does, I'll—" Art began to sob hysterically, "My mother will write to the Governor. I can't—stand it—any more."

"Haven't you been treated all right?" asked the principal keeper.

"Yes," gasped Art.

"O. K. Go back to your cell and keep quiet or you'll be under observation tomorrow, instead of getting out."

Reilly led Art back to the cell. "Take it easy, lad, and not a sound out of you till morning."

Art glanced quickly around the cell. The phantoms were gone. He undressed quickly and pulled the blankets about his ears but the voice did not come back to disturb him. After a long wait, punctuated by steps of the guard who remained near the cell, just as Art's mind was dropping down, exhausted, into unconsciousness of sleep, he thought that he heard the sound of soft laughter or perhaps, the sighing of the wind.

Before dressing, in the morning, Art reached over and tore down the calendar with its penciled crossed dates. He dressed with care and spent a long time brushing his hair. Although there was commissary food in his cell, he went to the messhall so that he could keep moving. Nothing seemed to move fast that morning; the keepers were slow and stupid in the count; the clerks were delayed in the tabulation; everything and every person conspired to draw out the morning's work.

"Four twenty-one down," sang out the lusty voice of the clerk.

The bar shot back and Art rushed out, half jumping, half slipping down the stairs. After a bath, he got into his newly pressed clothes which flopped about him; but the shoes and hat fitted, and Art felt again, bubbling wellsprings of his old carefree self.

In the hall, Art was unceremoniously pushed into a back seat. About him, in rows as decorous and stiff as a village church congregation, ranged all kinds of faces, hard, soft, intelligent, stupid, but Art's eyes were fixed on the portly gray-haired warden. One by one the discharged convicts were called up, presented with a sum of money and escorted to the door. Art, alone was left. With a wavering smile, he looked at the warden but the warden gathered up papers and walked quickly to his private office.

Now the bitter truth was realized; Art knew that the warrant had come. The very suit he had on, obtained with a false credit statement, would be evidence against him. Two stout men came out of the office with the warden; detectives or deputy sheriffs, Art was sure. One of the men walked toward him with the warden. A black despair settled over Art. Let come what would; nothing mattered now. He raised his hands for the handcuffs.

"I mislaid your papers, Art," said the kindly, old warden. "Fact is after that rumpus last night, I looked over the psychological clinic report to see if there was anything wrong with you. A hundred per cent though and now, you're going out. Keep your parole. Don't come back. Here's your parole officer. Good-bye, my boy."

"Good-bye, Warden," stammered Art, "I'll always keep my parole."

Art walked in a dream. The outside guard shouted a farewell and Art murmured something in reply. The horizon had receded and he felt as expansive as air. Everywhere was the vividness of light. It made the leaves and grass so green and the sky so blue. There was a warm caress in the breath of Spring. He boarded a street car, handed an unfamiliar bill to the conductor, and settled in utter contentment to watch the iron-eyed fortress move to the background as the car rounded a curve.

"Good-bye, Charlie," he whispered under his breath. "I'm out and I'm leaving you behind. I told you I would."

The wheels of the car sounded in steady, clicking rhythm. Art listened to the click that was taking him away.

"You—will—never—leave—me." The coarse, low voice spoke in the rhythm of the wheels.

"You're a liar, Charlie! You lied to me about the warrant! Wanted me to stay all right! Tried to make me crazy! You're lying to me now—right now!" A flush of triumph rang through his thoughts. No matter what Charlie said, he didn't believe him.

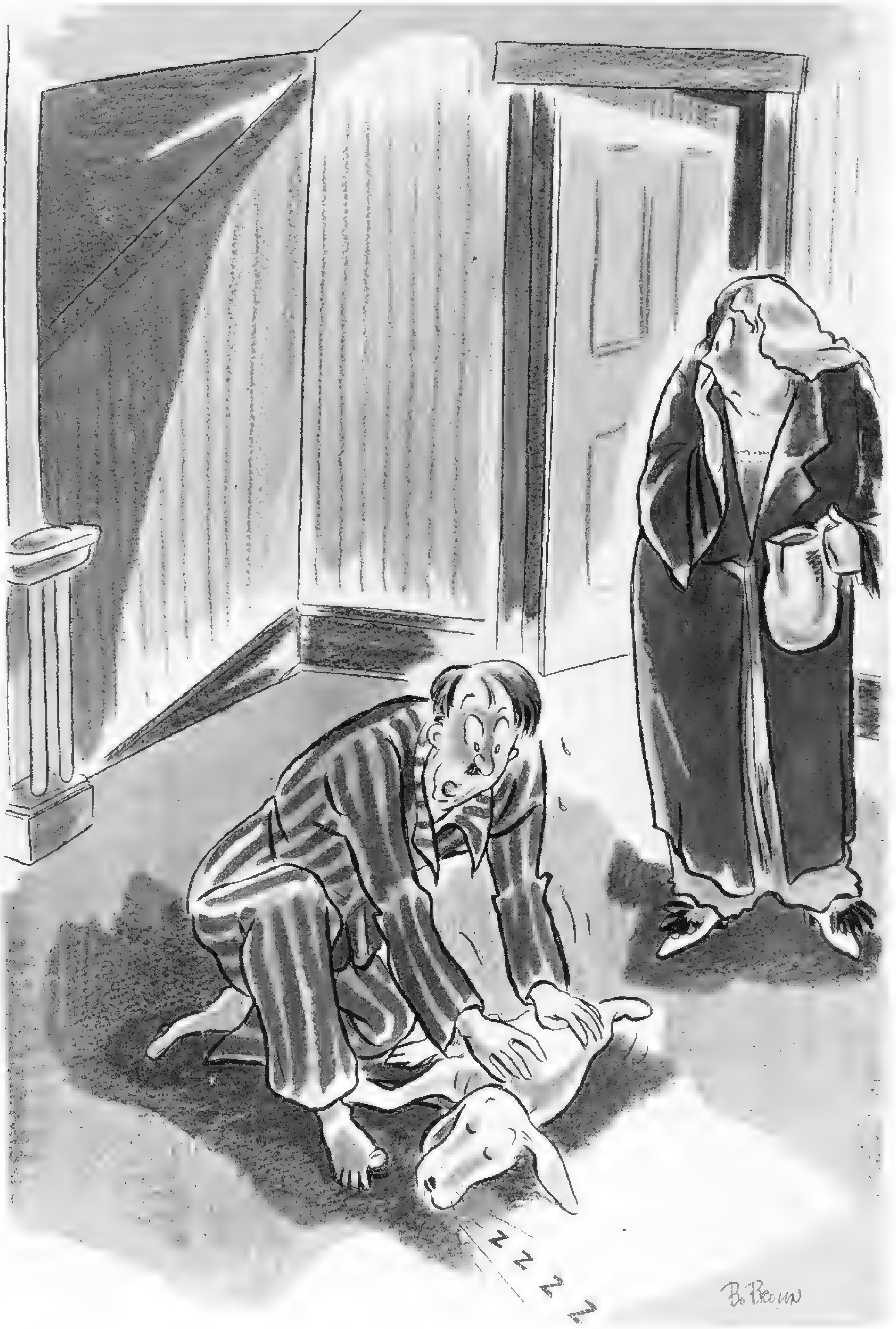
"You — will — never — leave me," came the voice again. Art thought it was a shade weaker, just a shade.

The car was travelling slowly through the business section. Art got out to wander with the crowds. In them, very faintly, he heard the voice of Charlie. More faintly still, in the theater, that afternoon, fragments of Charlie's conversation drifted into Art's unwilling ears.

After the theater, he walked to the great acreage of park in the city. Shadows were deepening when he found a bench at the edge of a lush meadow. Darkness folded about him but he paid no heed. When he finally looked up at the illimitable, star-dusted sky, the moon was brightly throwing off a little cloud-veil.

Looking upward at the majesty of space and the boundlessness of the night's beauty, he said softly, "I will always keep my parole."

He listened intently, but heard nothing. Not a sound. #


Z Z Z Z
B. Brown

"Strongheart—wake up—there's burglars downstairs!"

Art's a Funny Thing

Continued from page 59

puss, that it?" That seemed to bring out some more chin, and Clem held his face close to the fat man's, half closing one of those gooseberry eyes.

"Why, no—" The fat man gave a short nervous laugh.

"Sure, that's what you mean. That's what everybody thinks about it. A tough lookin' face, I got, ain't I? See the way I look?" The fat man tried to take more extensive notice. "See the eyes? Like a fellow over here once said, I'm an unpleasant guy what does all his lookin' out o' one eye, the other'n' there for a spare."

The fat man laughed. "Well, we won't argue about it. What do you say? Will you pose for me?"

Clem looked coolly at him. "I got my work to do."

"I'll pay you four dollars a day and I'll get it in two days."

Clem hesitated a moment, looked to the field, then back again at the fat man. "It's a go."

"Fine! Now I'd like you in a characteristic pose, say on a wagon or with a hoe in your hand or something."

So they stayed for the entire day, sketching in the yard. The instructor walked about from one to the other, talking in low tones and giving advice. The fat man and Clem went behind the smaller barn, in the shade. He sat Clem on a little bench and told him to try to keep that chin out as much as possible and to look mad. "Keep thinking of all the people you hate while I paint," he said laughing. "Oh, not too vicious. Let up a little. There, that's fine." At noon they all got out their lunches. After that they worked till sunset. Then they packed up their things and said they'd be back the next day.

Clem's wife scolded him for posing. "You sit there like a fool stickin' out your face like you was gonna beat the tar out o' the next ten people you met up with."

"You shut up, old woman. What I want to do is my own business. And ain't I gettin' paid handsome for it?"

The next day they all came back early. They worked steadily all day long till sunset again. Those painting the barn were done before the fat man finished with Clem and they all came over to take a look at the portrait as he put the finishing touches to it. Finally he gave a last flick of his brush, threw up his arm in a flourish and said, "There she is. Finished."

"Now lemme have a look at it." Clem hadn't seen it at all yet, preferring to wait till it was completed. "Lemme see what Clem Dolliver looks like."

He walked over to look at it. He stood staring at it for at least a minute. "I be doggoned if you didn't make me look mean, sure enough," he said. With that the students all burst into laughter. Clem stood looking at it some more, standing right in front of it and sticking out his chin and peering out of the one eye as though he were trying to outlook the painting for sourness. His wife wouldn't come out to look at it; she merely stood on the porching looking down very disapprovingly.

The students left and Clem forgot all about the incident until three months later. He was sitting on the porch one evening, one cool evening while the sun dropped unheeded on the hills, reading the paper. It was the Saturday edition with a special art page. When he turned casually and indifferently to this page he suddenly saw a picture of his barn. Over it was the heading First Prize . . . "Dolliver's Barn" . . . By Justin T. Jarvis. "Dolliver's Barn" had won first prize of fifty dollars, the annual Wilcox Memorial Award given at the Art Institute.

"Well, Holy Smokes!" Clem said. "I'll be doggoned!" He jumped up and ran into the house with the paper. "Hey, old woman, look! The barn won first prize in the Art Institute contest!"

He stuck the paper under her nose. She looked down at it severely. "Hm!" she said. "Well!"

"Ain't that swell! Fifty bucks."

Clem went into his bedroom, changed his clothes and was on his way out in twenty minutes. His wife was in the yard throwing something to the pigs when he got the car out of the barn.

"Where you goin' now?" she asked.

"To the city to collect."

"Now?"

"Sure."

"What if they ain't open?"

"They'll be. And if they ain't I'll stay in a hotel till morning."

"A hotel! Are you crazy, you old fool?"

"Don't call me crazy, old woman. I got fifty bucks, ain't I?" Just before putting the car in gear he turned around and waved a finger at the barn. "And I built that barn." Then he shot out of the driveway, a look of malicious triumph on his lean face.

Once on the highway Clem opened the car up and he sailed into the city in remarkable time, getting there just before seven o'clock. He asked twice how to get to the Art Institute. Luckily it was open when he got there. He ran up the stairs and asked the lady at the information desk, "Say, who's the head fellow here?"

"The head fellow?" she said, looking into a disarming face drawn into an expression that made it even more disarming. "You mean Mr. Gilmore?"

"Yeah. He'll do."

"Well, I don't know whether he's upstairs in his office now or not." The lady hesitated and frowned. "What's your business?"

"Farmer."

"No, I mean what did you want to see him about?"

"Well, I'm Dolliver," he said vigorously, sticking his face out as though daring her to deny it. "'Twas my barn won the first prize."

"Oh. Oh, yes." The woman smiled. "And you want to see Mr. Gilmore. Well, you go upstairs and turn to your left there. It's the second door."

Clem ran upstairs and knocked at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Gilmore.

Clem stepped inside. "Howdy, Mr. Gilmore. I'm Dolliver."

Gilmore looked at him. He frowned thoughtfully.

"I'm the fellow owns Dolliver's barn that won the first prize."

Gilmore's face cracked asunder in a broad grin. He came forward and shook hands. "Well! Glad to know you, Mr. Dolliver." He looked Clem over. "I suppose you'd like to see the painting." He started out the door.

"Yeah, I'd kind o' like to see the paintin'. Course I saw it in the yard but then it was among all the others."

Gilmore took him through two large rooms full of paintings and when they entered the third, there was the painting on the wall, all by itself, with a big sign under it, First Prize "Dolliver's Barn." By Justin T. Jarvis.

Clem looked it over. Gilmore stood next to him, running his eye over him and smiling faintly to himself. "She sure is swell, ain't she?"

"Yes. A fine piece of work," said Gilmore.

"Took me 'bout two months and a half to build the darn thing." Clem nodded his head sharply at Gilmore. "With only one half-baked brother-in-law and my kid to help me. Be—" He looked up at the ceiling and narrowed his eyes—. "Be eight, no nine year this winter." He nodded again.

"Well!" said Gilmore.

Clem turned to Gilmore. "Well, how 'bout my money?"

"Your money?"

"Yeah. Sure. My fifty bucks that I got comin'."

"Fifty—Oh, but my dear Mr. Dolliver, you haven't any money coming."

"I ain't? Didn't my barn win the prize?"

"But that prize was for the painting. And goes to the man who did the painting. Don't you understand?"

Clem's head came up. The eyelid quivered. The chin started to come out. "You mean I don't get nothin' at tall for it?"

"Why, no. The prize goes to the artist. He won the prize, not the barn."

Clem looked at Gilmore a moment longer. Then chin, eye and voice retired. "Oh."

Gilmore put his hand on Clem's shoulder. "Just a slight misunderstanding on your part. But I will say that barn is worth a prize all right. It's a fine thing. Picturesque." He tried to draw Clem away toward the door. "Come, I'll take you through the rest of the building."

But Clem drew himself away and started to wander among the other paintings in the room. Gilmore watched him nervously, apprehensively, glancing now and then at a certain picture on the wall at the other end.

Suddenly this painting caught Clem's eye. "Well! Here's the one o' me myself." He walked toward it. "Hey! Third prize for this'n', eh?" He turned to Gilmore. "Don't I get nothin' out o' this'n' either?" he asked with a nod toward the portrait.

Gilmore laughed softly and politely. "No. That money goes to the artist, too. Mr. Homan is very capable." Gilmore seemed positively fearful. "Now in this other room here—"

"Ju-u-u-st a minute. . . . Ju-u-u-st a minute here." Clem was bent over and was peering at the card under the portrait. Third Prize "The Grouch." By Marvin Homan, it said. That was when Gilmore closed his eyes and went sick. When he opened them again he saw a vicious face stuck up close to his, anger darting out of its eyes, out of one especially. "So! So that's it!" said Clem. "A wise guy. One o' these wise smart guys, hey? Where is that guy?" Gilmore did not answer. "Where is that guy!" Clem roared.

"Shhh! Not so loud. He isn't here, Mr. Dolliver. But now, look here. I'm afraid you're taking this thing altogether wrong. That doesn't mean that you—Mr. Dolliver—are a grouch. It—it doesn't mean that at all."

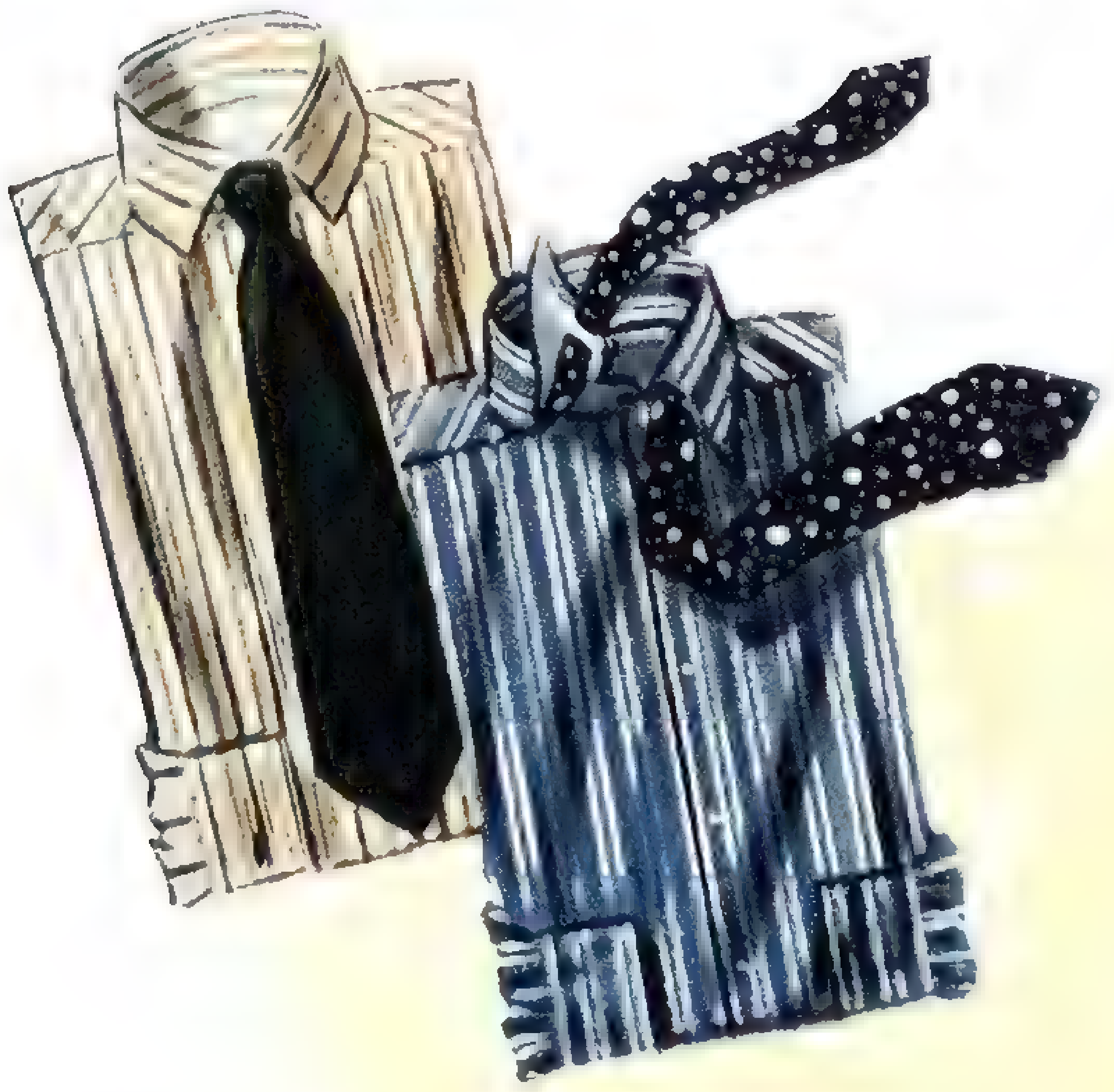
"Oh, no? Well then, what does it mean?"

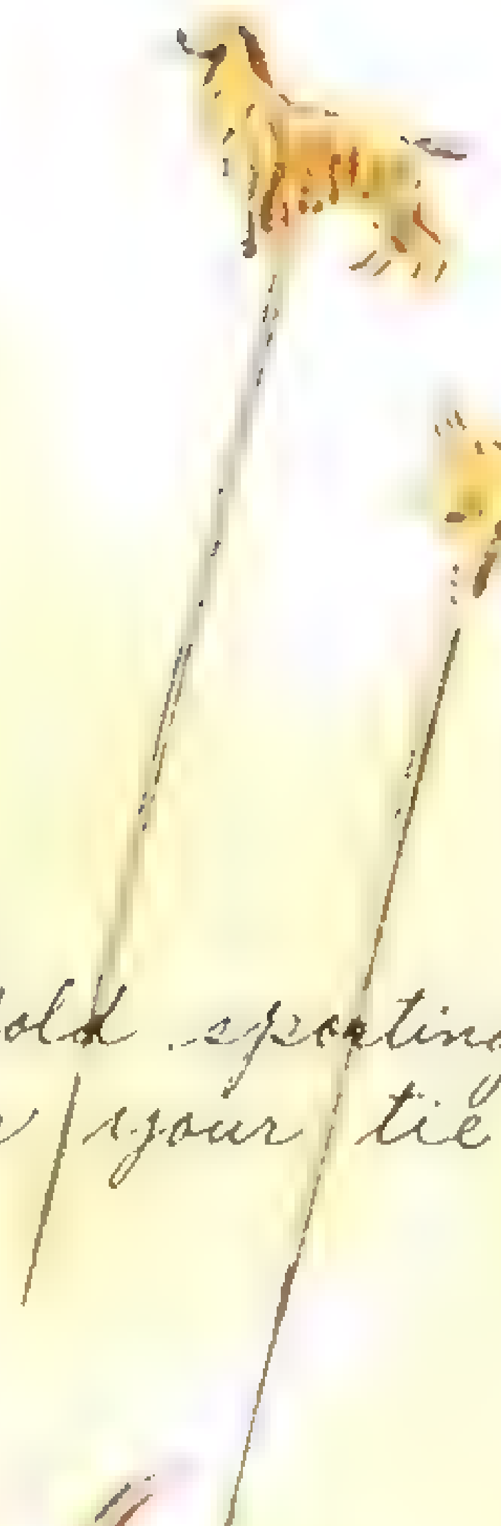
Clem's expression and words terrified. His words came out in a boding hiss. Nevertheless Gilmore managed to say, albeit brokenly, "Why — it means — it means that you—Mr. Dolliver—ah—that you were posing as a grouch." Gilmore threw out his hands palms up and laughed. "That's all. After all, you see, Mr. Dolliver, the expression in the painting is not your natural expression. You assumed it—as Mr. Homan requested you to do. And you did it very well, Mr. Dolliver, very well. Heh, heh, heh." Gilmore managed to laugh, although still sick with apprehension inside. "Yes, sir, heh, heh, heh. You, Mr. Dolliver, in this artificial and depersonalized age, are that rare thing—a character. You certainly have character, Mr. Dolliver. Just as they said."

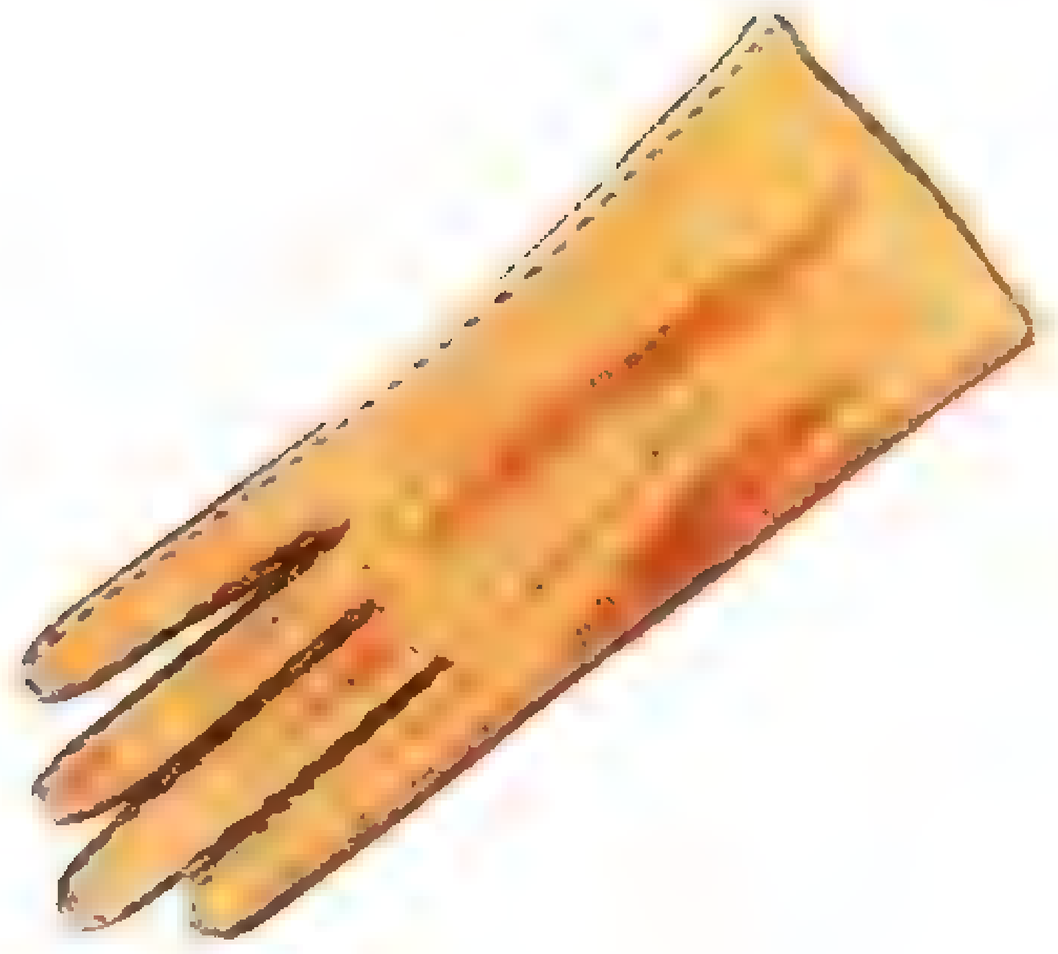
"Oh, I have, have I? Well, I also got this." He thrust a firm knotty fist under Gilmore's nose. "And you bring this guy Homan in here right now so I can show 'im it. Come on! Where is he?"

"Mr. Homan isn't here at present, Mr. Dolliver. Now I feel that—"

Continued at top of page 127



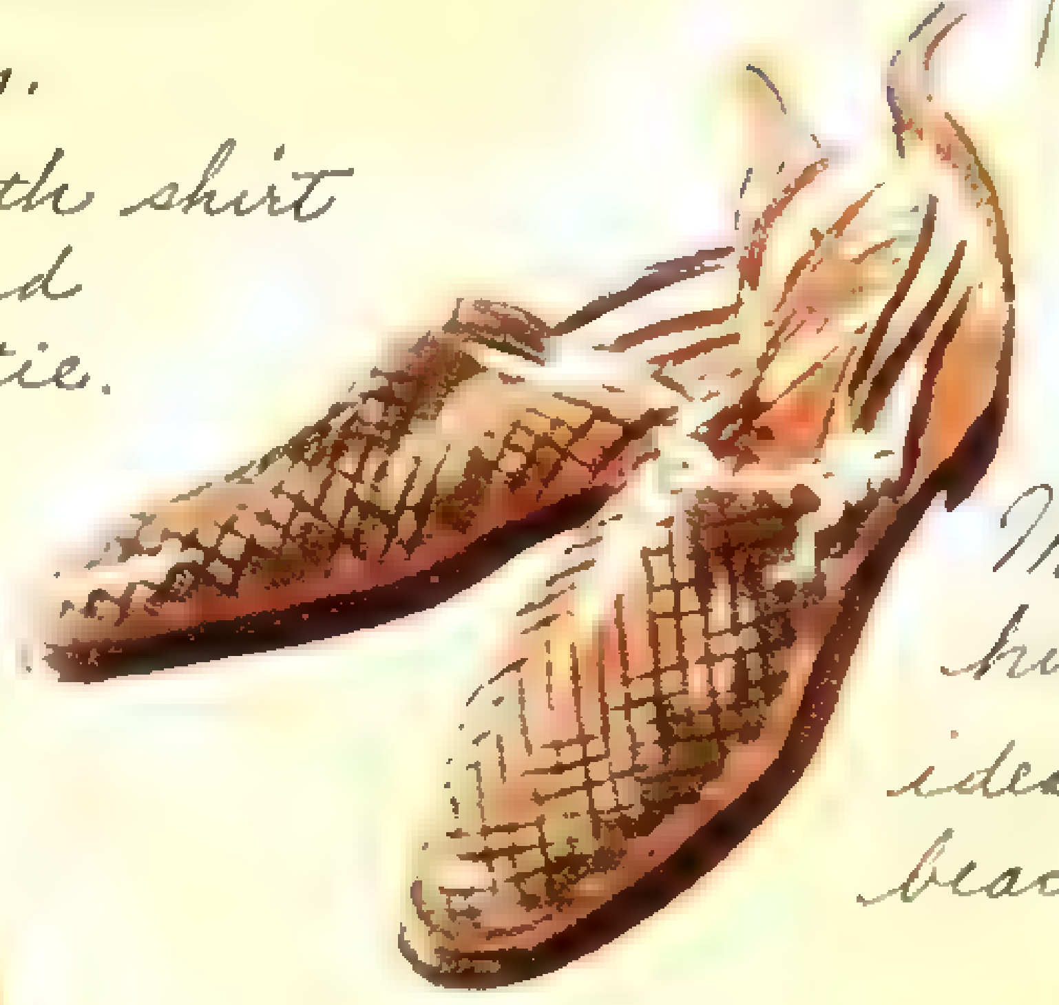




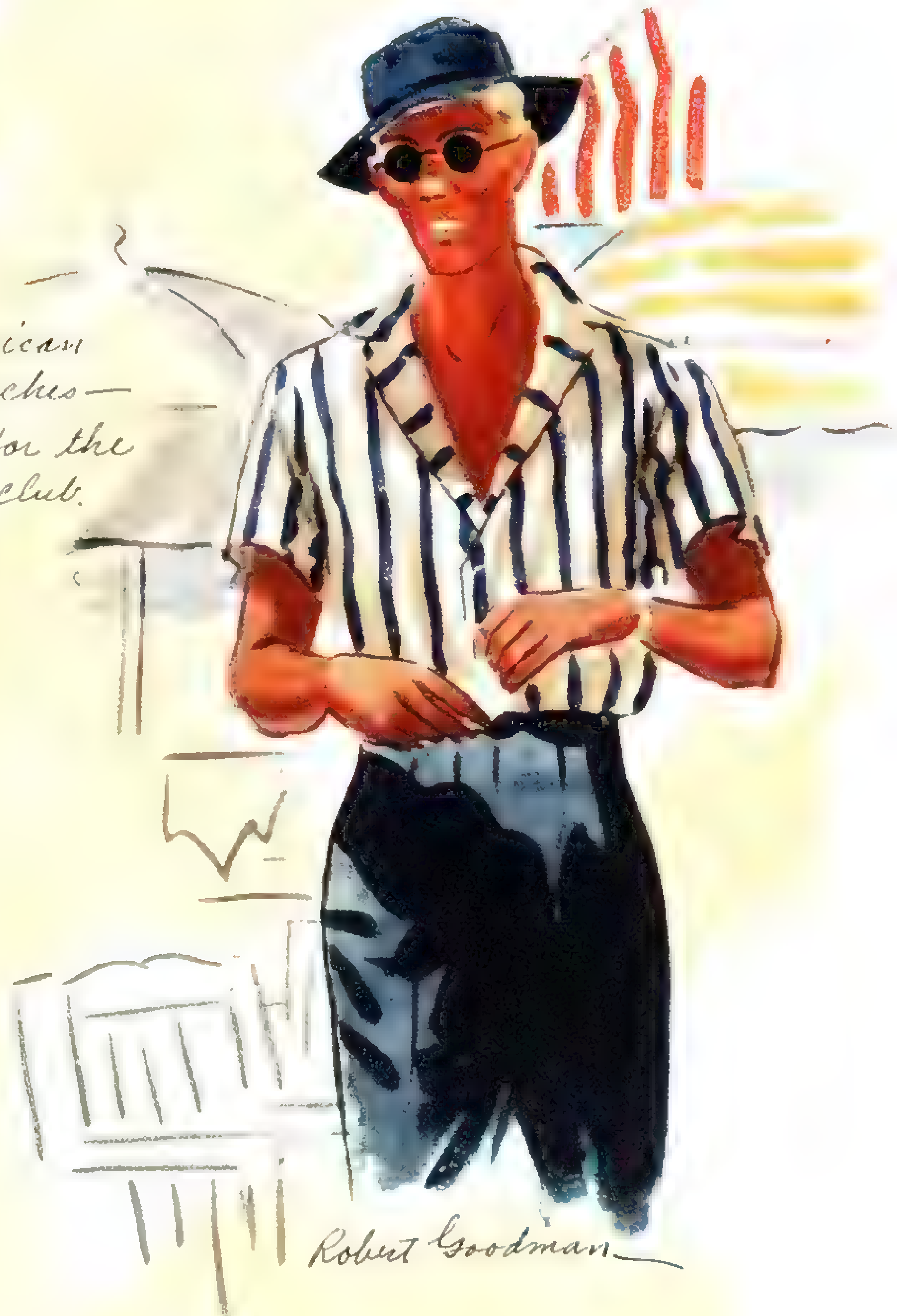
Peccary pigskin gloves
for general use

Gold sporting motifs
for your tie—

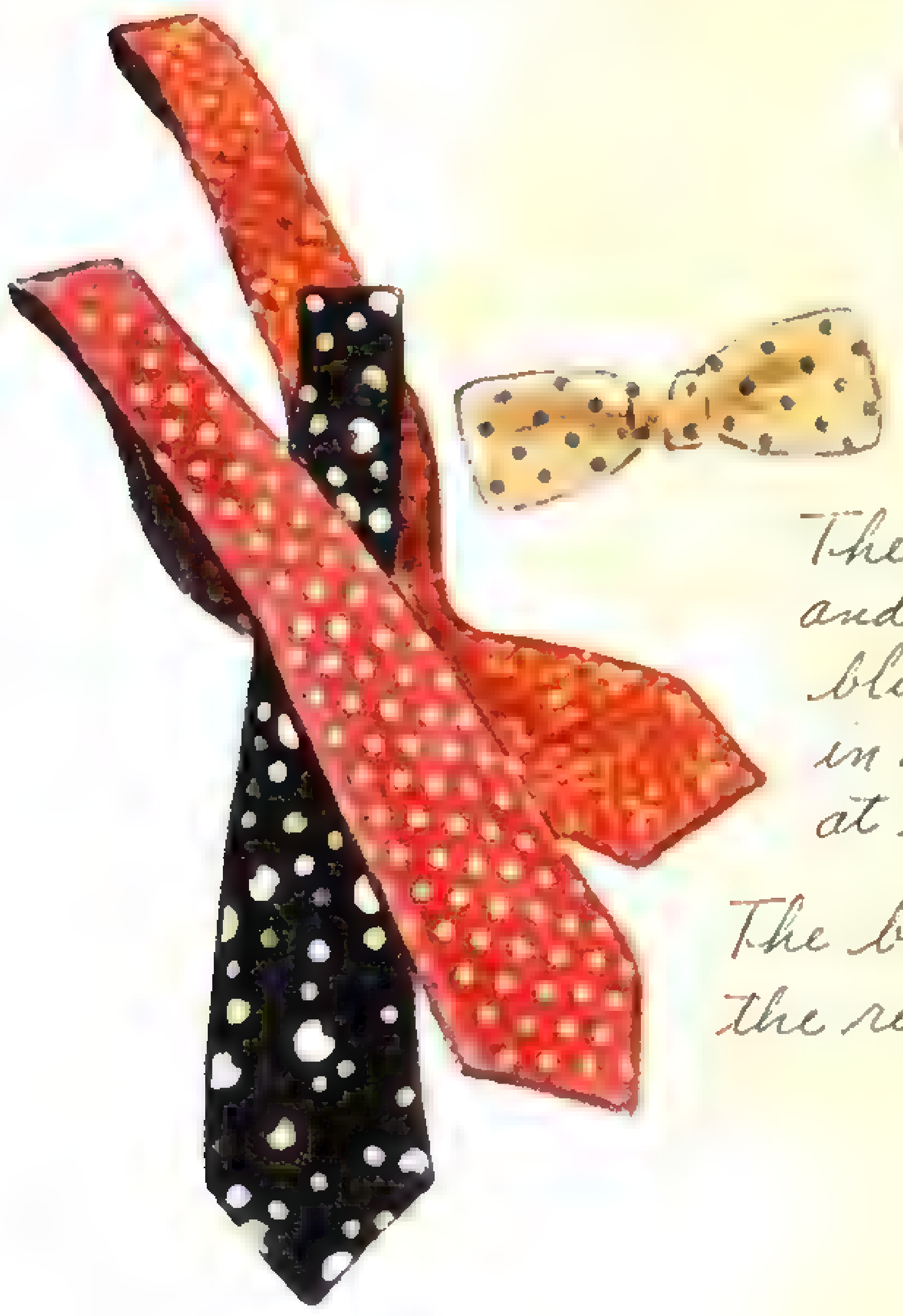
1. Polychromatic striped shirt, widespread collar, introduced in London this season.
2. Bold striped broadcloth shirt with slotted collar and shower spot foulard tie.



Mexican
huaraches—
ideal for the
beach club.

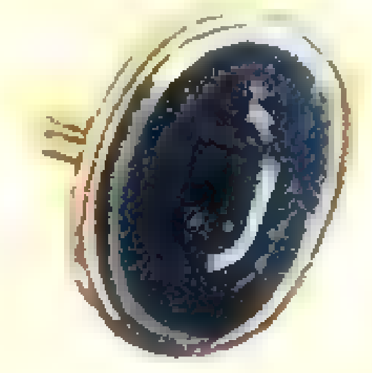


Robert Goodman



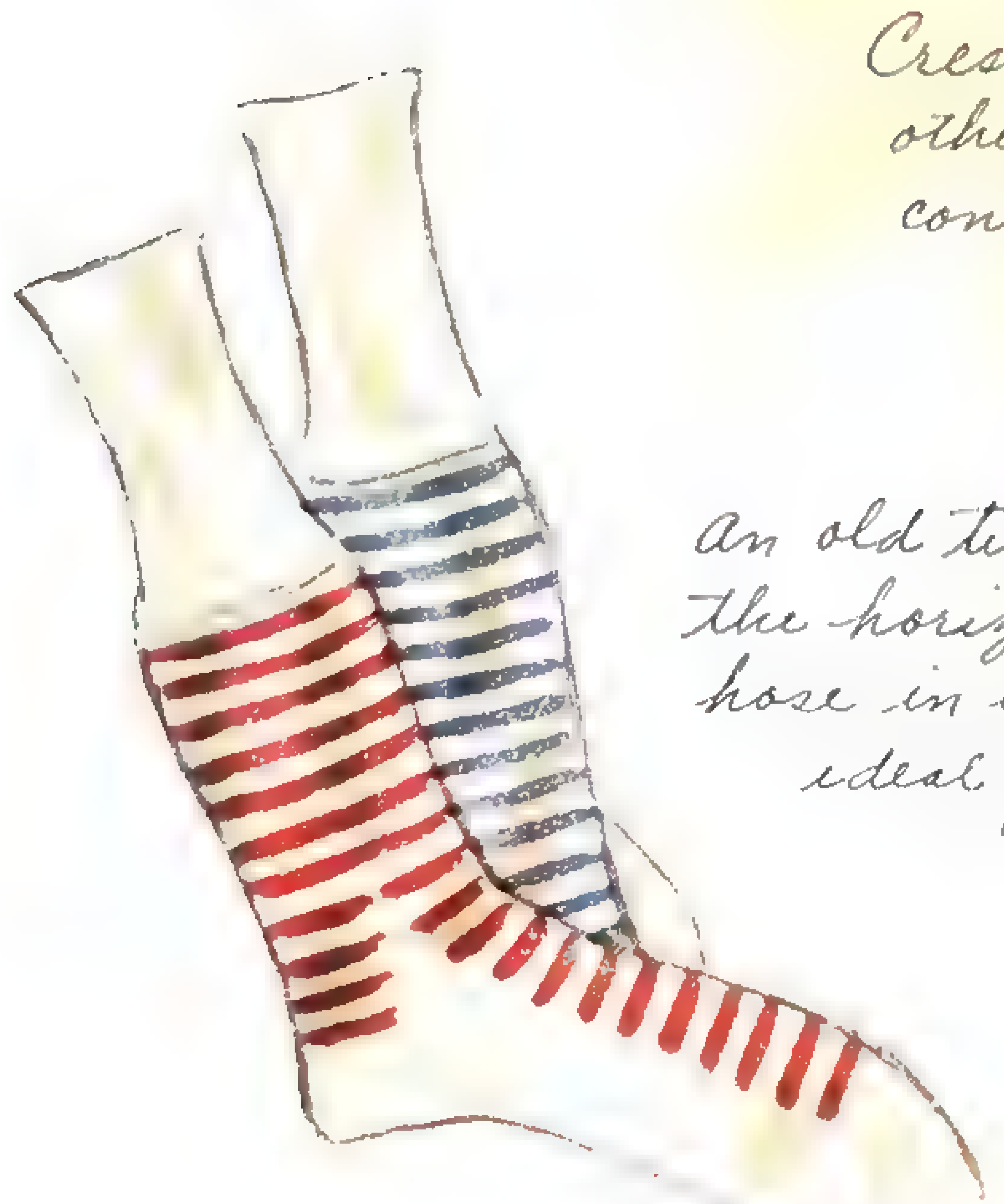
The coral four-in-hand
and the bowtie with
blue spots, are introduced
in London and New York
at the same time—

The blue tie is of linen
the red tie—Indian Coral.

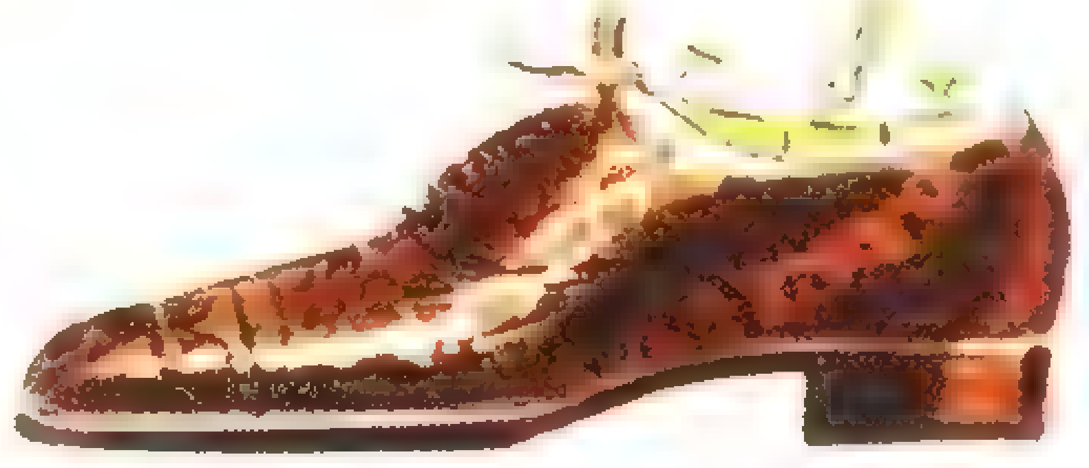


Crest rings of lapis and
other stones are now
considered de rigeur

A new pirate stripe linen shirt
introduced at Cannes this past
summer.

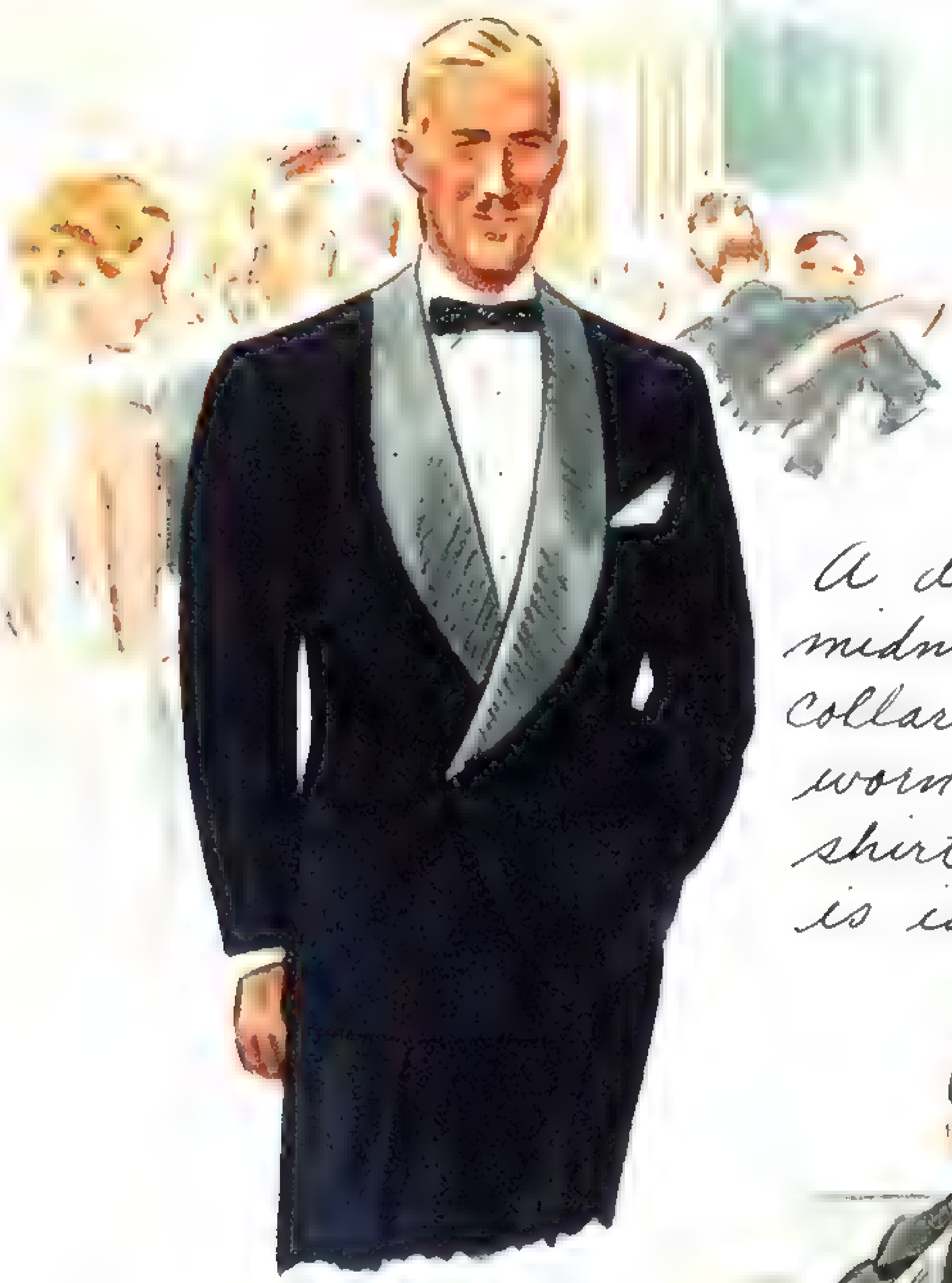


An old time favorite returns—
the horizontal bar stripe
hose in lightweight wool,
ideal for southern wear.

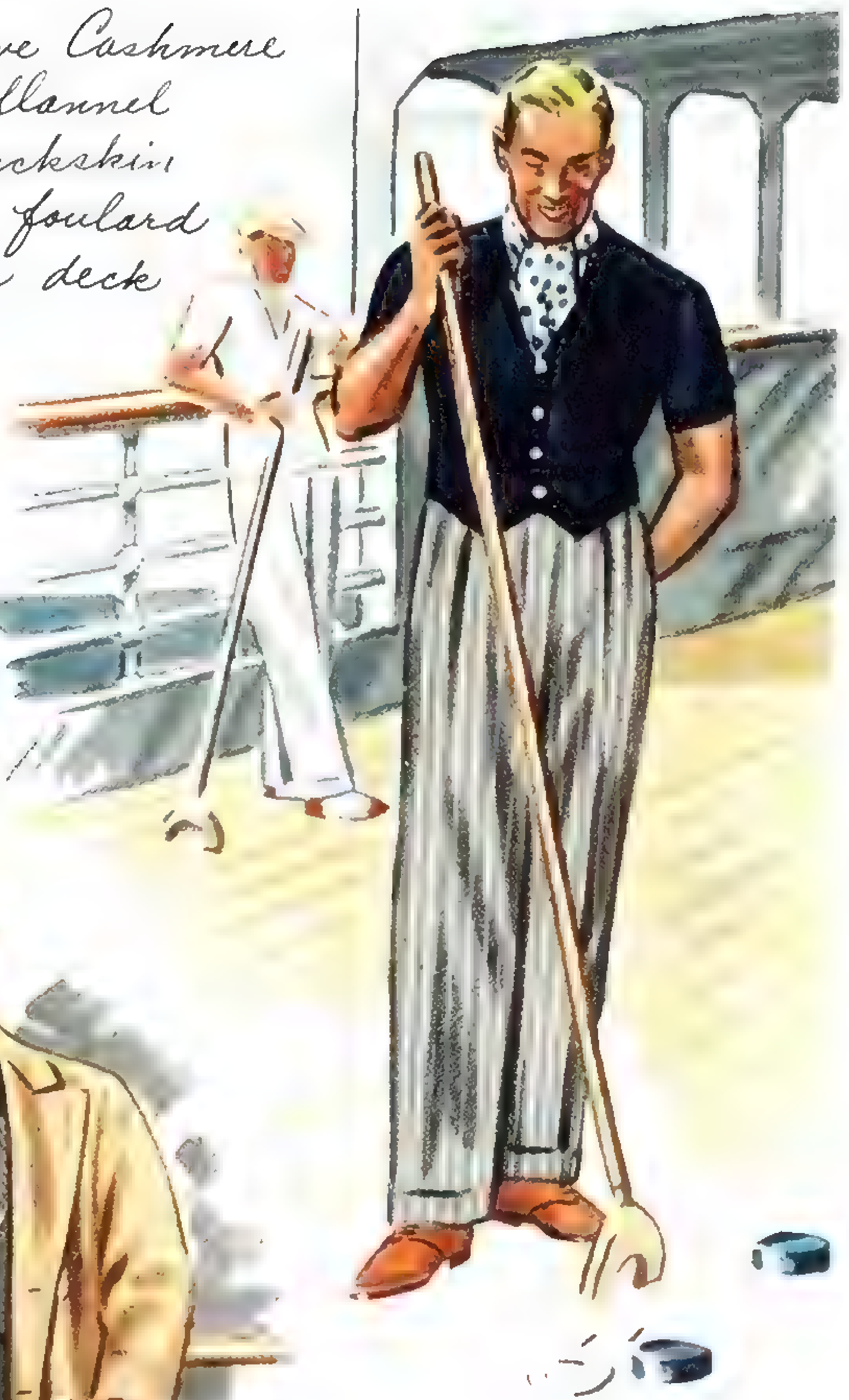


A new London fashion for resort wear
the crocodile shoe—

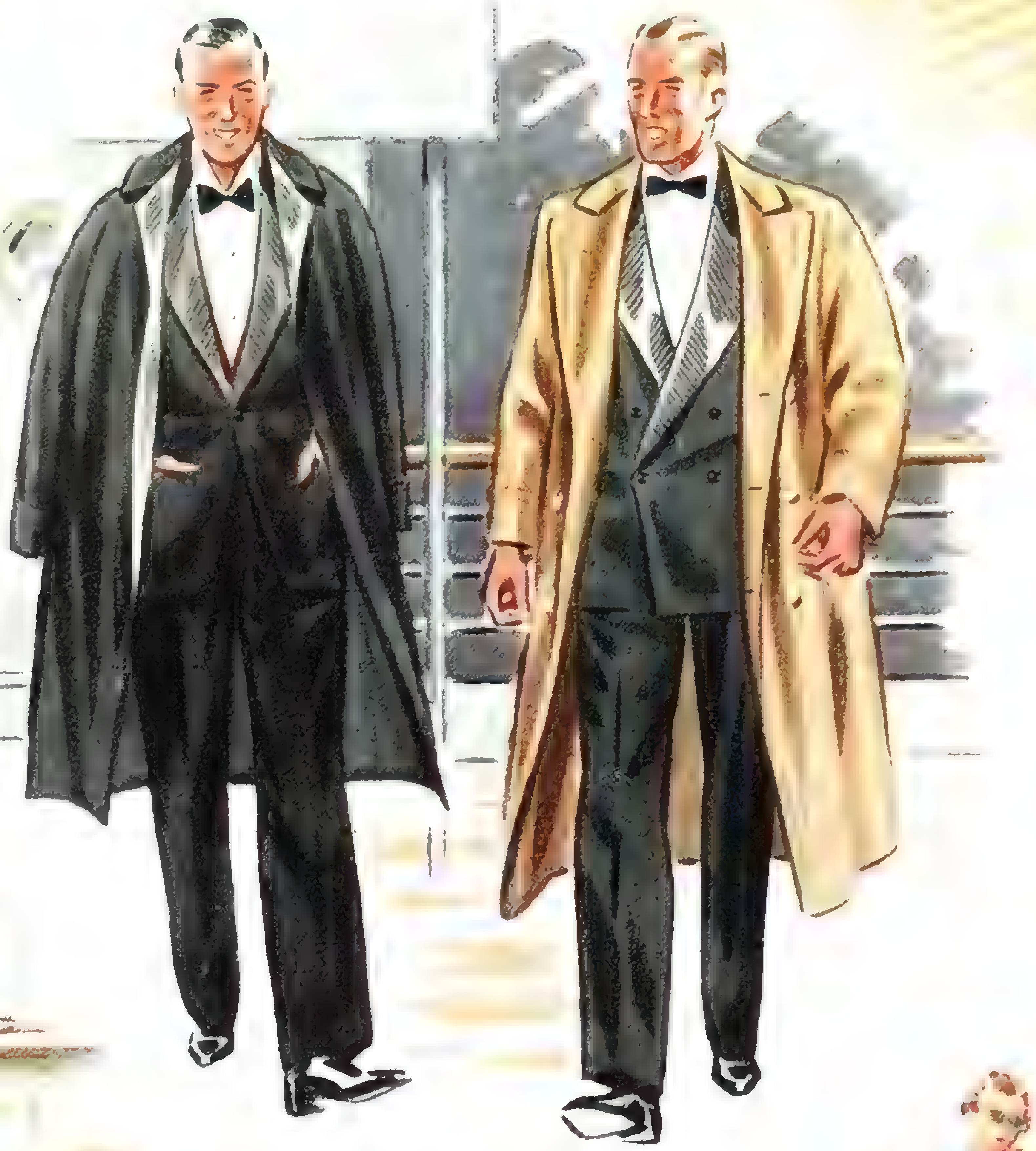
FASHION FLASHES FROM LONDON AND THE RIVIERA



A double breasted midnight blue shawl collar dinner jacket worn with a soft silk shirt and a club tie is ideal for cruising

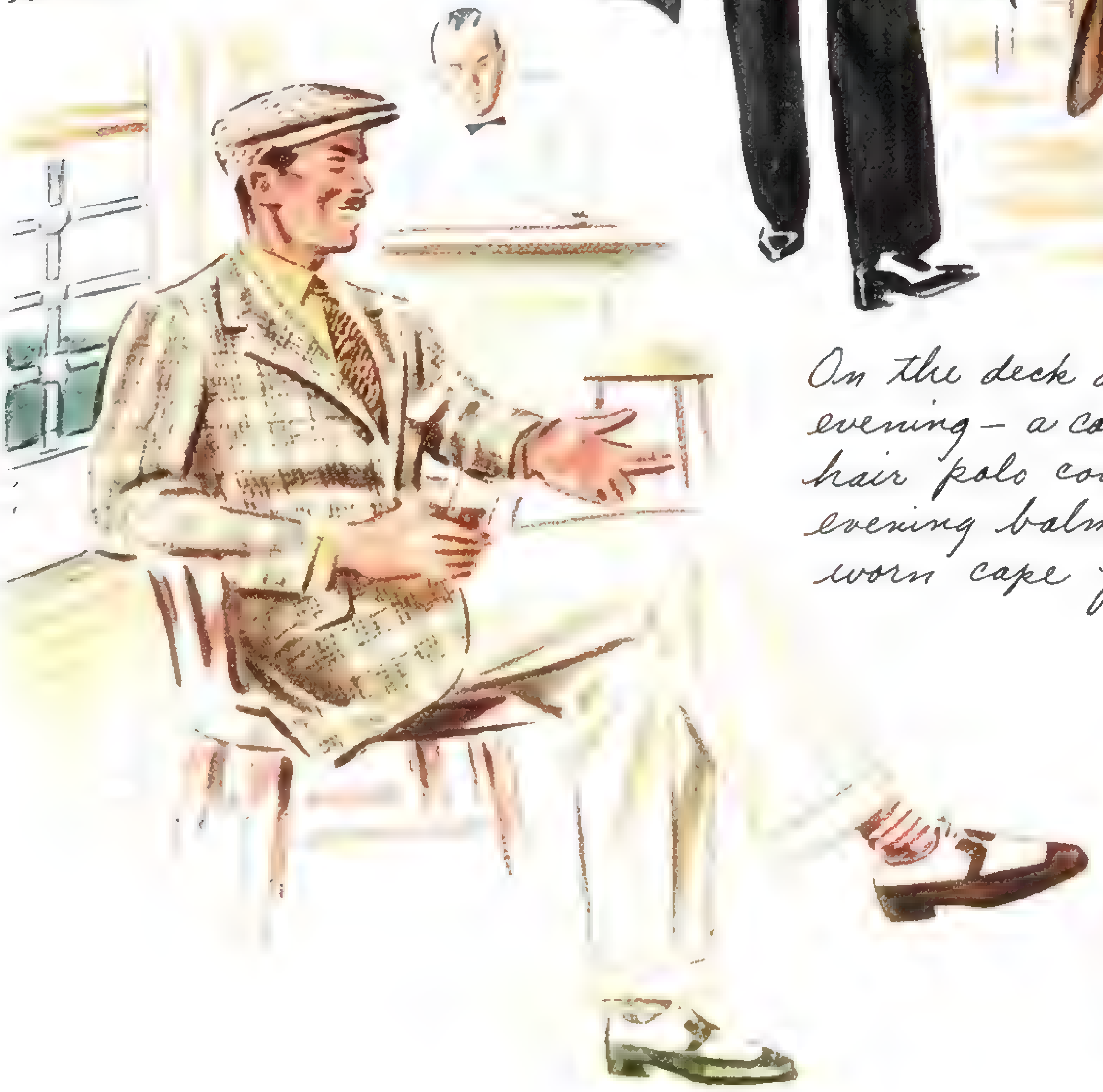


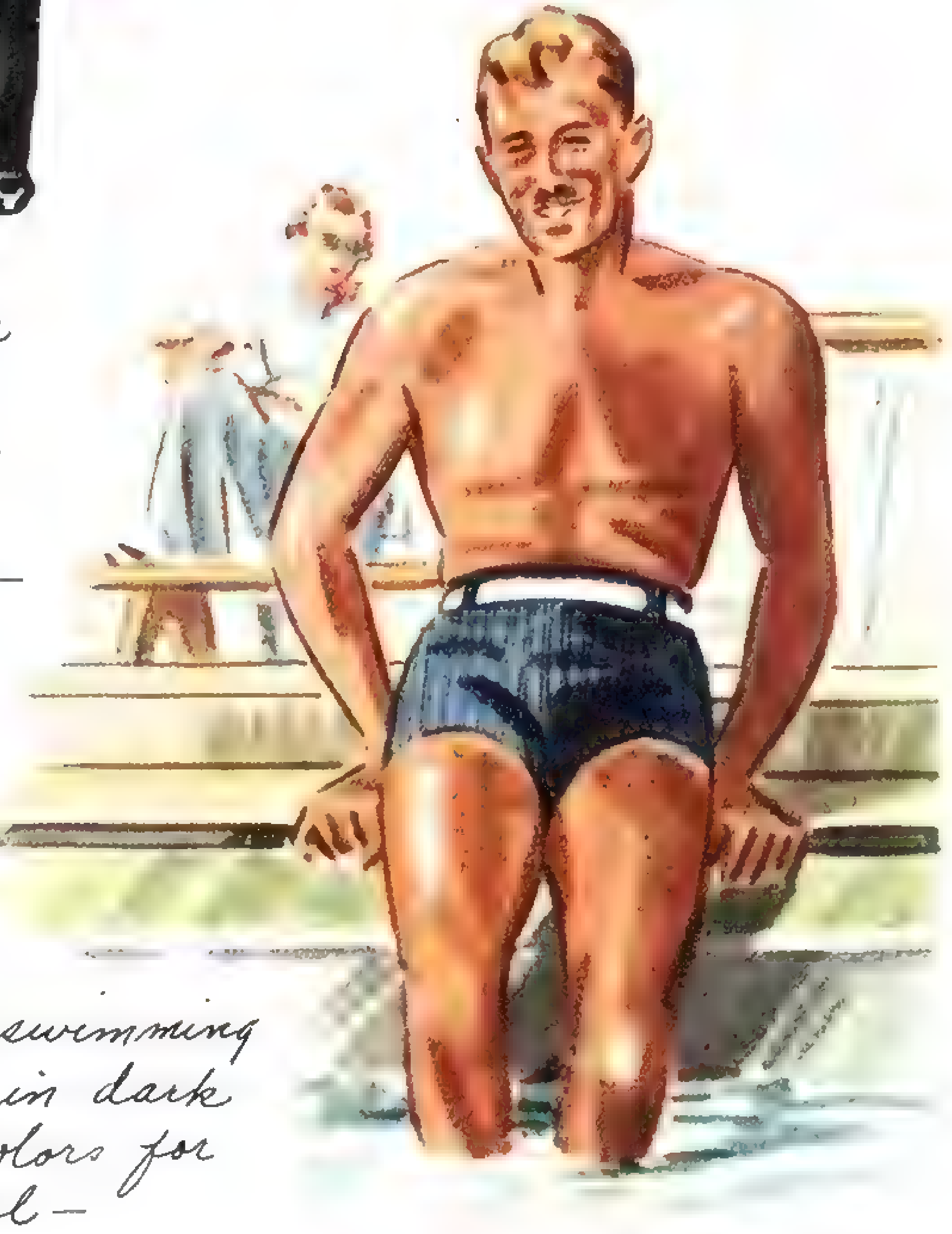
A half sleeve Cashmere waist coat, flannel trousers, buckskin shoes, and foulard muffler for deck games—



On the deck during the evening—a camel's hair polo coat or the evening balmacaan worn cape fashion—

Linen sports jackets, soft shirts and white flannel trousers are ideal for day wear Note: Norwegian model shoes





Knitted swimming trunks in dark solid colors for the pool—

A PAGE OF POINTERS FOR THE WINTER CRUISER

Art's a Funny Thing

Continued from pages 59-124

"When can I see 'im?"

"Why, he is out of town and won't be back for a very long time," lied Gilmore.

"Well, you tell Mr. Homan that if I ever lay eyes on 'im again I'll carve 'im up like a New Year's goose. And as for his paintin'—"

Clem pulled a huge pocketknife out of his pants pocket. He jerked open the blade and started toward "The Grouch," holding the knife over his head.

"Mr. Dolliver! You can't do that! Mr. Dolliver, please! Get away!"

Clem stuck the knife blade into the canvas and ripped it all the way from top to bottom with a sickening tear that was itself like a knife cutting through Gilmore's soul. Gilmore ran up and tried to pull Clem back, but when Clem turned and yelled "Scat!" at the same time brandishing the knife, he retreated quickly. Clem cut several more rips into the canvas, slashing it to pieces. "There," he said finally, standing off to look at the results of his work. "That for Mr. Homan's paintin'." Then he turned and strode out.

Just before getting into his car outside he turned and gave one look at the Art Institute. It was a tall, dark gray structure—Neo-Classical, frosted with pigeon dung.

He looked at one pigeon standing on the capital of a proud Doric column, a capital heavily coated with the nonchalant manurings of this bird and his fluttering fellows. "Go ahead! Go right ahead! Keep it up!" muttered Clem with malevolent amusement. "That's all the joint's good for." Then he hopped in his car and shot away.

When he got home his wife asked, "Well, did you get the money?"

"No," Clem growled. "They ain't no prize for the barn. The artists get all the money."

"Oh."

A little later, as he sat on the porch, he said to his wife in the kitchen, "The paintin' o' me was hangin' there too."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Third prize." She said nothing. "Art's a funny thing," he reflected.

"Darn funny. Coffee?"

"Yeah. . . . Now the things they can do with their paintin'. The way they can bring out stuff in what they paint. Interestin'. Art's a great thing. But not artists. Darned if I like artists."

A little later he added, "Anyhow, they said I got character. They's somethin' you didn't realize, old woman," he called over his shoulder.

"No," she said, smacking the cups on the table. "They's somethin' I'd o' never guessed." #

Along With Me

Continued from page 93

was done in a club house dedicated to recreation, but if the employees scored high enough in the contests they would get almost their regular pay during the weeks when the shops were being reorganized for the inspectors. Mr. Ehbling remembered trying out the dusty checker board one night, just before going home from the club. There were only three pieces missing from the set and if an inspector had come along to see how the night life was going it would have been very easy to play a game by putting another checker aside and starting with the fifth or sixth move.

When Ehbling's pay went below ten dollars a week, his wife started to take in washing. Their daughter, married and living in Schenectady, had enough troubles there without knowing that her mother was over a washboard instead of sitting in a rocker reading the titles under the picture papers. The Ehblings didn't know where their son was. When his pay went to seven dollars a week, Mr. Ehbling was still a cutter. Old and innocent as he was, he made the mistake of protesting one night when a young Polish girl tried to get out of going to the foreman's rooms for some special duties after the shop closed. Mr. Ehbling, fumbling his way down the dark steps, came on them as the foreman was holding the girl's arms and telling her that she would be fired if she didn't stop acting like a schoolgirl. The girl was crying and repeating over and over again that she had to go home.

"For shame," Mr. Ehbling told the foreman.

Mr. Ehbling was fired instead. He didn't know how the girl made out afterward but the foreman released her and told the old German to wait downstairs. Mr. Ehbling, still indignant, was handed half a week's pay and told to see if he couldn't get some other business to push his nose into.

All he could find was the La Belle shop, on a machine, at four dollars a week. For this he worked twelve or thirteen hours a day, six days a week.

"Monday and Tuesday," he said, counting the days out on his fingers for me, "and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday. Six days a week. Sometimes I go home at eight o'clock, sometimes at nine o'clock. The girls work longer even. Tonight I am out at eight and I can carry these clothes my woman washes."

Under the new rate, just put into effect, he was to get three dollars and something. And there was still the cold in the winter, the sweaty heat in summer that clouded up his glasses and his brain, the stiffness from bending, the damp floor all the time, the cracked glass for the luke warm drinking water in the one lavatory that was used by all the workers, men and girls alike.

Complaint, absent from his voice at first, swelled up as he started to tell me what this lavatory was like.

"You are young," he said. "But you have seen the boats going out in the harbor with the garbage. Yes?"

It was dark now and the downstairs roomer had left us. The old man stood on the steps twisting his hat in his hands and looking up at me as if afraid I didn't understand.

"I can believe it's pretty bad," I said. "What about relief?"

He stiffened a little.

"I am able to work," he said. He started to turn away as if I had offended him and then stopped. "Once my Bertha gets tired and goes asking for this government money. For part of last winter there was a food basket left at the house every week. In plain sight for all the neighbors to see. Cabbage and bacon and sometimes butter. Then, stop. No basket. She has asked now four times again but the basket has stopped."

"Look," I said. "This isn't supposed to happen any more. Sweatshops are against anybody's law now. I'm on a newspaper and they'll be glad to print that about the sweatshop and the hours and the rates."

He stepped back and shook his head doubtfully.

"Nothing can be done," he said. "It gets worse and some day it stops. That's all."

"No, look," I said. "Our newspaper has been running campaigns on conditions like this. I've got what you've told me and it ought to be enough to help blow these bandits out of town."

He was swallowing and blinking nervously and I clapped him on the shoulder.

"I've got to get down to the office now and I'll see what the managing editor thinks. Just give me your address and I'll look you up."

He backed away uncertainly, swallowing quickly and shifting on his feet, but he gave me the information and stood looking at the paper on which I had written.

"I won't bring your name into the story," I said. "Don't worry about any kickback."

He stood on the sidewalk looking after me as I walked up the street. I was at the office nearly two hours without getting a chance to talk to the managing editor about the sweatshop feature. I finished some work I had to do and had a beer before going home. It was after twelve when I reached the house.

He was crouched on the steps when I got there, huddled against the railing. He looked up as I turned in the walk and before I reached the steps he had pushed to his feet and stumbled down to catch hold of my coat.

"You didn't put it in? You mustn't put it in."

He was nearly hysterical and in the street-light his eyes glistened in back of his glasses as if he had been crying. He kept tugging at my sleeve as he talked. I didn't know what to make of it.

"What is it, Mr. Ehbling?"

"You mustn't put it in. You can't put it in."

"Put what in?"

He tugged at my coat and started crying.

"About my job. About anything. My wife says you mustn't put it in."

He shook his head and whimpered when I asked him to come inside. I lead him toward the railing where he could sit down but he wouldn't.

"Two times I came and they said you were still out," he said. "Please you mustn't put anything in the papers. My wife says I am crazy, I will lose my job."

"Nothing's been done yet," I said. "But I told you I wouldn't use your name. It'll be a general story and we'll get something on the other places before doing any thing with it."

"No, no," he said. "My tongue should be cut out. You are young. It is all the same. There are lots of things—these people who kill each other—all these things. You can fill your paper but my wife is sick now from hearing that you would put our story in."

We must have talked for ten minutes. I tried to persuade him that there was no way for his employer to get back at him, no way to find out where we got the material. I didn't know what could be done about relief but I was sure someone could be notified who would see that the government took better care of the Ehblings than the gentlemen of the La Belle company did. It was no use. Even the details of his own job, repeated back to him, didn't move Mr. Ehbling from his frenzy.

"It is a bad job, yes. A devil's job but I will lose it. Say you won't print this. Say it, say it, please."

I said it. I had to say it to let him go home to his Bertha and the washing and the sleep that would make him ready for the La Belle Dress shop again.

That week, instead of a sweatshop feature, we opened a campaign against old fashioned bathing suit restrictions at the public beaches. A man, the way we saw it, ought to be able to discard the top of his bathing suit if he wanted to. #

Law's Glorious Uncertainty

Continued from page 61

jurors constitute an integral part of the machinery of justice, and they function under rules prescribed by the law and administered by the courts. Whatever their deficiencies may be, therefore, they are ascribable to the law itself.

In any event, there are plenty of cases in which the misfunctioning of the machinery of justice is traceable directly to the law itself and not to some intervening agency. There is, for instance, the case of James Hitchcock and Hilda Jennsen, for whom the writer appeared as defense counsel a number of years ago. The charge against them was one of adultery; and, tried jointly, though neither of them took the witness stand and the evidence against them was precisely the same, the man was acquitted and the woman was convicted, contrary to all expectations. The reason was that one of the state's witnesses had detailed a conversation with the defendant Jennsen in which she had freely and completely admitted the charge; but under the law the court had to instruct the jury that this evidence could not be in any wise considered against the defendant Hitchcock, who, unchivalrously, had refused to make any such statement and had absolutely denied the charge. The jury, therefore, felt justified in convicting the woman but, under the court's instructions, had before it no competent evidence upon which to base a verdict of guilty against the defendant Hitchcock. Though morally sure of his guilt, it could not legally convict him.

Equally glaring and strange are the uncertainties due to the disagreements between the courts of the same or different jurisdictions as to the law on a given question. Thus a man may be a criminal in one place when, under identical circumstances, he would be a man of honor in another. Particularly striking in this connection are the varying views of the courts as to the law of self-defense in homicide cases. In about half the states, if you are in danger of being killed by an aggressor, it is your duty to retreat, if by so doing you can save your life and avoid the necessity of killing the other party. In the rest of the states you do not need to retreat but are justified in standing your ground and, if necessary, in taking life to defend yourself. In short, what makes a man a murderer in the first group of states, brings him vindication in the others and perhaps makes him a hero.

Numerous conflicts of a similar nature arise out of the difference of judicial opinion regarding the meaning of words and terms. Thus some courts hold that a pistol so defective that it cannot possibly be shot is a deadly weapon, and a person having it in his possession is a criminal, while others hold the direct opposite. Some hold that an axe is a deadly weapon. Others hold that it is not. Some declare an automobile to be a deadly weapon, but many say it is not. What is an accident in one state, as, for example, death at the hands of a mob, is not an accident in another; and what is negligence in one state may not involve any liability in another. The tests of sanity accepted in one state may not be sanctioned in another; and a man may actually be sane in Virginia and insane in New York, or vice versa. Identical statutes or rules may be construed and applied differently in different jurisdictions; and there is contrariety of opinion on a thousand questions.

A typical example of this difference of judicial opinion is to be seen in two cases that arose in Missouri some years ago. The point at issue was whether one who called an officer of the law by a well-known term impugning his paternity was guilty of the offense of disturbing the peace. The question came up first in the town of Salem in the western part of the state when an unregenerate individual by the name of Coffey called the town marshal a "G— D— son of a b—" and was speedily arraigned before the local squire and convicted. Not satisfied with the brand of justice handed out at home, Coffey appealed to the Court of Appeals in Kansas City, and that tribunal after due consideration, decided that he had not disturbed anybody's peace and that, if the spirit moved him, he was entitled to call the town marshal what he had called him.

But the joker in that general proposition lies in the fact that there is another Court of Appeals in Missouri that sits in St. Louis and that, when a similar case came before it four years later, the court's holding was the precise opposite of that of the Kansas City tribunal. It decided that it was a disturbance of the peace to call a police officer the descendant of a female canine. The consequence is that it is perfectly safe in western Missouri to accuse an officer of the law of being related to the canine family, but that to do so in eastern Missouri means a term in the skookum-house.

A similar situation exists in New York as between Manhattan and Brooklyn with reference to a question of libel law. For the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court for the Second Department, which includes Brooklyn, held in 1930 that it was slanderous per se to say to a person in the presence of others, "You dirty crook, you are the biggest crook in Bedford Avenue," while the Appellate Court in the First Department, in which Manhattan is located, had previously held on two occasions that it was not libelous to call a man "a dirty crook." It follows, therefore, that until the Court of Appeals speaks the final word one may call a person a dirty crook in Manhattan without incurring any civil liability but that it may mean a judgment for damages to do the same thing in Brooklyn.

No one can safely predict at this time what the law on these two respective questions will eventually be in the two states mentioned; and until it is settled citizens act at their peril.

The same uncertainty is bound to prevail, of course, with reference to many of the thousands of statutes passed annually by Congress and the various state legislatures until they are passed upon and construed by the courts, for until that happens no one knows for certain whether they are valid or what they mean. Recent experience with the NIRA has impressed that fact dramatically upon the American people. The best lawyers in the country disagreed as to what the Supreme Court would eventually hold, and thousands of them guessed wrong, to the sorrow of their clients.

In a minor way, the uncertainty under which the citizen labors with reference to statutory law is illustrated by the legislation now in effect in most states making it a criminal offense for the driver of an automobile to run his car while intoxicated or while "under the influence of intoxicating liquor," as it is frequently expressed. In some states the courts have taken the sensible view that to come within the terms of the law one must actually be "influenced" by the alcoholic beverages consumed. But in others they have accepted the dictum laid down by an eminent college professor during the late prohibition era, that the man who has drunk one glass of beer is one glass drunk. Hence, a New Jersey court recently sustained the conviction of a driver who had only imbibed one glass of beer and who was distinctly found to have driven "so slowly and so skilfully and so carefully" that "no one was annoyed or endangered." Visitors to New Jersey are warned to govern themselves accordingly.

Nowhere, perhaps, is there a greater diversity of judicial opinion than with reference to questions of a psychological nature, though the courts fondly believe, as a New Jersey judge asserted a few days ago, that "the court itself, by experience, gets to be a better psychologist or psychiatrist than any mere theorist." To illustrate:

A witness in a murder case in Colorado in 1913 testified that she had heard the defendant say, in his sleep, "I shot her, I shot her, I had to do it to save myself from the pen." Holding that the trial court had erred in admitting this testimony, the state Supreme Court said, "One is not responsible for what one says in his sleep because he is unconscious and it is not voluntary." But the highest court of West Virginia took a contrary view when the precise question was presented to it, virtually holding that the jurors were the psychologists whose opinion should govern, saying: "It was with the jurors to say whether it (the statement) was made in sleep and was therefore worthless or whether, though made in sleep, it was but the divulgence of truth springing from guilt which rested heavy on the soul and broke forth through voice and lips, the half-conscious man revealing secrets indelibly impressed on the memory, which, fully awake, he would fain have suppressed."

The Vermont Supreme Court again took a divergent view in an action to recover damages for injuries inflicted upon a little girl by a vicious dog. It held that evidence that for several nights following the dog's attack the child screamed in its sleep, "Take him off! He's biting me!" was inadmissible. The Court's reasoning is apparent from the following quotation: "Words spoken in sleep are not evidence of a fact or a condition of mind; they proceed from an unconscious and irresponsible condition; they have little or no meaning; they are as likely to refer to unreal facts or conditions as to things real; they are wholly unreal." But in New Jersey it has been held that it is proper in a divorce action to admit evidence to the effect that the husband uttered the name of his alleged paramour in his sleep, from which it would seem that there was sound sense in the prayer of the once popular song, "If you talk in your sleep, Don't mention my name."

However, the conflicts, contradictions, and uncertainties of the law cannot all be charged to the courts. Various administrative bodies contribute their share. Thus the Commissioner of Patents some years ago rejected an application for the registration of the words "Limestone Brand" as the trade-mark for a cathartic medicine, first, on the ground that, if it contained limestone it was impure, and then, when it was explained that it did not contain limestone, on the ground that the name was deceptive. The exasperated attorneys for the applicant, Mr. Francis M. Phelps and Mr. Edward S. Rogers, of Chicago, thereupon let off steam in a brief in which they said:

Ivory is a good trade-mark for a soap not made of ivory. Gold Dust washing powder is not made of gold. Old Crow whiskey is not distilled from crows. There is no bull in Bull Durham. Royal baking powder is not used exclusively by royalty, nor is Cream baking powder made of cream. Pearline contains no pearls, and White Rock is a water.

There is no cream in cream of tartar, in cold cream, or in choco-

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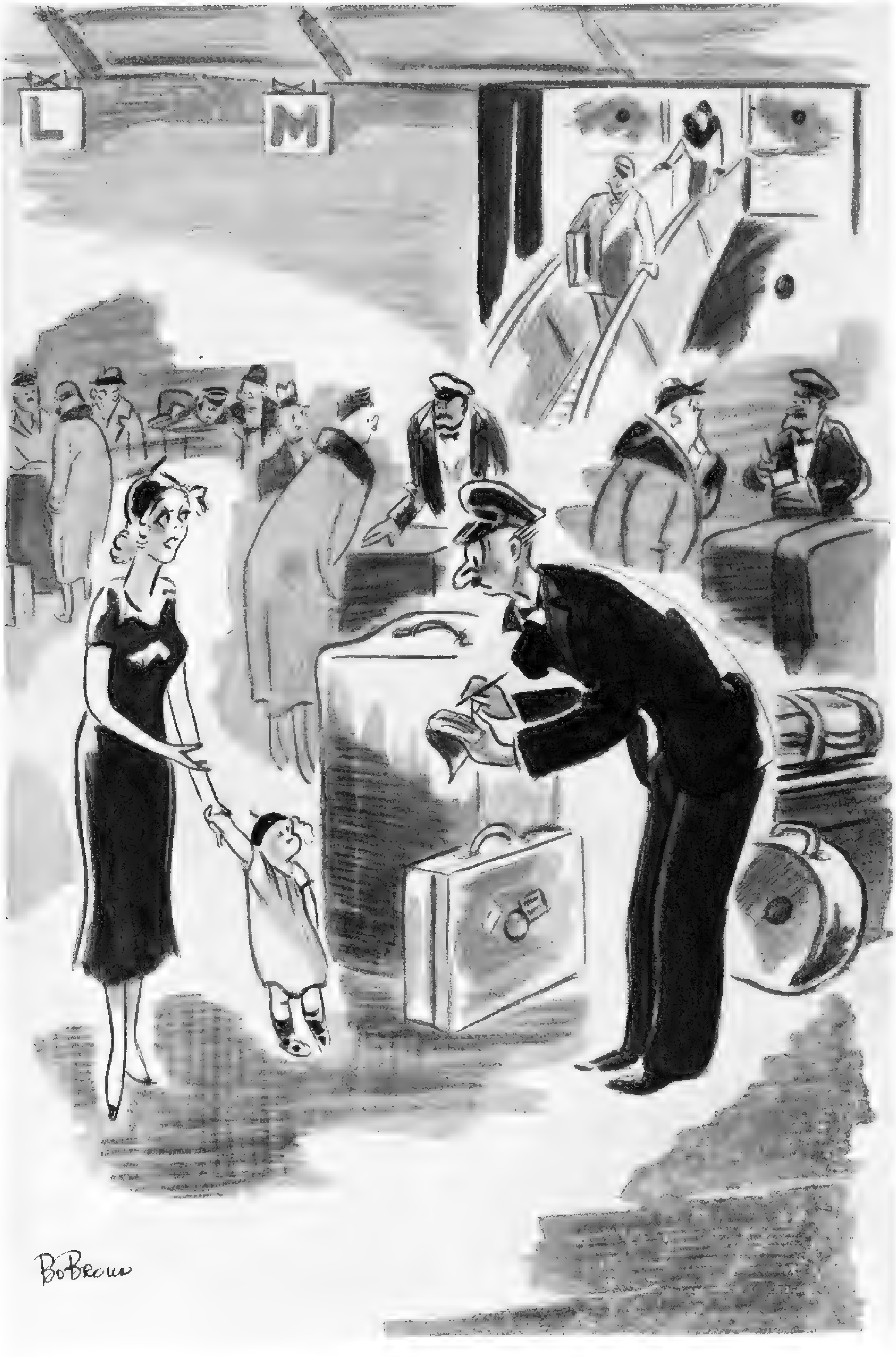

"Do I have to pay any duty on her? I got her in France!"

Law's Glorious Uncertainty

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late creams, no milk in milk of magnesia, in milkweed, or in the cocoanut. These are all as remote from the cow as the cowslip. There is no grape in the grapefruit or bread in the breadfruit. A pineapple is neither pine nor apple, an alligator pear is neither a pear nor an alligator, and a sugar plum is not a plum. Apple butter is not butter. All the butter is taken out of buttermilk, and there is none in butternuts, or in buttercups.

And they closed with this touching poetical effusion:

I would fly from the city's rule
and law,
From its fashion and form cut
loose,
And grow where the strawberry
grows on its straw
And the gooseberry on the
goose,
Where the catnip tree is climbed
by the cat,
As she crouches for her prey,
The guileless and unsuspecting
rat,
On the rattan bush at play.

From all of which it is evident, of course, that even the lawyer cannot know the law. As a federal court said some years ago, "One-half of the litigation with which the courts are burdened results directly or remotely from the mis-advice of attorneys." What is even worse, if a lawyer does give you mis-advice and you follow it, it is no excuse or protection for you if you get into trouble. If, for example, you do exactly what your lawyer tells you to do and are hauled into court for contempt of court, his advice will not save you from the wrath to come. As the Supreme Court of Illinois said recently, "The advice of attorneys is never a justification for contempt."

And the same holds true in other proceedings, for the rule in general effect is the one laid down by the Maine Supreme Court more than forty years ago, when it said:

"The fact that a lawyer advised such foolish conduct does not relieve it of its foolishness.—Lawyers are not privileged to advise their clients foolishly, and their clients are not shielded by their foolish advice."

Is it any wonder that Judge Furman, of Oklahoma, said some years ago, "The uncertainty in the administration of the criminal law in the United States has become a reproach to the American people"? But the same thing is true on the civil side of the law. As Mr. Jerome Frank said in his challenging book, *Law and the Modern Mind*, "Any competent lawyer, during any rainy Sunday afternoon, could prepare a list of hundreds of comparatively simple legal questions to which another equally competent lawyer would scarcely venture to give unequivocal answers."

The writer, therefore, has no better advice to offer by way of conclusion than to recall the scriptural injunction: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time thine adversary deliver thee to the judge." #

Running Wild Without Men

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to rise. We stopped near the body—he lay still. I guess he was dead then." Too bad, she might have added, no more fun there. The point is, that the five boy bandits were quite satisfied with stealing property and getting away with it. But the girls wanted the "thrill" of shooting down harmless people in cold blood.

But criminality is by no means an essential ingredient of woman's thrill hunting. The same contrast between the sexes, when both are engaged in the same type of dangerous activity, is found just as spectacularly within the law as outside its pale. Take two top-notchers in aviation, Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart. Lindbergh didn't quit flying when he landed safely in the spotlight of world publicity at Paris, but he quit taking unnecessary risks. Not so Miss Earhart. She flew the Atlantic twice—once was enough for the Colonel. Then she hopped gaily off across the Pacific from Honolulu to California, the first of either sex to make the flight. Pausing hardly long enough to take a deep breath, she hopped for Mexico City, also solo, got dust in her eye forty miles from her goal and was femininely dissatisfied. So she flew to New York non-stop, establishing three new records and beating Lindbergh's time from Mexico City to Washington by nearly 14 hours.

There's a difference not only in the way women go about these things, but in the *kind* of thrill they get out of them. Most men flyers, if they told the truth, would report that their greatest gratification resulted from the headlines about themselves in the newspapers or from the lucrative contracts obtained as a result of record-making stunts. But to a woman there isn't any one end-result more important than the rest, no one moment of triumph more thrilling than the flight itself. The whole business, from first to last, is interesting and exciting. Asked to name her greatest thrill in the air Amelia Earhart explained, "I haven't that kind of a mind. I like to fly—mine is a restless spirit and I find flying an outlet for my restlessness. If I must mention thrilling moments, say I've been thrilled by the sunset over the Atlantic, the first sight of land or the twinkling lights of New York." A very accurate feminine introspection—the wildness of the whole venture blends into a single pattern of pleasantness, against which the natural beauties of sea and sky and sparkling lights stand forth poignantly. Can you imagine a man being thrilled by twinkling lights when he has just finished establishing himself as the premier flyer of America? It isn't the purpose accomplished by behaving wildly that thrills a woman, it's the wildness itself.

Rudyard Kipling won a permanent place in women's disfavor by writing his psychological epic, *The Female of the Species*. But take this verse,

"When the Himalayan peasant
meets the he-bear in his pride,
Then he shouts to scare the monster who will often turn aside.
But the female thus accosted
rends the peasant tooth and
nail
For the female of the species is
more deadly than the male."

And apply it to the case of a tiny Los Angeles brunette, Mrs. June Redding. Mrs. Redding weighs 90 pounds. She was alone in her house one day when three husky thugs—Tom Riga, Earl Watts and Harold Sullivan—broke in, armed with revolvers. They told her to reach for the ceiling, while with professional thoroughness they got out their picture-wire and mouth-tape. Almost any man would have elevated his hands and permitted himself to be bound. But June Redding, being very much a woman, reached down instead of up. She snatched off both slippers, knocked the gun out of her attacker's fingers, and proceeded to administer a thorough beating to all three hoodlums. Using the high, sharp-cornered heels of her shoes, she hit for the heads and faces. The men fled. She followed them, screaming "Murder!" The net result—three much ashamed young brutes in police court next day, their heads swathed in bandages and their faces patched up with surgeon's tape. Mrs. Redding, like the she-bear, didn't turn aside when shouted at by vastly superior opponents—she rent them slipper and heel.

Nor is this feminine boldness an exclusive product of woman-coddling America. In Austria, when Premier Dolfuss and the Nazis were playing war, a band of pro-Dolfuss girls were set upon by male Nazis, armed with knives and clubs. The Nazis tried to take away the girls' banners. Caution—common-sense, perhaps, would have dictated surrender of these easily-replaced emblems. But the Dolfussites were true females of the species. They fought the Nazis, who used their clubs and knives freely, and routed them. Then the Dianas gave chase. They overtook their male attackers, swarmed over them, bound them with stockings and belts, and handed them over to the police.

You may say that these deeds of female valor were defensive, performed under great provocation. But what about the reputed cold, deadly destructiveness of Vera Kireiva, plump and comely judge of a Soviet court? Though men behave savagely when their blood is hot, it takes a woman to prosecute a crime drive from the bench with that intense, personal animosity toward criminals exhibited by Judge Vera. She convicted and condemned to death 14 prisoners in one week and she is said to be continuing this deadly work unmoved, it seems, by that quality of unrestrained mercy which the male Shakespeare put in the female Portia's mouth. Which reminds one of former magistrate Jean Norris, of New York, who was put on the bench in women's court to inject compassion into the treatment of scarlet sisters, and who was removed from that same bench, removed, it was said, for the conscienceless severity with which she commanded the girls' attorneys to plead them guilty and so make them eligible immediately for a prison term.

Vera Kireiva is said by many to be a sadist who gets her thrill out of the suffering of the prisoners she condemns. Former Judge Norris was accused of corrupt motives which, according to Seabury investigators, explained the extraordinary harshness and severity of the punishments she meted out to girl prisoners. Neither explanation is psychologically sound. The key to this type of female deadliness lies in the intensely personal attitude which women take toward essentially impersonal matters.

Women live in a world of personalities. In the harems where they have kept themselves—no man could have kept them there if they had wanted to escape—their important activities have been concerned with people, not with impersonal problems of business or science. They have submitted personally to their children. They have complied with or tried to captivate their master, sole source of sustenance. They have enjoyed personal friendships and enmities with their sister slaves. Call the harem a "home," if you like, the master a "husband," the fellow slaves "women friends." I'm only trying to get down to psychological essentials. The point is, that personal relationships are the be-all and end-all of female existence, and women have limited themselves exclusively to such relationships throughout the age of pretended helplessness from which they are now emerging.

Is it any wonder, then, that female judges lack that "sense of

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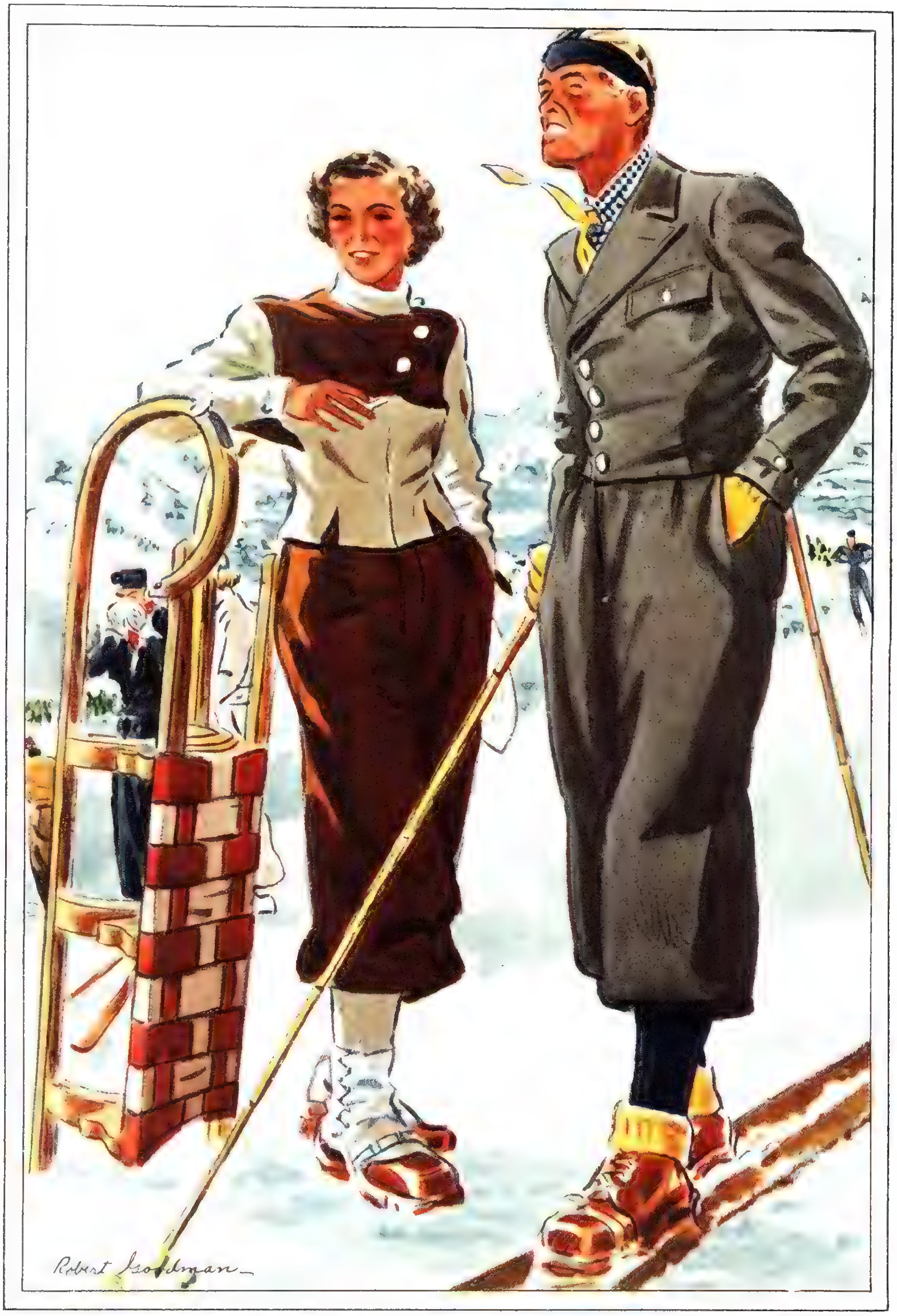

BYE BYE SALZBURG, COMES NOW KITZBÜHEL

FASHION's glittering herd, who flocked to Salzburg *pour le Mozart*, flock back to Austria's Tyrolese Alpine villages, such as St. Anton, Innsbruck, and Kitzbühel, *pour le sport*. Kitzbühel is today the fount of winter sports fashions, perhaps due to the Walesian visitation last year. And on this page, for both sexes, are reflected the prevailing Kitzbühel modes. The man's ski suit consists of a single-breasted tightly woven wind proof ski jacket, with knickerbockers to match, worn with a gingham plaid shirt and a yellow Salzburg tie, yellow anklets and yellow wool gloves, blue wool hose and a blue knitted headband, and regulation ski boots. The American winter sport scene, lacking the climatic felicity of the continental centers, would naturally call for the addition of mufflers and pullovers. Incidentally, notice the tricky Tyrolean sled which has lately been made available in America.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Running Wild Without Men

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abstract justice, which no woman understands"? Women take their jobs personally, whether they are called upon to administer justice or mind a baby. To a woman judge all criminals are her personal enemies, just as the Nazis were personal enemies to the Dolfuss girls and the burglars to June Redding, housewife. In attacking a woman's profession, her cause, or her belongings you attack her personally, and her wildness of emotion vents itself against the attacker with that peculiar virulence of personal animosity which manifests itself persistently in female behavior.

"Right" and "wrong" are matters of personal relationships to a woman, also. It is right to a woman to defend passionately those whom she loves and it is equally right to her to injure ruthlessly those whom she hates. If she believes that someone has injured her or has injured some object which she identifies with herself, it *feels* perfectly right to a woman to punish the offender in the most drastic way open to her. And feelings, not principles, regulate the typical woman's life.

Certainly the law itself, impersonal and remote as it is from woman's world of personalities, has little influence upon her ideas of right and wrong. Nor do the penalties of the law prevent women from meting out the penalties of woman's emotional code to those whom they believe guilty of its violation. Recently a naïve untamed girl of the Arkansas river lands walked into a crowded court-room where the alleged slayer of her father was on trial, drew a revolver calmly from her coat pocket and fired four shots into the defendant's breast, killing him instantly. She then surrendered her revolver to the Judge. She explained that a legal ruling barring certain testimony against her father's slayer had convinced her that he would not be convicted. And he had to die, that was all. Simple, from the strictly feminine point of view.

Women cannot help being super-charged with emotion. Biologically they are tri-motored transports. When all three engines are driving them forward mere man hasn't a chance in the world of holding them on the ground. While the male organism is equipped with only one periodically self-starting organ, the stomach, women possess three—stomach and two internal genital mechanisms.

Every five hours the human food-container squeezes itself violently together causing hunger-pangs, literally a pain in the middle. To relieve this pain, food must be eaten. Thus men and women alike are supplied by nature with an automatic, internal drive which compels them to go out and acquire things. By the time an individual reaches adult age this hunger drive has built up in his brain a powerful set of self-preserving, acquisitive emotions, energized from the stomach and directed toward hundreds of different objects with which he has learned to satisfy his internal craving. In precisely the same way, women are compelled to seek, periodically, human relationships which will gratify their love cravings. It is a second motor operated by nature, driving them from within. If men possess any such periodic drive it has not yet been discovered. The male organism is kept continually excitable by the action of its gonadial hormones, but the excitement must be set off from outside, normally by the love-seeking female.

Woman's third emotion-manufacturing drive has only recently been traced to its source. Skeptics have been wont to scoff at psychologists' reports of young girls who wanted to become mothers but not brides. But now the mother-drive has been objectively established. Dr. Oscar Riddle has shown that injection of certain hormones, climaxed by an endocrine product called prolactin secreted by the pituitary gland, will cause a hungry animal to mother its natural prey instead of killing and eating it. In other words, females are supplied internally with specific chemicals which drive them to seek objects of maternal affection, just as the ovarian function drives them to seek lovers, and the stomach contractions drive both sexes to seek food. That completes the high-powered feminine picture—three internal, self-operating mechanisms, each impelling toward its own type of gratification, and each busily generating its own variety of insistent emotions. Is it surprising that going emotionally wild gives a woman relief? And is it any more surprising that her emotions and her behavior are intensely personal, since two out of three of her drives are person-seeking compulsions?

It seems something more than a coincidence that my emotion-detecting experiments at Columbia, some years ago, disclosed the fact that women show three times as much emotional response to all kinds of stimuli as do men. At that time the maternal drive had not been established. The expectation, therefore, would have been that women should express twice man's emotional responsiveness, but not three times. Our psychological results, then, furnish an interesting check-up on the biological sources of women's emotions.

Compressed steam—or emotion—must find a safety-valve or wreck the engine. Going emotionally wild is woman's safety valve. Women must go wild over something and they are now discovering that there are many wilder things to go wild over than men. In years gone by the little woman was content to sit on her floor cushion and open her rose-bud mouth while her great big man related his mighty he-deeds of valor and adventure. She enjoyed what she could of his megalomaniac tales by extracting from them vicarious excitement, and for the rest amused herself by counting the number of I's to the minute. But now women are discovering that they can use the pronoun I themselves and make men like it. For centuries the more esthetic sex believed that rough stuff was too unpleasant to indulge in. But now they are learning that they can get several times as much excitement out of doing wild things as they can possibly derive from listening to second or third-hand wildness flowing with suspicious fluency from masculine lips. Seriously, it is time for men to understand what it is all about.

Since the World War, a variety of causes have been operating to force women into men's activities. The inevitable effect upon woman's organism is to develop the stomach drive toward a point of equality with her other two motivations, love and motherhood. It is an interesting fact, physiologically, that strenuous sports and other dominant activities seem to be increasing woman's bodily size and strength through the simple biological device of delaying her adolescence. Puberty checks the activity of endocrine glands which cause growth. Women are smaller and weaker than men because they have always matured sexually approximately two years earlier than males. The women of India, who reach puberty sometimes at the age of seven or eight, are notably tiny and weak of body. Recent measurements made by anthropologists seem to show the beginnings of a new race of American women, significantly taller, heavier and stronger than previous female types. Physical examination figures from girls' schools and colleges also indicate that girls are growing bigger. If women continue to engage in dominant pursuits, there is every expectation, scientifically, that they may equal or even surpass male size and strength.

But though women do the same things men do, increasingly, they don't do them the same way—they never will. There'll always be that trace of wildness, that touch of over-personal intensity, to make women's behavior interesting and give it a feminine flair.

Whether it's suicide, self-exhibitionism or attack, women's deeds have that different flavor. A Minnesota woman, tired of life, drove a steel knitting needle through her head, from temple to temple. And when a woman says she's going to commit suicide, she means it, no fooling. A Brooklyn housewife shut herself up in the kitchen and turned on the gas. Summoned by neighbors, the police broke in. One kindly hand which tried to pull down the window sash was chopped by the woman's carving knife. After that she slashed impartially at her would-be rescuers until one officer pinned her against the wall with the legs of a chair. Contrast this with man's behavior. An up-state New York farmer filled his car with dynamite and sat with his hand on the ignition switch. Sounds wild, all right, but it only sounds that way. When the man had been promised a job, he climbed out of his death wagon very meekly.

Male acts almost always have a definite purpose. A New Jersey youth, ignored by the maiden of his fancy, disappeared and sent kidnap notes to his parents. Some days later he tied himself up in Central Park, New York, in a place where he would be found quickly. He wanted to make an impression on one particular girl. But girls who do this sort of thing seldom have designs on any special boy-friend. A pretty blonde schoolgirl who was found by police in a deserted corner of Exposition Park, was simply blowing off female emotional steam when she bound her own legs together with picture wire, tied her hands behind her with apron strings, and moaned piteously for help. A note was found on her breast, "Beware! We can use her!" And medical examination disclosed that the girl's body was lacerated from head to feet with a knife. There seemed, in fact, such an absence of motive that police could hardly believe her own confession that she had done these things to herself "because she got the idea from a detective story." Another schoolgirl was found in similar fashion, a "butterfly cross" cut on her arm. Wild young females do this sort of thing with surprising frequency.

And when girls attack men they have their own peculiar motives and technique. An auto full of girls drew up beside a good-looking young laborer. The blonde leader forced her victim into the car at the point of a revolver and the girls took his clothes off. They made him get down on the floor of the car and tormented him with hot cigarettes. Eventually they put him into the road without even a barrel—just some wild girls having fun.

That women are creating for themselves a psychologically new deal there can be no doubt. Some reach the front page, others the psychiatrist's consulting office, and still others the whipping post—twenty of them, at least, were whipped for insubordination to male guards while I was making a psychological survey of the Texas penitentiaries. Many women, too, are reaching a degree of wildness in their love relationships which sober-minded men may never hope to emulate. But men who are seriously interested in winning wild women will find the study of this new love deal an absorbing substitute for stock gambling. #

Greyhound Racing

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Their speed is terrific. No thoroughbred horse, even Man o' War, could beat a champion greyhound a quarter mile, if it were possible to run them together.

But in spite of their stamina, they are somewhat delicate, and, true hounds, they do not fight for their lives, as terriers do, when they are stricken with a serious illness. They just give up. Why this is I don't know. It isn't lack of guts. They will fight to a finish with a dog or a wolf. In the open plains they will run after game until their hearts burst. Fences are no barrier to them. Once they have their eyes on the game, they follow it and will tear through a barb wire fence to get it. Still when they get sick they give up. This makes them very hard to raise. Dog owners expect to lose 60 per cent of their puppies.

The best American greyhounds are raised in Kansas, where breeding and rearing has become a minor industry. Many of the farmers are raising them, and they know what they are doing; at least some of them do. They don't breed anything to anything and expect to get champions. They know their bloodlines and can talk breeding by the hour. Most of them have two or three good bitches, which have proved themselves on the coursing field or on the track or both; these bitches are bred to the best dog in the vicinity or shipped to some outstanding stud.

As a rule a greyhound bitch has very little trouble having her pups for the reason that she is "natural," corresponding to the wolf or coyote in this respect. Unlike a good many of the highly specialized breeds, the greyhound has not been bred to any artificial standard or type. He is bred to run; appearance is secondary. Consequently, though extremely highly bred, the greyhound bitch, unlike the Boston terrier, the Japanese spaniel and many others, is perfectly capable of having a healthy litter of puppies naturally.

Greyhound puppies do not look like greyhounds at all. They are no larger than rats when born and have stubby little legs and short heads. Gradually they take on the greyhound look; their legs and heads lengthen; and they begin to feel their oats. Even half grown puppies can run much faster than other breeds of dogs. Very early they exhibit signs of the speed which will make them star performers later in their lives.

They grow very fast, eat like farm hands, and are as active, curious, and destructive as most puppies, perhaps more so. But their troubles begin shortly after weaning. Greyhounds suffer very much from parasites, such as round, hook, pin and tape worms; if not properly wormed they sicken and die. Later, they are attacked by distemper, and in spite of serums, *et cetera*, over half of them die; some of those that remain develop a nervous twitching, known as chorea, and are never able to run.

Attempting to raise greyhounds is both expensive and trying. Many greyhound men say that it costs $200 to get a well-raised dog to the race track. I think that this figure is high, taking each dog individually, but when you consider that fifty per cent at least of each litter is lost owing to distemper or other causes, the figure seems low.

At about a year old the dog is ready for coursing. In Kansas he is turned loose after jackrabbits and gradually gets his "running legs." Pups are very awkward at first, especially the big ones. They fall over their own feet and make spectacles of themselves. They have not yet got over their puppy ways and want to romp and play, and do not want to get down to business. Little by little they get more serious until finally they are puppies no longer and are ready to be shipped to some track.

Strange as it may seem, in spite of fine breeding, size, looks, *et cetera*, a big per cent of greyhounds never make the grade at the dog tracks. In other words, many of them can't even run fast enough to get into the first race. The dog track patron knows little or nothing about this; he sees only the finished product. He has no idea what a dog who runs his first official start has been through.

In the first place, it is hard to get a dog to the track absolutely sound. They are venturesome and hard to handle. They will dig out of their pens and run their backs off after tough old black-tailed jackrabbits; they bang their shoulders and break their toes and do everything they shouldn't do. The injured dog, even the but slightly injured dog, starts out with a tremendous initial handicap. Training is strict and prolonged and it takes a well-raised, sound, healthy animal to stand it.

Let's call our greyhound Mike.

He has been shipped, we'll say, to a Florida track. He is seventeen months old, well-bred, and should make a good one. First he must get used to the radical change of climate. For days he'll be listless and maybe refuse his feed. Then along with this he must become accustomed to the strict regimen of the training stable. He must behave; he's no longer a baby and will get himself into trouble if he leaps playfully at one of the veteran track dogs in his string. He is walked about four miles a day; he is sprinted on the beach; he gets his new coat and his belly tucks up. Finally he is ready for a trial.

He is not put in the starting-box. His trainer holds him, along with a bunch of other pups, and when the mechanical rabbit comes whizzing by he shoves him after it, crying, "Go get it, Mike." But Mike doesn't know what it is all about. He hesitates, turns, wonders why his trainer is standing there and he is loose, then suddenly he sees the other puppies running and he runs after them. The mechanical rabbit is too far ahead of him. He follows the other dogs, throwing up his head on the turns. His trainer shakes his head and says: "Looks like I got another lob."*

The next time Mike does better. He understands what his trainer wants him to do. And eager to run, as all greyhounds are, he tears after the very lifelike bunny and really distinguishes himself by his running in the stretch. The trainer grins. Mike is given a nice pat on the head and feels proud of himself.

But the third time there is something new for him to deal with; they put him into the starting-box. This is unlike anything he has ever seen before. He finds himself cooped up in a little space. He turns around, looking for his trainer, and when the rabbit whizzes by and the box flies open, Mike is facing the wrong way. Confused, he turns, sees the other dogs far down the track and runs after them. He gets lost on the turn, can't see anything for dust, throws up his head, and finally stops. His trainer groans, for it is mighty easy for young dogs to get bad habits, but he is not very much worried. Mike is green and will probably do better.

Mike does better and finally is ready for the first race. This is usually the slowest and worst race on the card. The crowd is just coming in, paying very little attention to the blanketed dogs on the glassed-in reviewing stand. Mike is a little nervous. This is the first time he has ever seen the dog-track at night; the noise, the crowded inclosure, the bright lights are all new to him. He presses his body against the leg of his groom and trembles a little. A few of the regular bettors stare at the dogs. One of them says: "I wouldn't give you two cents for that black pup. He couldn't beat me." "What's the diff," says the other, "this is just a bunch of pigs anyway. The real dogs don't begin to run till the seventh race."

Mike stares over their heads, avoiding the eyes of these strangers.

The warning bell rings. Mike's muzzle is put on; he is examined by the paddock judge, then led down the incline with the seven other dogs. When his foot hits the track, Mike knows that he is going to run, and he begins to get very excited, but the lights, the noise, the crowd still bother him. He struggles a little when the groom puts him into the starting-box. Up in the grandstand, his trainer is crumpling up a program, fearing the worst.

The rabbit whizzes round, the box flies open, and the dogs break, flying. Mike is almost left but starts after the pack. He hears distant roars. Dust gets into his eyes and nose. The others are so far ahead that he can't even see the rabbit. At the head of the first turn he is dead last, but at the turn into the home stretch three dogs ahead of him run wide; there is an opening at the rail. Suddenly, beyond the leaders, he sees the white rabbit bobbing; cutting into the rail he sails after the leaders and does a little running in the stretch, finishing fifth. The numbers of the win, place, and show dogs are hung up; the dogs are paraded back to the paddock. The trainer smiles. "Doing a little running that pup was," says one of his cronies. "Yep," says the trainer, "he was."

The crowd doesn't know that Mike exists, but his trainer noticed that nice spurt in the stretch and is pleased. Mike has broken the ice; although still a maiden, his first race is behind him. Soon he'll be one of the veteran racing dogs, which know their business better than most men.

The efficiency of the veteran track dog is really remarkable. At a race meet he runs on an average of three times a week for periods varying from 30 to 90 days. His trainer sees that he gets the best of food, plenty of rest and exercise; he is kept in a cool, clean kennel. Everything is done to keep him healthy and alert. But after all, the trainer can only do so much. The racing itself depends entirely on the dog. He has no jockey to guide or pull him. When the starting-box flies open he is on his own and must manage his own race. If he has one of the middle holes, he may be jostled at the break, or he may be thrown off stride on the first turn if he can not outrun the pack to get the rail. Once out in front he has clear sailing. But it is extremely hard for a dog to get very far in front. The races are carefully graded, the dogs in each race being very evenly matched. They generally get to the first turn in a pack; there is jostling and maneuvering for the rail; a dog is apt to be knocked back. So it is not all a matter of speed. The really good track dogs are not only fast but smart. Cunningly, they will lay behind the leader and wait for him to move out so they can shoot through on the rail; or they will duck for the rail on the turn at the slightest opening. The dog on the rail has the greatest advantage as he runs the shortest distance. The true veterans know this and manage accordingly.

There is another very important element in the make up of a successful track dog; he must not only be smart and fast; he must lack what is called "Temperament." Many sensationally fast dogs never become regular performers because they develop bad

Continued at top of page 136

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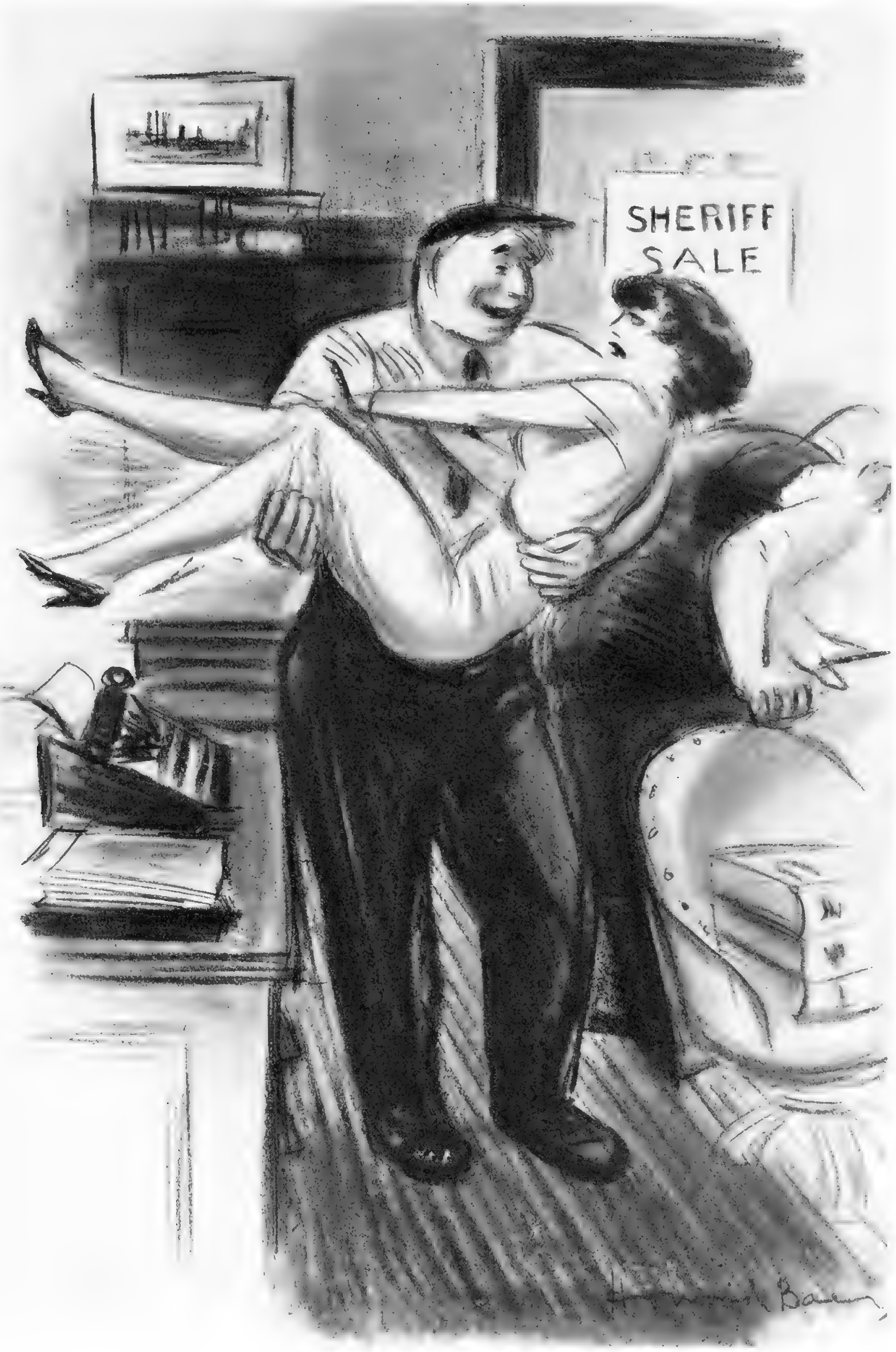
*No-account dog; clown.


SHERIFF SALE

"I don't know nothin, lady. The boss said everything goes into the hands of the receivers"

Greyhound Racing

Continued from pages 81-134

habits. Some of them will not run at night, automatically eliminating themselves from competition. Many of them interfere with other dogs in the race, deliberately shouldering them, striking them with their muzzles, or carrying them wide at the turn. This is called "fighting" or "boxing" or "necking" by the greyhound men and is a very serious fault; a perpetual "fighter" is barred permanently. Other dogs will jump the fence after a race is over or turn and run the wrong way, or dive out through the gate at the paddock. There seems to be no end to the mischief some of the dogs can get into.

One of the fastest dogs in California will not run at all unless his owner leads him to the starting box and puts him in; this automatically disqualifies the dog from official racing, as grooms or "lead-out boys," hired by the track, handle all of the dogs.

The starting box is another bugbear to the fast but temperamental hound. Some of them, as in the case of the green pup, Mike, turn around when they are put in, and when the box flies open they are facing the wrong way. One trainer I know had a very fast dog which would deliberately face the wrong way as soon as he was put into the box. The trainer did not know what to do with him, for, although this dog was of championship timber, he was always left at the post. Noting that the dog invariably turned around when put in the box, the trainer one day put him in the box *backwards*. The dog immediately faced the right way and was all right after that.

Little by little, the temperamental ones, the fighters, the fence jumpers, those which run the wrong way of the track, are eliminated. Finally, aside from the pups, only the perfect track dogs remain. And when I say perfect I mean perfect. They are the survivors of a long process of elimination and they have step by step earned their right to be considered efficient veterans.

Speed varies greatly in the dogs. The distances run are from 330 yards to 770 yards. As a second in time means roughly fifty feet it is easy to see how the dogs are graded. On an evening's card, the races increase in speed till the 8th race is reached; this is usually the feature race and at a big track the eight dogs running in it are champions or near champions. Out of perhaps a thousand dogs kenneled at a track, possibly only sixteen, if that many, are capable of running in this "smoke" race. These dogs correspond to the Man o' Wars of the horse tracks. They are amazingly consistent, these champs. War Cry ran forty-four races in one year in California and was out of the money four times. They run nose finishes in their own class; lower them down into the cheaper races and they will win by a third the length of the track. These champions are born, not made, and are a well-balanced combination of blinding speed, track craft, and good nature. Unlike the thoroughbred race horse, you seldom see a temperamental greyhound champion.

Greyhound racing as a sport is getting more popular all the time. It is legalized in Massachusetts, Arkansas, and Florida; it will soon be legalized in many other states. It is one of the leading sports in England and Ireland, where there are many tracks, operating on a very high plane. Greyhounds are being raced in Spain, South America, Czecho-Slovakia and South Africa. It is an exceedingly exciting sport. The dogs run true and there is a minimum of dishonesty in the racing. I touched upon the "racket" aspect of the sport; the danger lies in some of the promoters, and officials. The owners run for the purses and let it go at that.

I'm just going to mention the chief objection to dog-racing: the gambling. There is no doubt that gambling, in many of its aspects, is an evil. But it seems very strange that a country which has gone wild over gambling on the horses (to say nothing of the stock market) should draw the line at the dogs. Anyway, the next time you have an opportunity, go to a dog track and see for yourself and then you can draw your own conclusions. #

Death Over the Cities

Continued from page 113

The present employment of Attack aviation will be a surprise to those who think of this arm in anything like the terms of the World War. In that struggle, Attack aviation was like a kid with a slingshot, peppering rabbits or anything likely it happened across on a roving mission. Attack pilots were opportunists, straffing troops on the march, and shooting up trenches, more or less at random. All that is washed out, now.

The present Attack mission is as specific as a doctor's prescription—and even more deadly. Let's take an example of its most important job—teamwork with the bombers. Suppose that day Bombardment has been ordered to get a vital railroad bridge. Observation reports that the area around that bridge is lousy with anti-aircraft, high altitude and machine guns. The bombardment and Attack commanders go into a huddle. When they come out of it, their watches are synchronized and the exact timing of the attack has been agreed upon.

The bombers take the air and nose up in the long climb to 15,000 or 20,000 feet, where they will find greatest safety and speed. The Attack pilots are droning along at the opposite end of the altitude scale. Fifty feet is a lot of ceiling to an Attack pilot, who will tell you that "all your ceiling is above you and all of your landing fields behind you" when you work with an Attack outfit.

While the bombers are following straight lines to the checkpoints along their route, the Attack formation below is zigzagging like a half-back in an open field — hugging river beds and ravines, blowing the birds out of trees, skirting hillsides, and exploiting any other means of cover which will aid concealment. It will detour around towns, densely populated areas, and known anti-aircraft hornets' nests. Every possible detail has been worked out in advance, with the aid of topographic maps, mosaic photography and the latest information which Observation can furnish.

When the formation approaches the vicinity of the bridge destined for destruction, it will maneuver so as to strike say three minutes prior to the arrival of the Bombardment in position, and it will be deployed so as to hit in three waves—not necessarily from the same direction.

Normally, the three waves will consist of twelve airplanes apiece. The first wave—each of its ships mounting six fixed machine guns, with every gun firing 1200 rounds per minute—opens up at 1000 yards from the ground defenses. The personnel manning those defenses will have been warned of the attack by this time, but before they see, or even hear, an airplane, that initial spray of bullets will be kicking up the dust all around them. Then they will see the Attack formation flash into view at 170 miles per hour over the tree tops, or cresting a nearby hill, continuing to rake the area in front of it.

Actual tests have shown that bullets give the first warning of a properly executed visit from Attack, and they have also shown that a total of 14,000 machine gun bullets per minute coming from a twelve ship Attack formation will sweep everything before it, except a few blades of grass.

It is necessary that only half of this first wave survive the retaliating fire from the ground; the other half can accomplish the first wave mission, which is to drop toxic smoke bombs.

The second wave strikes—possibly from a new direction—unleashing the same hail of machine gun fire before them, and against a ground force hampered by a dense pall of smoke, through which it cannot see, and by the damage and casualties inflicted by the first wave. The calling card of the second wave is an unpleasant one—the fragmentation and small demolition bomb.

The third and final wave passes over, following up its initial stream of bullets with poison gas, incendiary chemicals, and more bombs. Bear in mind that this is only the preliminary bout before the main go. The Bombardment are over the target now, and they go to it with 2000 lb. demolition bombs. I would like to watch the spectacle—from twenty miles away. One direct hit with one big egg, and the show is over. The bombers head for home, wide open.

All countries are laying increasing stress on night bombardment—chiefly because of the protection afforded by darkness. The difficulty of seeing the target at night, when all lights have been turned off on the ground, can be met in this way. Coöperating planes, flying at a lower altitude, will drop parachute flares. A standard flare illumines three to four square miles below it like broad daylight, and will burn for three minutes.

Attack aviation coöperating with Bombardment at night will alter its tactics. Instead of hedge-hopping, it will fly at 500 feet or higher to avoid crashing into the obstacles which it can see in time to hurdle in the daytime. When it reaches the vicinity of the objective assigned to Bombardment, the elements of the formation will break up and cruise around waiting for a searchlight to stick its neck out.

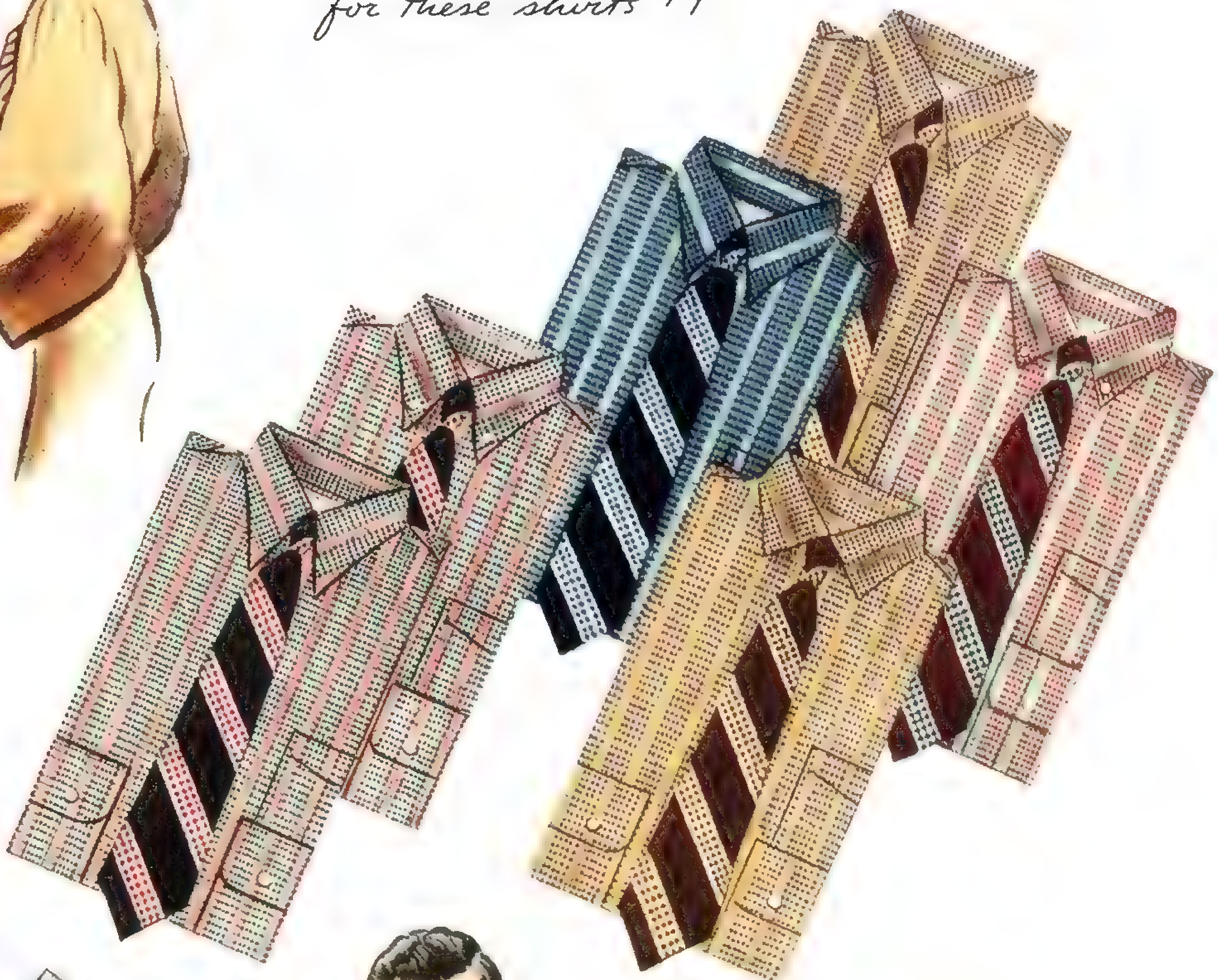
When it does, it will have its head bitten off.

So far, there has been no word about defense. This is as good a time as any to give it a hearing. It is the opinion of experts that the best defense against air attack can be made in the air.

A Bombardment formation is no set-up for enemy fighting planes. It will range in size from nine airplanes—never less—to twenty-seven airplanes. En route to the Objective, it will be deployed in what is called a "stagger" formation, which is highly maneuverable and difficult for hostile Pursuit to attack without leaving themselves open to an inter-play of crossfire from the different elements of the formation, each bomber of which is talking with three flexible machine guns. Don't make the mistake of sizing that up as fire power to be trifled with. Pursuit pilots who have dived on Bombardment formations will tell you that they were glad that camera guns, instead of machine guns were being trained on them from the bombers. The speed which formerly gave Pursuit a wide margin of maneuverability over Bombardment has been closely approached by the latter. Personally, I'd rather be in the bomber than the single-seater.

Continued on page 139

Point-to-Point checks. Something off the beaten path in check shirts. Styled by Arrow. Sanforized. $2. Arrow Ties specially designed for these shirts $1



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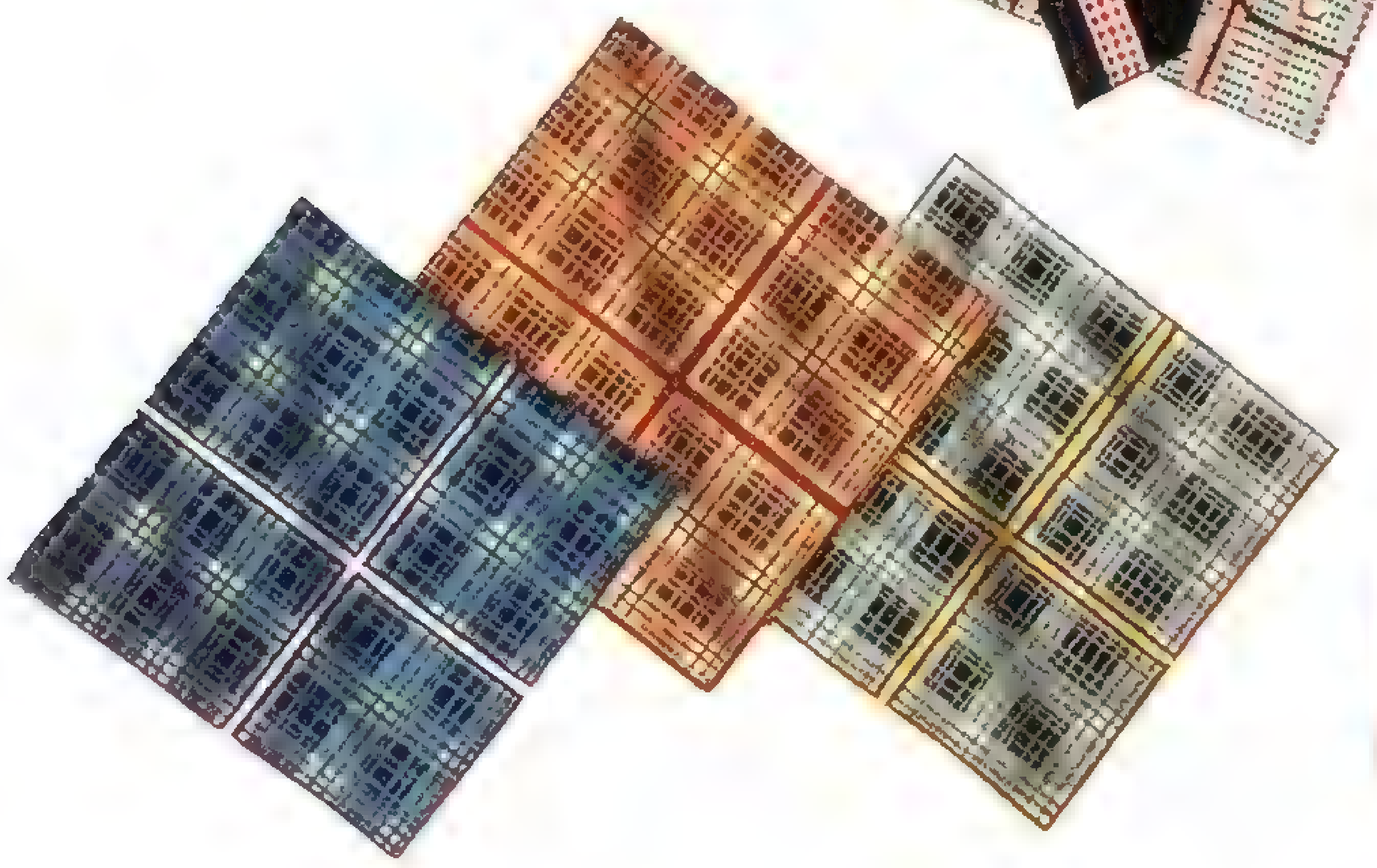

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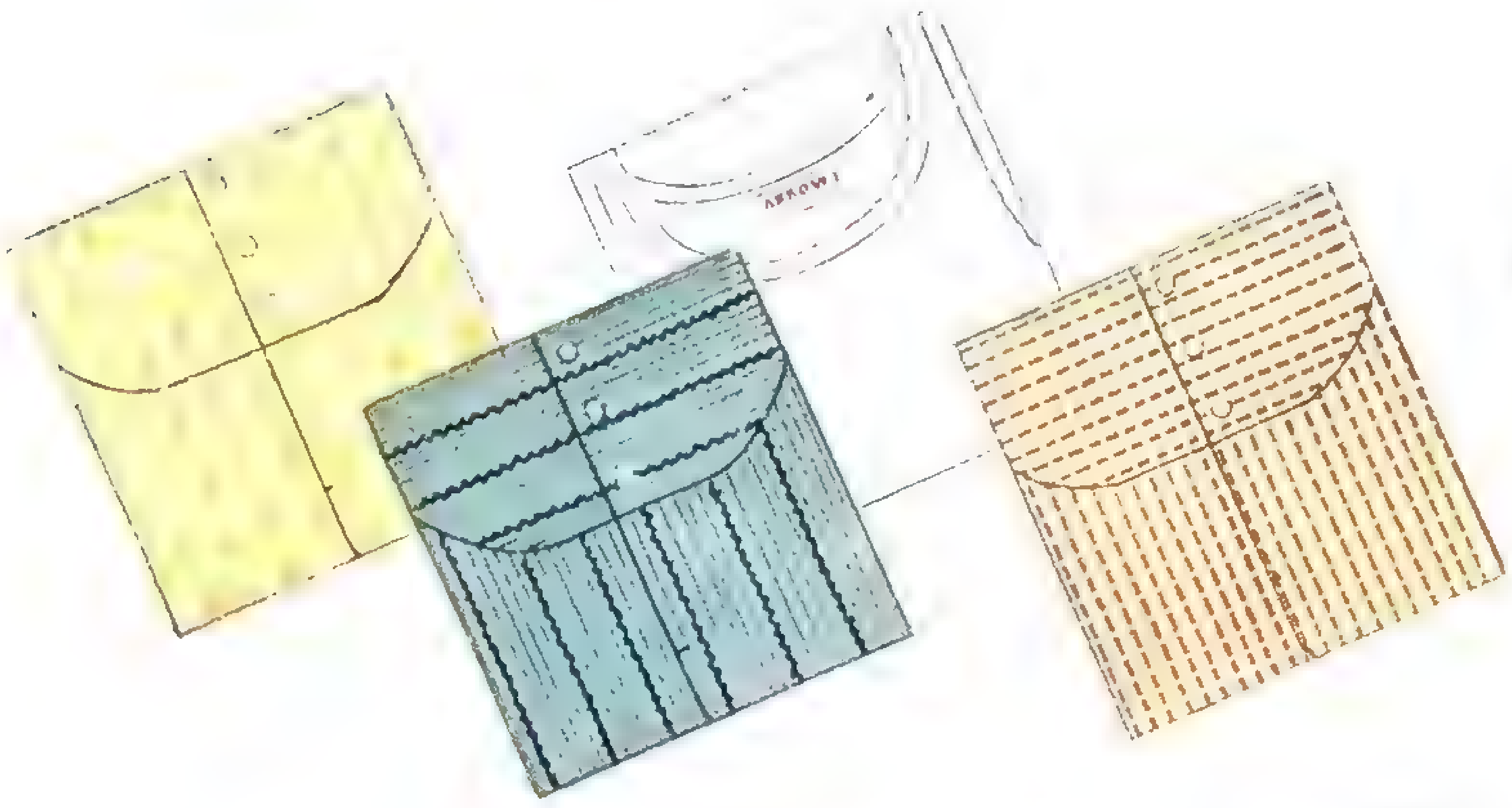

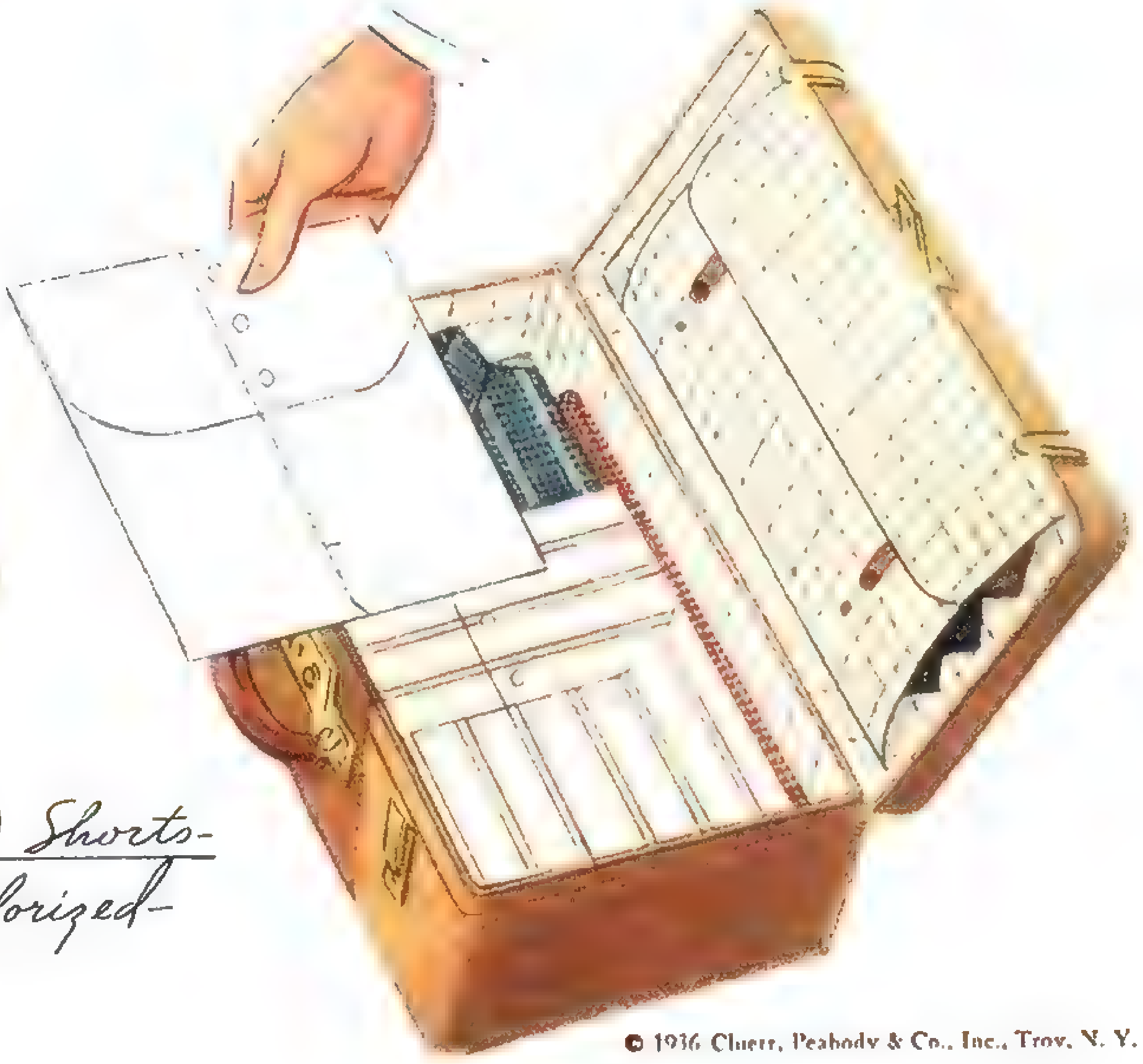

TEXT: comfort. EXAMPLE: Arrow ("seamless crotch") Shorts- No pesky seam in the middle to annoy you. Sanforized-Shrunk. 65¢ up. Undershirts 50¢ up.

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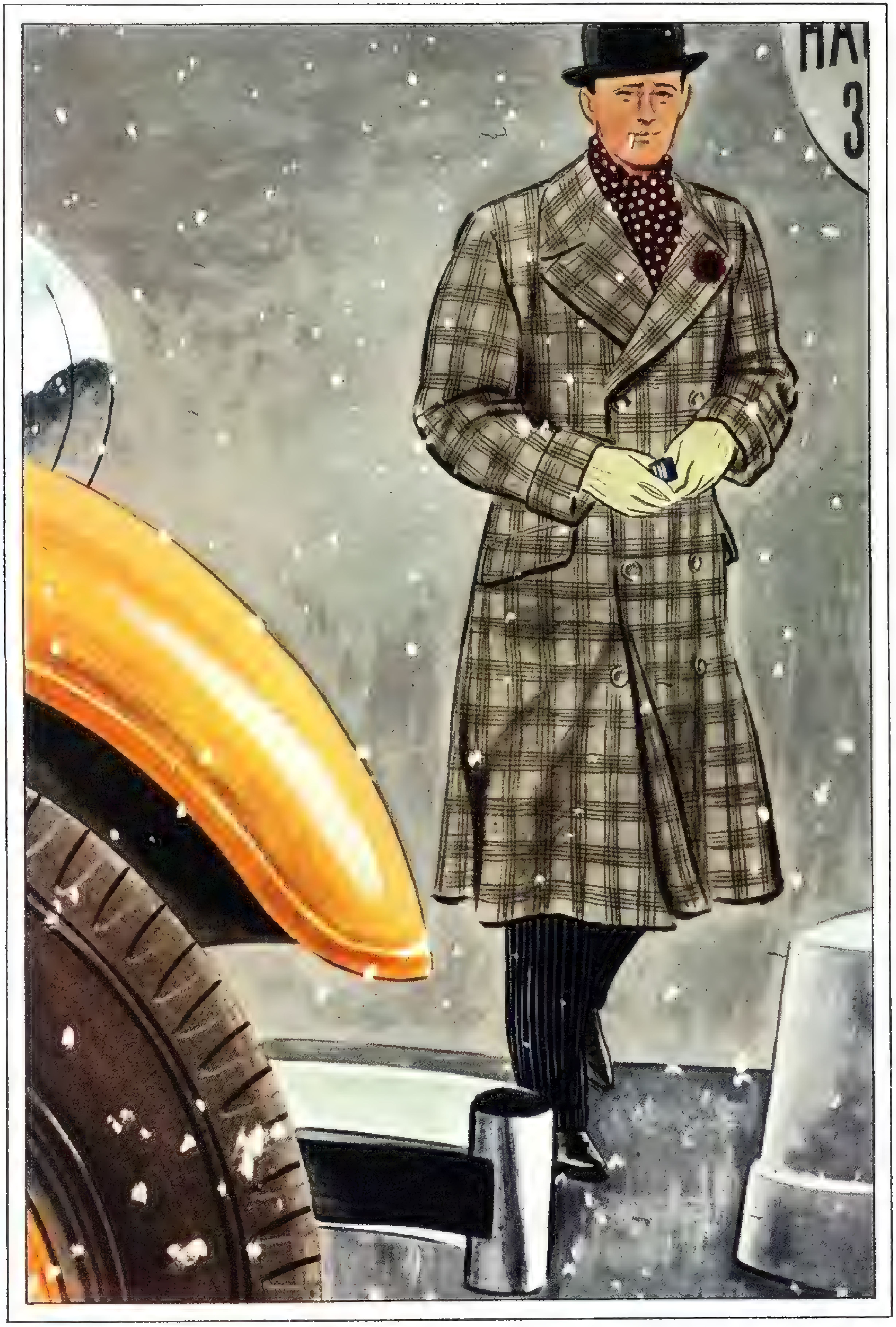

CAMEL'S HAIR COMES BACK IN CAMOUFLAGE

The fashionable eclipse of natural tan camel's hair, an eclipse which was kept by college loyalty from ever becoming more than partial, has now been completely lifted by a totally new presentation of this fabric. It is now presented, as sketched here, in a bold Glen Urquhart plaid which is bound, because of the wealth of natural advantages which camel's hair possesses, to enjoy a considerable vogue. The model is a double-breasted ulster, on lines laid down by a world famous London tailor. It is made with slanting flap pockets and a ticket pocket which is obscured by the sketched figure's raised right arm. The lapels are convertible, to permit buttoning up around the neck, and the collar has a weather tab. The coat is a natural for country wear and appropriate too for town usage, as shown here, with a polka dot foulard muffler, rough finish bowler hat and yellow buckskin gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Death Over the Cities

Continued from pages 113-136

Single-seaters which are fast enough to overtake a 200 mile an hour bomber have such a small wing area that they must pull out of a dive almost before they are within firing range; therefore, you can expect to see the use of multi-engine Pursuit, mounting five or more machine guns. Since they don't have to carry a load of bombs, they will have the edge in speed over similar type bombers.

The most effective pursuit weapon may prove to be not the machine gun, but the time-fuse bomb, dropped from above. Against such an attack, the bombers will open up their stagger formation in the same way that they open up when under anti-aircraft fire, but not sufficiently to become scattered. Against a diving machine gun assault, they will close in tight.

Whether bombing from above or attacking with machine guns, the hostile Pursuit, either single or multi-engined, must defeat the friendly Pursuit before it can get at the bombers. It is probable that most of the TNT wagons will reach their destination.

You may have heard that Attack aviation is almost invulnerable against air attack. It is. First off, any ship skimming the ground is not easily seen from the air, no matter what its color. Detection of Attack planes from above is unlikely when they have been camouflaged so that their color will blend into the background of the terrain over which they are going to pass. This camouflage is predominantly green, olive drab, and purple and is varied with the seasons of the year.

Even when spotted by enemy Pursuit, the odds with Attack are better than even. Obviously no attack can be made from below. Neither can it be delivered from above, for a Pursuit plane would end its dive eight feet into the ground. They must be approached from their own level, and here they are in their element, as compared with Pursuit pilots who have not spent years at hedge-hopping, and who will be met with a fire power equivalent to their own. Also, the engines of Pursuit planes are not designed to operate efficiently at low altitudes and will heat up in sustained flying close to the ground.

So much for air defense. How about anti-aircraft defense? There has been such marked improvement in Anti-Aircraft defense since the World War that you will find staunch adherents of this means of messing up air operations. I will risk the ire of my colleagues in another branch of the service by offering you a suggestion: ask any military pilot, who has flown coöperating missions with Anti-Aircraft units, about the effectiveness of the searchlights and sound devices which are necessary to guide their guns. He will laugh in your face. Why? Because he knows from experience that one airplane cruising in the vicinity of Anti-Aircraft operations will send their sound devices haywire, and that they can't keep their searchlights on a modern bomber at 20,000 feet even when its pilot is coaching them over the radio.

Service tests have shown that a bomber is invisible above ten thousand feet when day camouflage—sky blue—has been applied to the under surfaces of the airplane. It is almost equally so at night, when lamp-black is used.

The "Z" ray, as a means of stalling aircraft engines in flight, is up to the present writing a pipe dream. In any event, its operation would require tremendous electrical power, which would automatically cease after the destruction of power plants.

The lessons of history show that offense never gains a lead over defense for long. Nevertheless, it can be stated positively that air power today cannot be stopped by ground or air defense—for three reasons. First, an air offense can choose the time, and second the point of its attack. Third, it can concentrate all of its efforts on that point.

The defense, without knowing the time or the point of the attack, cannot concentrate. If it does it merely simplifies the problem of the attackers, who will go somewhere else. They always have somewhere else to go. On the Operations order of a Bombardment mission, you will find an alternative Objective included. The plans for striking the alternative Objective are worked out beforehand, so as to take care of conditions which may arise after take-off to render a blow at the initial Objective inadvisable. It is a physical and tactical impossibility for the defense to provide strong protection at all of the vital points.

The chief stumbling block to successful air operations will be found in the air force itself—lack of efficiency; poor teamwork among the pilots; faulty planning; lack of the best airplanes and equipment that can be had—and in the variables—weather conditions; the time element.

Also, opposing air forces will reduce each other's effectiveness by mutual attempts to wipe out bases of supply, airdromes, and airplanes on the ground, where they are highly vulnerable. This hazard is minimized by the present strategy of splitting up the large air force units and spotting the squadrons at many fields.

A Bombardment squadron of twelve airplanes may occupy three separate fields, near enough to each other to maintain ready communication. It will still work together as a squadron, assembling in the air at an agreed upon rendezvous when ordered on a mission. When not in use, the airplanes will be taxied off the field and parked under trees, where possible. At any rate, they will be camouflaged. Frequent changes of base will add to the difficulty of detection.

Curious as it may seem, the air forces of most countries are tied down to the speed of trucks. A fighting squadron, moving cross-country, cannot carry with it the camping equipment and airplanes and engine maintenance equipment to be self-sustaining for more than a day or two. These supplies have to be brought to them on the ground. In other words, the most mobile of the military arms, aviation, is cut down to the speed of its slowest-moving truck, and—what might prove more serious—it is at the mercy of road conditions.

Great Britain's Royal Air Force is developing the use of military transports, so that the fighting squadrons will be independent of ground transportation. Our Air Corps still depends on truck trains when on maneuvers. Until we have transport squadrons, organized now in peace time to function as a regular adjunct of the fighting squadrons, our air effectiveness under war conditions may be, to state it bluntly, zero.

The Army Air Corps has transport planes, of course, but it will need a transport squadron for every transport plane which it has now—that is if we are ever going to make it possible for a combat squadron to go out in the field and be self-sustaining for a reasonable period of time. Otherwise, our air force has one foot on the ground.

I have been trying to give you a fair picture of the strategy and practical application of military aviation as it stands today, with the intention of leading up to this question: what does it all mean? I believe it means that no air force properly manned, equipped, and directed can be prevented from destroying the strategic objectives which will cripple the industrial organization of an enemy country.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out that the military forces alone are unable to wage a modern war. A whole country must jam its shoulder to the wheel, with every resource humming at top speed, or it will be impossible to place in the field, and keep there, a force capable of carrying on mechanized warfare. If the struggle is to be continued, after the strategic employment of air power has hamstrung industry, it can only be continued without the use of scientific armament and mechanized weapons. It will revert to primitive warfare. There is no alternative. The horror of such a primitive conflict would surpass that which arises from the employment of "fiendish" scientific weapons. Long before the invention of these deadly wars were fought with tooth and nail, and later with cold steel.

Contrary to the general belief, the casualties in such struggles were terrific. In fact the number killed in combat, proportional to those engaged, has decreased consistently with the advancement of scientific weapons, up to and including the World War. The total number of men killed from 1914-1918 has never been approached in any war in history, but the armies engaged were of such tremendous size that the proportion of casualties to those engaged was smaller than in any previous major war.

Will the leaders of any great country assume the responsibility of a war fought under primitive conditions, which might last for years, and which would entail unimaginable suffering on the part of the civilian population? Would the civilian population support them if they did?

Air power should prove to be the deterrent against war for which the world has been waiting, although it may require another military conflagration to pound the nail home. National leaders will be subjected to direct pressure as never before. Air power puts the mahogany office desk of the general or president in the same class for realism as the dug-out from which the doughboy faced the actualities of past wars.

We have a recent indication of the realization of the new threat in high places. A year ago, Germany re-armed right under the nose of her two recent conquerors. One is the world's mightiest sea power. The other maintains one of the strongest armies in existence. Why didn't they step in and call a halt? Because the Third Reich had air power—sufficient air power to give pause to any industrially vulnerable nation. The leaders of France and of England realized the significance of this threat. So do the leaders of the other powers. Russia and Italy, for instance, have built up huge air forces.

Should war break out in Europe as this is being written, it will be because the well-founded fear of air power has never been substantiated in action. Italy will employ air power against Ethiopia, but its use will show little more than did Japanese air operations against China. Why? Because neither Ethiopia nor China are vulnerable to air attack. In fact, both are beautiful examples of invulnerability to air power. Their national life does not depend on the functioning of industrial machinery.

Ethiopia has only one railroad and one big city—Addis Ababa. The chief role of Italy's air power will be that of terrorization and haphazard destruction, as was the case in the French air operations against the Riffs in 1922. Continual bombardment from the air finally wore down the Riffian morale, and only after a long period of time had elapsed.

I've covered a lot of ground to make my point and here it is: if the leaders of two great modern countries risk either defeat by, or mutual success with, air power—well, it will be for the last time. #

I Work in the Powder

Continued from page 91

shove is needed in blasting. The dry dynamite is the real commercial article. It is made in different sized sticks and in different strengths, from forty per cent which is the lowest to seventy-five which is the highest, in the dry. We made a 100% in pure gelatin which was nothing less than pure gun-cotton and nitro.

In the "mixing house" the raw nitro was piped into a huge shallow circular tank. In this was poured the corn meal, the sawdust and in some grades, a certain percentage of gun-cotton. A big rubber-tired wheel passed around and around in this until it was mixed into dynamite.

It was then shoveled into wooden boxes by men using wooden shovels and made its next stop at the "punching house." This was one of the most dangerous of all the places on the plant for it was here that the powdered dynamite was punched by automatic machinery into the oiled paper shells, making cartridges.

Of course any powder house on the plant was dangerous, only the operation of the "punching machine" made this one more so. The dry powder was dumped from a slide, into bins above the machine. When the "puncher" started, the powder fed down through slots and into the blank shells of oiled paper. As it fed down, in order that the shells might be firm, a wooden plunger pounds the powder into each cartridge as it is fed in. Over the vents out of which the powder comes, is a long mirror. Into this, every second the machine is running, a man stands gazing. In his hand is an air trip valve. Should a nail, a stone or any foreign substance get into that powder bin and come down into the plungers, he stops that machine in a hurry. Sometimes they get them stopped too late and it's Kitty bar the door. A "punching house" going up, always takes six or seven men and the hell of it is that when a powder house goes, there is never anyone left to explain how it happened so it can be avoided next time.

The revolving drum on the "punching machine" carries a couple of dozen rows of empty shells and they are fed into it, filled and dumped automatically. There was a time, earlier, when men filled the shells with hickory plungers by hand.

When the shells are filled and automatically sealed, the next step in dry dynamite is to dip them in hot paraffine to keep out too much moisture. The nitro smell gives new men a horrible headache anyhow and if they are put to dipping, standing over those sweet, stinking kettles of hot wax, the headache is even worse. It's plain hell but lasts only about four or five days until your system becomes saturated with the nitro fumes.

Once dipped, the dynamite is loaded into boxes with handles and is then taken to the packing houses where men pack it into white pine boxes, each lined with oiled paper and a quart of sawdust to protect it against possible shocks. Then it is hauled by a mule drawn truck to the "magazine" where it is loaded for shipment into the box cars the "Dynamite" sets for it and each evening the "Dynamite" takes the loaded cars to an obscure siding, far down in the river bottoms, where nobody will get hurt if it blows up.

Gelatin, damp like putty, is made in the same manner, only mixed with some ingredient to keep it moist. The only difference in the two is that no dry powder is made more than 75% but gelatin is made, or was in those days, for shooting oil wells, in 100% strength in sticks eighteen inches long and six to eight through. That was the most dangerous job on the plant but I'll tell you more later how old "Dude" Wilson and I used to make it for fifty cents a day extra. That meant the sum of $2.60 a day.

There are plenty of dangerous spots on the plant but one of the most hazardous is the house they call the "nitrator." I am not a chemist and I can explain this house only by saying that in a huge, lead vat there, the sulphuric and nitric acids, basic acids of nitro-glycerin, are fused. Non-explosive apart, something in their fusing makes them one of the most dangerous of explosives.

When the fusing is correct, chemically, the mixture sends off a light blue fog. The operator who was "Dutch" Ploesser's father, wore a mask. But when the mixture went wrong, the fumes began to turn red. When they got *too* red, it was pay day and the operator squeezed a trip air valve and drowned the charge in a big cistern underneath the tank. But charges of acid are expensive and a man who drowned too many, soon found himself out of a job.

Dynamite and nitro-glycerin are both far more dangerous when frozen. We used to walk light when the weather grew cold. I had been in the packing house about six months or perhaps less, I forget exactly, when my first explosion came. It was an experience worth remembering.

Of course we all talked about explosions. When we sometimes failed to slide a full box straight along the table to the nailer, it would start off and in cold weather, you didn't know what would happen. You can't drop cold powder four feet to a hard floor for fun. He would say quietly,

"Man overboard!"

Then we would all stop and hold our breath, against the pounding of our hearts, until it hit.

We used to argue about how it felt to be blown up. "Dutch" and Gene—and I remember the other fellow's name now—"Bud" Herman, they all found out. Some used to say that in the brief second's split before Eternity, you knew and realized what happened. I don't think so but then I don't know.

Anyhow it was about ten in the morning. The house was filled with cold sixty per cent and we were packing to keep ahead of the gelatin "punching" house. "Dutch" was at the automatic nailer, closing them as fast as we could pack and we were doing a fifty pound box a minute.

"About time for 'Boney' and the 'Hearse'" said "Dutch," "and I hope to hell he's careful on a cold morning like this. I don't want that wagon load of hell soup going up right outside our barricade!" The "Hearse," in case you don't know, was the little wagon which hauled the nitro from the oil store house to the gelatin mixing house. The rush for gelatin wasn't so great so they didn't pipe it like they did on bigger plants. The "Hearse" was swung on two sets of suspension springs and ran on a wooden track which passed not more than fifty yards right before our barricade.

Then, as if "Dutch" had foreseen it, the thing happened. It would take a Kipling to describe with any accuracy how it feels to have a load of nitro, a man and a mule, blown up sixty yards from you, even with a heavy barricade protecting you. The first sensation was like a boat, rising and falling slowly on a wave. The next was a blast that almost burst your ear-drums and a rush of air that knocked you flat on your face. Somehow I got up to my feet in a few seconds and had enough sense left in my spinning brain to realize that I'd lived through my first explosion. I ran outside after "Dutch" and Gene and "Bud" and my nostrils burned with the acrid smell of exploded nitro. Where the track had been was a deep hole. Its edges were green and yellow. Overhead, high in the sky, a big, black column of greasy smoke tumbled and tossed like a heavy sea. The hillside above the hole, which had been covered with trees two feet through the trunk and with heavy brush, was swept as clean as a new shave.

I knew somehow that "Boney" was gone and so was his mule. I put out my hand against the barricade wall to steady myself and something wet and sticky squeezed up through my fingers. I didn't have to be told it was meat, fresh killed, but "Boney" or "Hell's Bells," I couldn't tell which. I sat down and vomited my toenails up.

Well the smoke died away and a gang of us started looking. We found, as I told you, a half powder box of meat. How could anyone tell if it was "Boney" or the old mule, "Hell's Bells." We couldn't, so we buried it all the next day in the clay hillside under the scrub-oak. The Free Methodist preacher read a brief funeral service and that was all. "Boney's" wife didn't come She hadn't been a good woman and had a record on the excursion steamers which run the river and "Boney" had married her one night in Quincy when he was drunk. "Boney" knew where there was a Stradivarius violin in a one-time wealthy family in Louisiana and he had driven the "Hearse" so he could buy it for a hundred dollars but that's another story. Some day I'll tell it to you.

About a month after the explosion, "Dutch" and I were hunting young fox squirrels for the big cage we had built while we rested at noon and I found something round, white and shiny white, sticking in a half-rotted stump. Doctor Llewlyen told me that night it was "Boney's" knee cap.

It's strange what a damned fool kid will do for $2.60 a day and I'll tell you now about making 100% gelatin. Making ordinary powder is bad enough and they paid us $2.10 a day for that, with an extra fifty cents when we went down to work a day at the "sausage grinder" as we called the 100% machine.

Old "Dude" Wilson liked me to go with him and of course I, fool kid I was, went. I know now that it took a special kind of guts to make that stuff. The machine resembled nothing more than a huge steel sausage grinder, both in appearance and actual operation.

There was a huge, steel hopper. Old "Dude" cut the 100% which came to us in a big box and was about the consistency of tough gelatin, into chunks with a rusty butcher knife and fed them into that hopper. An upright screw drive fed it down into a horizontal screw which in turn pressed the junk out through whatever size nozzle we fastened on, according to orders. On top of the upright screw was a badly battered leaden ball about the size of a watermelon. Chunks of dirt and rock stuck in it. I learned from "Dude" that it had served to go through three former explosions of the machine and that some damned fool always hunted it up and brought it back for the new machine.

It was "Dude's" job to feed the hopper and mine to stand and guide the snaky coil of the stuff as it came through the nozzle and lay it on a measured board. When it reached the desired length, I cut it off with my own rusty knife and moved the board over for the next one. The pressure of the stuff, going through that nozzle, would heat the nozzle fearfully and old "Dude" would squirt tobacco juice on it to watch it fry. I never knew him to quit when it sizzled. I think he wanted to die, just as he did a few months later, on an afternoon when Gene couldn't work on account of being married the night before and I could not get away from the packing house.

Continued on top of page 142

ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
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DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son LEITH, SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION NEW
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES

VAT 69

Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY

IN AMERICA—AS THE WORLD OVER—THOSE WHO KNOW SAY

"Vat 69, please!"

"Quality Tells"

EST. 1863

BOTTLED IN BOND IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
BY **Wm. Sanderson & Son**

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, New York . . . *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

I Work in the Powder

Continued from pages 91-140

"Dude" was old and no family left and that's an easy way for an old powder monkey, with little left to live for, to go. You never know what hit you and that's better than suffering for hours or days.

"Bud" Harmon, whose wife talked him into leaving the powder line for the labor gang but who was killed while working in a drain, when the "oil store house" went up, was a great ribber. Here's one "Bud" and I once pulled on the "hunkies." The soft pine powder boxes made excellent kindling for the married men on the plant and when the magazine truck driver found a broken one, he threw it into a little ravine beside the tracks. The men, going home in the evening, would pick these up to start the breakfast fires.

But, while the white men changed before going home, the dirty "hunkies" did not and they got to getting to the boxes first. "Bud" was one of those who needed kindling and so he enlisted me to help him cure the "hunkies" of the habit. Getting up early one morning, we went to the plant and broke up a new powder box. Going down to the "mixing house," we drained what was left of the day's nitro from the cans and poured it over the kindling. We put that in the ravine and when we went home that night, the "hunkies" had taken it. The night watchman told us the result. When the "hunkie" cooks got up the next morning to start the breakfast fire in the big range, the nitro saturated kindling went off. It blew the top off the big range but no "hunkie" was hurt. They did, however, pile out of second story windows, like rabbits when a ferret is let into its hole. They never touched our kindling again.

There was no shooting allowed on the 25,000 acres of the plant's grounds and the red, or fox squirrels grew and multiplied until they were there in thousands. "Dutch" and I built a big cage, just inside our barricade and at noon time, after we had emptied our dinner pails, we would catch squirrels until we had quite a cage full. When "Dutch" and Gene Holland were transferred, "Dutch" to the foremanship of the "oil store house" and Gene to another part of the plant, we always met in the "oil store house," after the whistle blew and walked home together.

I had a girl in town to whom I'd promised to bring a squirrel for a pet. The night I was to take it home, I had walked almost to the "oil store house" before I remembered. Walking back to get that squirrel, saved my life.

I had just put the animal in a shoe box I had picked up for the purpose. I walked out of the barricade door, the box under my arm when the greatest blowup of all my powder experience happened! The "oil store house" with its full load of 3500 gallons of pure nitro, went up. I was almost a half mile away and the blast knocked me from my feet and left me dazed.

My powder days were over. I realized but that for the grace of God and a red fox squirrel, I would have gone with "Dutch," Gene and "Bud" Harmon.

"Bud" had been repairing a drain pipe, nearly 200 yards from the house, when the explosion took place. They found him, wrapped around a tree, every bone in his body broken.

We buried the Sunday clothes of "Dutch" and Gene and "Bud." No trace of any of their bodies was found until nearly a month afterward. Two boys, hunting in the hills, more than a mile and a half from the scene of the explosion, found the two last fingers of "Dutch's" left hand. They were known by the signet ring, still on one finger.

And so I left the powder. I had enough. I had seen men die in many forms, but the last explosion was too much for my already shattered nerves. Besides, there are more pleasant ways of making a living. #

Spine Puncher's Prophet

Continued from page 84

to his office, stretched him out on the floor and began his spine rubbing ministrations accompanied by such incantations as he had frequently found effective. A bump on the fellow's spine near the shoulder particularly attracted the healer and when it persisted despite his best effort, he gave it a sharp, sudden thrust. There was a loud crack. The Negro sprang from the floor and while the amazed and somewhat frightened doctor retired to a corner, the patient commenced to dance crazily about the room, shouting over and over that his normal hearing had been restored.

To a less imaginative person, the incident might have been a warning to take more care with a patient's spine in the future. To Doctor Palmer, always alive to a spiritual revelation. He carefully darkened his office and smuggled experimental patients into it. Eventually he pronounced the theory that *all* ills derive from pressure of dislocated vertebrae on the spinal cord.

Old Palmer would have wrapped his discovery in mysticism and kept it a secret to be handed down in the family. But the theory did not remain a theory long with enterprising B. J. In not many years he had announced it as "a new science" in every state of the Union and many countries abroad. He argued his father into starting a school to teach the method. The old man assented grudgingly but when things went badly at first he contended the "Universal Intelligence," which had stood him in great store in his magnetic healing days, was displaying Its displeasure over such commercialization, and he retired to Oklahoma and opened a grocery. Thus an open field was left for the talents of his offspring.

To know B. J. is to realize that even as quite a young man he did not shy away from the financial prospects of the New Science. But his youth was fertile ground for visions of service to humanity also. He beheld a world cured of its ills by practitioners inspired during a three month's course in spinal adjustment and metaphysics. There would be no more disagreeable medicines, hospitals, ether, operating tables! Here, indeed, was a message from Providence! It would be shouted around the world and B. J. would be the prophet! So, as the years advanced and his disciples wrote back of the miracles they were working, it was not surpising that he let his hair grow to his shoulders and his beard run wild. At first less than a dozen students sat at his feet in his modest seat of learning atop Brady Street hill. It was not long, however, before they came in scores, then in hundreds, until, at the height of the Coolidge prosperity era, the Palmer school numbered 4,000 lusty spine punchers.

In the early days, B. J.'s "university" required no educational qualifications for entrance. All were welcome, as he had stated his goal was to make the head of every family its own doctor. Plumbers, grocery clerks, truck drivers, factory hands, ledger clerks with a vision of better things flocked to B. J.'s school. Then the law began to tighten. Eighteen months now had to be spent before a diploma was awarded and none could enter without at least the high school curriculum to his credit. These stipulations were no deterrent. Students poured in in always increasing numbers. Eighteen months and $500, it seemed, were not a high price to pay for all the knowledge necessary to cure every human ill.

B. J. planted his acropolis on shaded Brady Street hill where some of Davenport's proudest families lived in the exclusion of their stone mansions. Soon the area was overrun with coatless students and clinic patients, their shirts turned front part behind to make the spine more readily accessible. The proud old cliff dwellers protested vigorously but progress would have its way and finally they vacated their ancestral abodes to seek seclusion in the hills east of the city. B. J. took over some of these homes for a song to accommodate his rapidly expanding school. Others were turned into business establishments and boarding houses catering to his students.

As his school proudly proclaimed its first one hundred students, B. J. decided it should have atmosphere. Let the orthodox university have its elm shaded campus, ivy covered library and crumbling campanile. His atmosphere would be more meaty. He had become enamored of Elbert Hubbard and later found inspiration in James Elliott and A. St. Elmo Lewis and had tried his own hand at paraphrasing some of Hubbard's fleece to conform to his own ideas. So he began to cover his buildings, inside and outside, with mottoes in large lettering. Each motto was placed where it could be counted upon to do the most good. Thus, on a wall in a recess housing a soft drink stand where men and women students mingled between lectures, he put down:

The Double Standard of Morals Is a Crime for the Goose But a Pasture for the Gander.

Quite frequently he talks to his students in rough and ready language, as for example:

You Can Put a Whistle on a Hand Car and Call It an Engine . . . But It Won't Pull Freight. Get Me, Some of You "Chiropractors?"

And elsewhere: "We Have too Many Chiropractors With Toes on Their Heels." And again: "The Mere Fact That You Adjust Backbones Is No Indication That You Have Any."

A goodly number of the mottoes take shots at the medical profession. "The M. D. Disarranges Man Contrary to God's Plan," we are told solemnly by one, while another shrieks: "Be 100% American. Keep Your Tonsils, Appendix and Other 'Useless' Organs." Still another gets down to brass tacks: "The Medical Devil Who Is Aggressive Accomplishes More Than the Doctor of Chiropractic Who Is Passive." As his students ascend the stairway of the lecture hall they are reminded: "Sleep Will Recruit Rest; Exercise Will Reduce Laziness; Adjustments Will Restore Health. This Prescription is Good, But the Masses Do Not Heed It! They Prefer to Pay for a Latin Order. Barnum Was Right!"

No wall in the school is clear of mottoes. Even the ladies' room adjacent to the cafeteria has one: "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep—And Many People Need Peeling." In the men's toilet room is found: "Deliver Your Message to Garcia!" Nor are the tradesmen neglected. They might not pause to read the more lengthy sermons, so such appropriate tid-bits as

Continued on page 144

ASK YOUR MERCHANT TAILOR

about the

NEW "LASTEX" VEST BACK

that gives perfect fit and comfort without benefit of strap and buckle

Only when you have checked the *new* against the *old*, can you appreciate the amazing difference in fit and comfort. A "Lastex" vest back moulds itself to your body like a glove, yet yields to every breath, by the gentle stretch of The Miracle Yarn. Even a textile expert has to handle the material to tell that it is "Lastex". Your merchant tailor can supply "Lastex" vest backs in striped fabric of divers colors appropriate for any suit—business, dress or sport. Or he can put new "Lastex" backs in your old vests. Start the New Year off right with this supercomfort fashion for men—at last the really comfortable vest. "Lastex", 1790 Broadway, New York City.

John B. Ellison & Sons
(Est. 1823)
ELLISON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Distributors of
"Lastex" vest back materials
to merchant tailors

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
. . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

Spine Puncher's Prophet

Continued from pages 84-142

"Pepsonality," "Distinctividuality," and "Spizzerinctum" adorn the entrance to the alley court with the somewhat more pointed: "By Outward Acts We Judge of Inward Thoughts." On a wall adjoining the tennis court in letters five feet high is the advice:

Keep Smiling!

This is B. J.'s cardinal rule. Wherever there is space is a placard advising students to maintain that particular facial expression. In one conspicuous spot we find this baffler: "In-tel-a-daf-or-un-i-ty." This one proved too much for even the most astute among the Doctor's disciples. So he explained: "This word confuses many people. In plain Yankee it means INTELlectual ADAptation of FORce UNITS producing UNITY." Apparently that was sufficiently explanatory. At least there is no record of any additional enlightenment. But he had still another stickler up his sleeve. In one hall he reared:

ΔΕΝ ΓΝΩΡΙΖΩ ΔΙΟΤΙ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ ΔΙ' ΕΜΕΝΑ.

Not How "To Put In the Day,"
But How Much You Can Put
Into the Day.

"The first line above, it will be noticed, is Greek," B. J. elucidated. "Frequently people ask: 'What does that line of Greek mean?' I always answer in the same way: 'It's Greek to me. I don't know.' That's what it *does* mean, translated."

In B. J.'s printing plant he has immortalized those men who have "written and printed things which have or will stand out in American history." Their names were reared in no order except as they occurred to the Doctor from time to time. The catholicity of the list is astonishing. Number one is Ed Howe. Eleven names down comes Frank Crane with Mark Twain in the fifteenth position. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Edgar Guest get in at seventeen and eighteen and Booker T. Washington at twenty-two. Helen Keller finds her niche in the twenty-sixth position and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the thirty-first. Lincoln is not reached until number thirty-eight and Walt Whitman has forty-one names topping his. In the fifty-third hole comes Bernarr MacFadden followed immediately by James Whitcomb Riley. Poor Ralph Waldo Emerson must wait until seventy-six to take his place and then is put down curtly as "Ralph Emerson." He is, however, eight places ahead of Jack London. Bringing up the rear, ninety-fourth, is Thomas Jefferson!

B. J. reserves his most serious philosophy for the walls and ceilings of his classroom buildings. Here he is breath-takingly garrulous. The seemingly endless concoction includes many adages of four lines or more, while others are short like: "Who Can Anchor to an Unanchored Mind," "Many a Man Has the Eyesight of a Hawk and the Vision of a Clam," and the more significant and personal, "The Criticism of the World Is Bitter Only to Those Who Cannot Compel Room for Their Ideas."

I cannot set down much more of this wisdom of the world's most indefatigable motto rearer. The student of Americrazicana, if I may be permitted to Palmerize at this juncture, happily will find them all assembled in a bound volume. It is the most amazing potpourri of pure philosophy, plagiarized and original, half-truths, banalities and nonsense readily to be found in this great land. One of the favorite traditions of the school, so I was told seriously by a student, is that "if all the mottoes were laid end to end they would reach from New York to San Francisco." Certainly, it is to be pondered whether any student can read them all during the eighteen months it takes to learn the art of chiropractic. He must read wherever he goes, even in the tropical conservatory at the risk of missing the banana trees and the orchids.

But perhaps the very essence of B. J.'s code of right thinking was reserved for his own office. As one ascends the four steps leading to this sanctum sanctorum, he sees successively on the back of each:

I Do!
I Will!
I Can!
I Shall!

Not only B. J. but every student as he enters the office surely must be master of his soul after having assimilated such a crescendo of inspiring adjurations.

The invention of the neurocalometer in the early twenties by a chiropractor under Palmer's egis gave B. J. his second great opportunity to display his promotive genius. He reaped a fortune from this electrical device, which he assured his loyal following was "the little wonder instrument which so accurately locates impinged nerves," but it has come near being a Frankenstein which may yet destroy him. B. J.'s prestige has suffered greatly since chiropractors themselves condemned the machine as a fraud.

There was attached to the school one Dossa D. Evans who had had training in electrical engineering. For years he held to the unique theory that spinal nerves, shunted out of their normal grooves by misplaced vertebrae, radiate varying heat which could be registered on an ammeter through an electrically connected pencil-like instrument drawn over the spine. B. J. seized upon the idea. He confidently believed that of the thousands of his adherents then practicing in all parts of the country at least five hundred would purchase such a machine if advised to do so by the master. With one Frank W. Elliott as an associate, B. J. and Evans perfected the promotion details. But first the Doctor drove a real bargain. The leasing rights were to be acquired by the Palmer school. Evans and Elliott together were to receive twenty per cent of the profits; the rest was to go into B. J.'s coffers. If Evans thought he was entitled to a more princely remuneration for his genius, he did not complain. He knew that without Palmer's aid it would be difficult, if not impossible, to sell the machine. B. J. would need only to wave a hand and the whole chiropractic profession would laugh the funny looking electrical cigarbox off the market. By the same token, if B. J. said the machine was necessary to successful practice in the future, it would unquestionably sell. So Evans agreed to his ten per cent share and said nothing.

Having acquired the leasing rights, B. J. gave his talents full play. He decided the machines were not to be sold but leased for ten years at a fee of $620 and a monthly rental of $10. Thus, if only five hundred could be sold there would be immediately a neat fortune of around $300,000, as the machine very likely could be manufactured for about $50. In addition each month a regular income of $5,000 would roll in. The prospects were grand; but not even B. J. dreamed how glittering the realization was to be. He laid his plans to market the device with just enough secrecy to send a stir of expectancy along the chiropractic grapevine. Enough was whispered to convince the loyal something truly transcendental was about to take place, and when the lyceum gathered in 1921 a record crowd came back to alma mater. Never was B. J. more persuasive, more resolute, more the true oracle of the New Science. He told his disciples that "this little wonder machine" would revolutionize chiropractic. No chiropractor worthy of the name could get along without one. In a year, he said, the chiro without a neurocalometer would be as antedated as a country practitioner. He did not fail to point out that the chiropractor who owned a neurocalometer could justly charge a higher fee.

Did the machine sell? By the winter of 1925, B. J. was telling prospective students who were to receive, as a condition of immediate enrollment, a machine for the original price: "As you know, the original lease price for ten years was $620, soon increased to $1,200, later to $1,500 and then to the present price of $2,200 with prospect of an increase at an early date to $3,000." The money was coming in like an Oklahoma gusher. The Palmer school's bank account rose to amazing figures. When the bank sent an investigator to B. J. to find out where all the money was coming from, a school official thought it such a joke that he told his friends and soon the whole town was talking about the Bonanza. Elliott got himself elected to the State House of Representatives. B. J. increased his life insurance to $1,000,000. How much B. J. garnered probably only he and the income tax collector know. The only public record bearing on his profits that seems to be extant is a brief filed in a suit brought some years ago against Elliott by Mrs. Evans, as administratrix of her husband's estate. There it appears that Elliott and Evans each had cleaned up about $150,000 to that time. If their combined receipts of $300,000 represented 20 per cent as stipulated in their contract with B. J., the good Doctor had then profited by one and a half million.

In time the neurocalometer proved too much for even many hitherto loyal disciples of B. J. to stomach. A few bold chiropractors shipped their machines back and would have no more of them. One irate doctor threw his machine into the furnace, then in an ironical moment recovered it and sent the charred remains back to B. J. Finally the Hoosier Chiropractors Association testily resolved that "the instrument cannot in any way be relied upon." Its chief value, the association said, "is to enable the user to increase his charges." Sales fell off. The price dropped and dropped until today the instrument leases for $125 plus a monthly rental fee of $5. Nevertheless, according to an acknowledgment of the school, 3,000 still are on the market.

No doubt a kind Providence will provide other methods by which B. J. may spread the New Science to the world and recoup his swiftly vanishing prestige in the profession. Indeed, signs of a visitation already are at hand. When I visited B. J.'s school recently I discovered he leans to a new theory of subluxations. It appears that he no longer thinks *all* vertebrae when misplaced cause disease but that every ailment may be traced to nerves affected by subluxations of two or three vertebrae in the neck region of the spine. Perhaps when his presentiment has been established as fact in his mind, he will see the advisability of removing the following paragraph from the first page of his circular to prospective students:

"Those interested in the practice of drugs . . . found that folks began to be suspicious when so-called medical authorities of one generation condemned the methods and practices of reputed medical authorities of a previous generation. The general public began to wonder which class of medical authority was correct, and from this state of mind developed the perfectly logical question of doubt concerning the reliability or accuracy of either." #

The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth

***For instance in America:* 3 times as much of it was bought last year as *all* other Italian vermouths together . . .**

•

The photograph on the left shows the correct gentleman's attire for drinking Martini & Rossi of an afternoon in Athens, Greece. (That's really the Parthenon behind them, not a backdrop.) In the other photographs, Martini & Rossi is being enjoyed in Chicago and on the White Nile. In fact, it is enjoyed all over the world, and has been for generations. It is preferred because its secret formula has been perfected for *blending.* It blends so much *better* that it's downright extravagant to use an ordinary vermouth. You'll be doing yourself a favor if you specify it when ordering cocktails. Because there's no substitute for Martini & Rossi if your palate is sensitive.

Chicago: These people snapped in a well-known hotel like their Martini & Rossi in the form of a "Vermouth Cassis": ⅔ M & R Dry Vermouth, ⅓ Creme de Cassis, ice and seltzer to taste. Delicious.

Africa: Martini & Rossi makes heat bearable for this American gentleman photographed on a boat on the White Nile, 10 degrees north of the Equator, near Malakal in the Sudan.

ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
VERMOUTH
TORINO

MARTINI & ROSSI

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK

In My Father's House

Continued from page 89

awn cowards? Answer me that! Yo' come here hopin' to hear that God is still a-blessin' the meek. He ain't doin' any such thing, brethern. God hates the meek. God de-tests cowards. De Lo'd ain't got no use fo' them which ain't got no use fo' themselfs. God love the folks which gits out an' fights fo' what they wants. God blesses the white folks, ain't he, with every which thing they craves? Because why? Because they takes it. Yet the black fools o' the worl' lay back and figger de Lo'd blesses the meek! Is de Lo'd bless the niggers in Africa? Is de Lo'd bless the niggers in South America? Is de Lo'd bless the niggers in Alabama?"

Ranny was sad when his father preached like this. Where was the sweet kindly man who once taught his people the joy of consolation, who said that laughter and love that streamed from the black man's heart was reward enough for pain and for misery? This religion of hate was madness. The Negro was beating his skull furiously against an all-enveloping sense of inferiority. Did he not know that merely to be a Negro was a marvelous talent, like being endowed with genius? Idiots, to envy the worthless! It was the privilege of the simple and the brave to rise above prejudice. He felt sorry for his father.

One bright November afternoon, fleecy clouds running before the wind over the university football field, the plunk of a punt died and Ranny's line fell back again to take their first down of the third quarter. A darkeyed boy on the visiting eleven, a Virginian softness in his drawl, said quietly, to the referee, his curly head cocked in Ranny's direction: "Suh, yo' please warn that nigger fullback we can rough mighty well, too, suh. Thank you." Ranny strode forward, knuckles white, and the referee, standing in front of him, said, "Keep it a sport, Schuyler. Ready? Play." On the third down the Virginian lay in a heap, motionless, his lips white. They were not as white as Ranny's, though. He went out of the game, too, and there was a thirty yard penalty.

Somehow football palled. It was a silly game. He was winning recognition as a brilliant engineering student.

Little things that happened hurt, but not much. His light color might have been a fortunate factor if he had not gone out of his way to make his being a Negro common knowledge. Few people guessed, unless they were told. Sometimes he was able to straighten his thoughts out by talking to his mathematics professor. He told him about his father. Professor Smithfield nodded, let him talk on, said not very much.

"I shouldn't mind so much for myself," said Ranny. "Everybody gets a boot now and then, the way the world is. But you're quite defenseless, you know, when your color is the objection. I can't defend my race against the accusation that they're black. They are, and it's within any person's right to exercise a distaste for us, whether that distaste is reasonable or not. What I'm afraid of is that I'll start seeing cockeyed, like my Dad does pretty often. We kind of get hysterical, but it doesn't solve anything. What prejudice does is to turn us against each other. Negro hating Negro for the accident of relationship. Sure, we've some kicks coming, of course, legitimate ones. How can I tell if the applications I make for a job aren't going to be turned down because I admit I'm a colored man?"

"Worth," murmured Smithfield, utterly dissatisfied with the remark, "rarely remains unrewarded. And success will always be twice a success to you, Schuyler, under the circumstances. Now, you've got a clear, sensible brain, and a distinguished career before you. Don't do anything to spoil it. I'll help you any way I can with a job. And," he stuck a cigaret into Ranny's nervous fingers, and smiled, "I'd be satisfied with you for a son, boy."

Such flattery filled him with confidence. For a while, at least.

He wrote "Negro" with pride on his applications, compressing his lips somewhat. He understood what it meant. In the meantime he took a job as a grocery boy in an Italian store on the east side. He made his deliveries swiftly and efficiently, and the harassed housewives liked his smile and his strange cultivated voice. He went on with his studies at night. Finally a midtown engineering firm called him in answer to his application.

"You've got a very fine record, Schuyler," said Mr. Brownell in his cherry-paneled office overlooking Manhattan's skyline. Ranny had heard of Brownell; he'd done work on the Panama Canal, built railroads in China and Peru, a bridge over the Mississippi. His hard grey eyes reflected the confidence of accomplishment. "Your paper states that you're a Negro," he added.

"I am a Negro, sir," said young Schuyler stiffly.

"We're frank in the business world, son," said Mr. Brownell. "Damn little sentiment, one way or the other. Haven't got time for it. Results are what we're after. Sit down. Smoke? Now, this job I have in mind is one in which you'll shortly direct crews of men of every shade and dye, from Maine and Mississippi and Montana and Georgia. I've had you looked up thoroughly, had a long talk with Professor Smithfield, and some of your other instructors. We think you'll make good. The job's yours for a try if you'll forget race and concentrate on your work. You're smart and grown-up. I don't have to say more than that."

Schuyler smoothed back his soft hair with his fingers. Brownell meant pass for a white man, in plain English. What somehow got tangled in his thoughts was a crisp afternoon, fleecy clouds running before the wind, and a harassed Italian housewife murmuring, "Suh, yo' warn that nigger fullback that worth rarely remains unrewarded." His father nodded, crying, "Why-fo' should Jesus have mercy awn cowards?"

"Yessir," he said. "I'd be glad to."

It took up everything inside him, that job, extended his brain and stretched out his faculties until they seemed to hum within him, like plucked violin strings. He was gloriously happy when Brownell sent him into the field on his own—the youngest full-fledged engineer they had ever commissioned. He tucked up a culvert in Ohio, and built a grade crossing in Wisconsin; he kidded his surveyors, ordered his draftsmen, drove his workmen, and ate, slept, and dreamed his work. Ranny sent most of his pay on to his father. They were having a hard time building a new church. The depression had eaten into Harlem like an acid. He was careful, however, in his correspondence. Brownell had been right. No Negro could have handled his job. Then he fell in love with Katy.

Katy was the Negress who taught the colored school in Ames, Virginia, where Schuyler was erecting a steel water-tower. He had no more desire to fall in love with Katy than he had of wanting to sing in opera. Now his very heart ached for a single touch of the dove-eyed girl's fingers. He must nod to her politely when she brought her children after school to watch the construction. He knew—no one better—that she was thinking his curt diffidence contempt for her race. If she could have understood! The flame within him burned, and at night he dreamed feverishly. Once, uncontrollably, he had sent what was in his own eyes into hers: passion; she drew away, frightened, angry, shocked, disgusted, her cultivated brow turning quickly. He got drunk, a little. The light gutted, and went out. His job finished, he went away, knowing he would never see her again.

Then he was just coming out of the office in New York with his head draftsman and an assistant engineer from South Carolina when Pakey Jim, an old neighbor in Harlem, hailed him with an enthusiastic greeting. "Ranny, sho nuff! Dog my skin ifn yo' ain't appearenced fit to faint a maiden. Ony otheh day, yo' pappy say—"

"Good morning, Jim," said Schuyler coolly. "Give my regards to your folks," and went on. Ranny explained that it was an old workman of his father. Something within him twisted painfully.

But there were magnificent satisfactions in the years, culminating in a difficult piece of construction, done in flood, against time. He tore a bit of genius out of his constitution. He strove madly to achieve in stone and steel something that was missing from the fiber of his soul. Beside him, at the dinner in his honor, sat the governor of the state. He had saved lives, been a benefactor of the public. Ranny Schuyler found himself on his feet, urged there by unanimous admiration for his courage and skill.

"It is easier to build a dam in record time than to keep from making a fool of yourself before your superiors," he said quietly. "What else can I possibly tell you, then, than that I am grateful to our country for giving me this opportunity to use my brains and talent with some purpose." The applause drowned out the words that would, of themselves, have surged from his throat. I'm a nigger, he wanted to shout. A nigger, a nigger, a NIGGER! He sat down, weary, sick to his stomach, terrified by irony.

Hot baked skies, clayey loam, and the pungent odor of raw pine—these mixed with memories of his father in the little Harlem church, booming out philippics against the enemies of his race. Cottony smocks below waving nigger crowns were the little black kids in Katy's school in Ames, Virginia. He went about his work mechanically. His office overlooked Manhattan's splendid skyline. It was paneled in cherry. Mr. Brownell was dead. Jeb Schuyler lay in a bed of pain, dying, too. He had not seen his father for a long time. His pale-faced secretary noticed his abstraction and judiciously called his attention back to the matter in hand. Her deference had the oddness of cruelty in it. He dismissed her. The ache inside him was intolerable.

He put his hat on. His feet carried him away. A song moved within him, and Ranny Schuyler smiled. People liked his smile. Swing low, sweet chariot, he crooned, comin' fo' to carry me home. Colored folks stood in doorways. A man with curly white hair was cursing his worthless son good-naturedly in pure Louisiana. A half-naked little black boy played a monotonous melody on a battered harmonica. Two brown girls giggled. A fat mammy was hanging out striped underwear within the line of his vision. Somebody was drunk and glad of it. A ragged kid had his nose buried in an overripe muskmelon. Three youngsters were singing in a harmony that was not bad, not bad. A kinky-haired lass paddled mud from the gutter onto passers-by. Laughter—deep, sweet, ringing music floated up into his ears. Comin' fo' to carry me home. . . .

Continued at top of page 149

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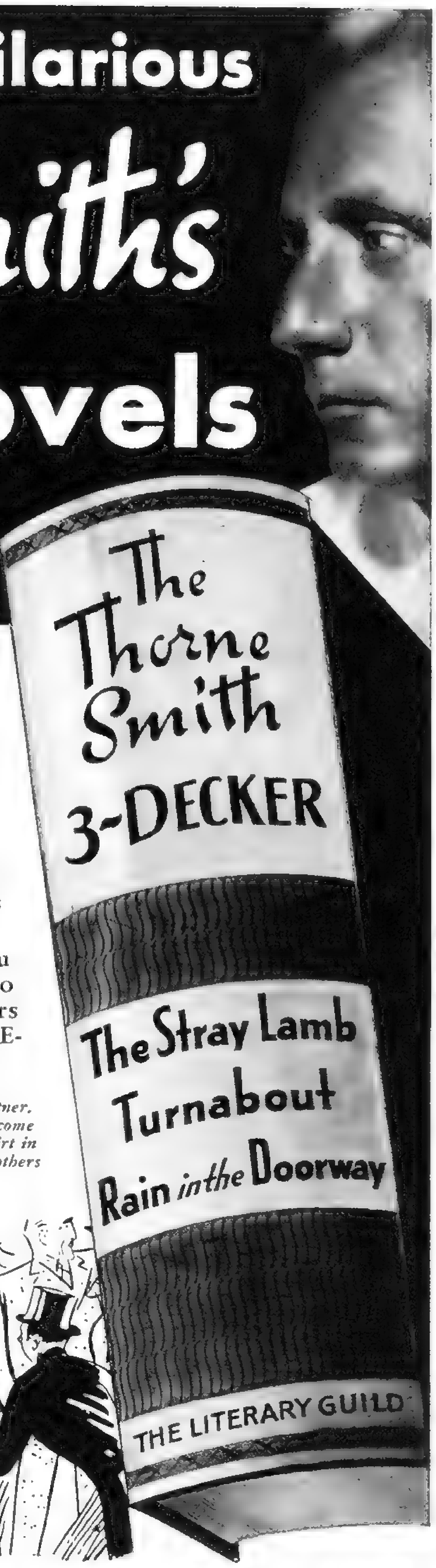

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"Heavens!" exclaimed the senior partner. "What happened to her clothes? She didn't come like this, I hope." "You have part of my skirt in your hand," Satin casually observed. "The others have other things."

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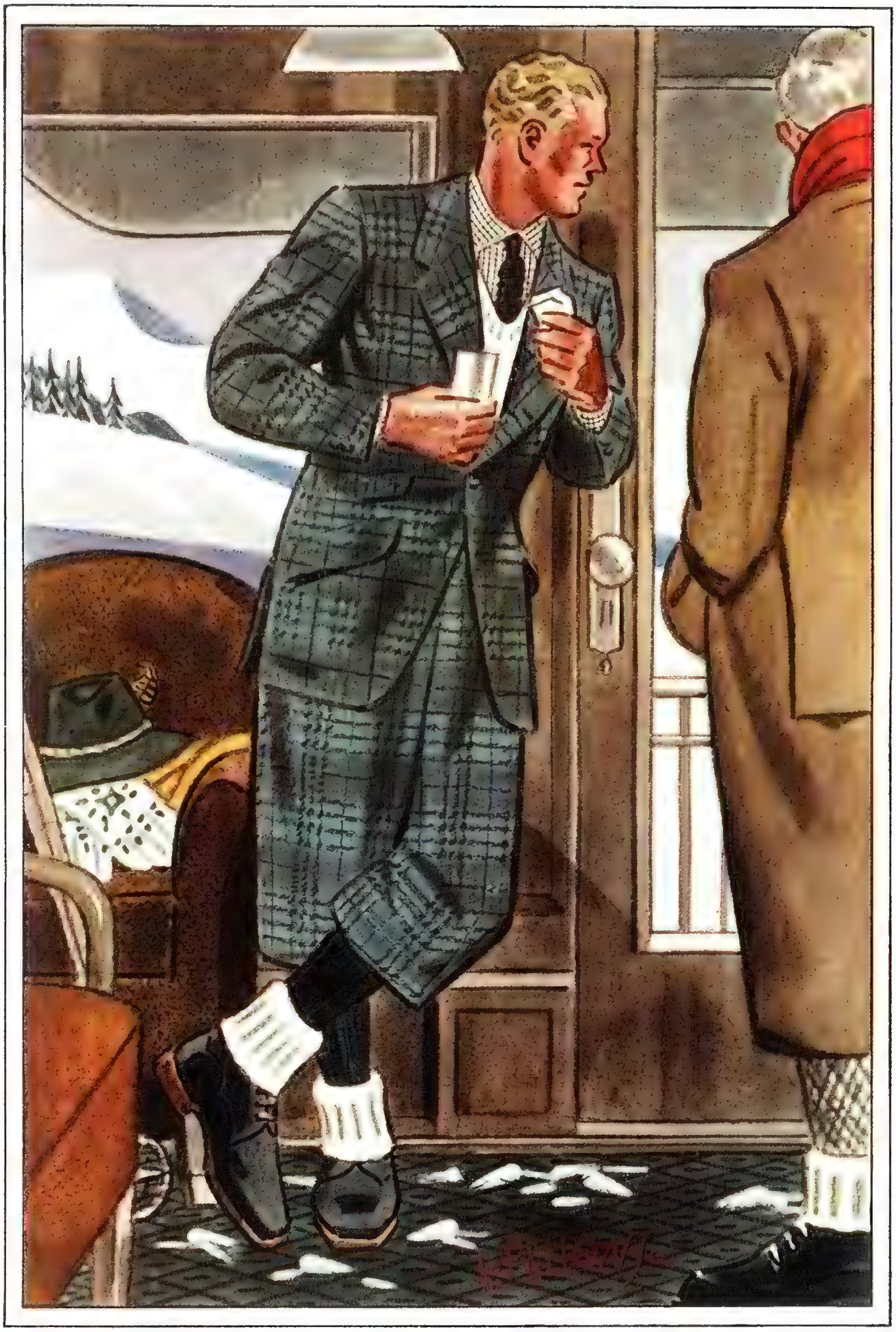

A QUICK LUNCH ABOARD THE SNOW TRAIN

There is no particular point in ringing the railroads in on this, except that a lot of them do have special week-end and Sunday winter sports trains, and besides you can't blame Mr. Fellows for wanting to vary the background occasionally. You'd get pretty sick of sitting at a drawing board in Middle Haddam yourself, or even not in Middle Haddam, always drawing these vigorous young men endlessly cavorting in strenuous pastimes. So this young man relaxes in a single-breasted lovat tweed Glen Urquhart winter sports suit, made with slanting flap pockets and an outside ticket pocket and with side vents. The accessories consist of a brown and green checked shirt with a widespread collar, green knitted tie, Norwegian sleeveless sweater, bottle green hose, white wool anklets and ski boots. On the chair are a green Tyrolean hat and Norwegian gloves. This outfit is correct for skating or tobogganing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

In My Father's House

Continued from pages 89-146

He met Miz Tringall, who lived above his father's apartment.

Miz Tringall merely bowed, a magnificent dignity in the movement of her head, and caressed him with the living sorrow of her soft brown eyes. She said simply, "He daid."

Jeb Schuyler was dead.

Ranny wasn't angry with fate. He was glad to be home. God smiled. Some imaginary wondrousness in the dirty Harlem sky lightened the burden of his sorrow. Something was right, like when it rained on the roots of the hot, panting cotton. Like when Jeb used to cry out fervently, "Oh, blessed be the po' in spirit, for they shall inherit the yearth!"

He found himself in the new church, fittingly, the one his money had built. His father lay below him peacefully, unannoyed by the prejudice of the enemies of the black man, unexcited by the logic of racial differences, calm now to the fury which made him preach that God hates the meek. The scar across old Schuyler's countenance had lost its livid brightness. Is de Lo'd bless the niggers in Alabama, in Africa, in Harlem? Ranny wondered, trying to collect his thoughts.

He drank from the glass on the pulpit, nodded to the deacons on either side of him, then smiled at the figure in the white satin casket. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said slowly, "there is no goodness I would invent to attribute to the man who was my father. You all knew him—maybe better than I. He spoke many hard words to conceal his love for you, while I went away to seek the reason for them. Perhaps you will say that I am mad because I confess to you that I am happy on this day, in this hour when the corpse of my father lies there before us all. I see the tears streaming down the cheeks of some, yet no tears come from my own eyes."

"De holy man in hebm, sho nuff," murmured a wrinkled old man.

"Sorrow, brethern, is anger at the Lord." The words began to tumble from his lips. "And your minister, today is not the son of a breathless body, but the preacher of God who only knows His word. We is niggers every one, scum of the earth, sorrow in fulfillment; we're the black people of consolation, the Jews in Egypt, the meek which shall inherit the universe. Understanding which," he smiled, "we give thanks—for prejudice, for abuse, and for death."

"Amen."

Ranny's smile was working its magic, upon himself and upon his brethern. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are our glory, the glory of those who bear with equanimity the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely. There is no gift that God has in His power to bestow to equal this joy in our race. We thank Him, therefore, with overflowing hearts that we are Negroes."

"De Lo'd! Thank de Lo'd!"

"And so you know why I do not mourn the departure of my father, brethern. I have come to take his place among you, to preach to you the glory that is God's." Ranny saw a great white light before his eyes. "Happiness is our birthright, and so shall we sing. We is niggers, every one, brethern, sinners. But sinners can sing. Swing low, then, sweet chariot, and ketch up souls here today. We forgives them which would crucify us, and give love to our neighbors as ourselves. The Lo'd is good and powerful, brethern. De Lo'd is good—shout Amen!"

"Amen!"

"Crucify us on a crown o' thorns. Oh Jesus, we are thine children. Praise de Lo'd!"

"—De Lo'd!"

"Oh, Chris'," cried Ranny Schuyler, a low sweet moaning music in his voice, his accents broadening out of his thick lips, "raise de bloody haids, raise de bannah o' vic'try, march on to the shoutin' o' the anguls, fo' we is the chosen o' God. Sing Jesus, brethern! Amen!"

"Sing Jesus!"

"Amen!" #

The End of Ambrose Bierce

Continued from page 62

information, a report was printed that Bierce was serving in the World War with Lord Kitchener. Unfortunately, the British found no record of Bierce in their armies and he certainly was not on the staff of Lord Kitchener, soon to die a mysterious death himself in the North Sea. The basis of the report was a letter from Col. Henry Charles Mason of the British Army in which he claimed to have seen the missing Bierce with Kitchener. Dr. B. F. Mason, a relative of the colonel, received the letter in Leandro, Cal., and made it public. Entirely in error, this story was followed by one saying Mrs. Cowden had received a war letter from Bierce. A misunderstanding of her words in a phone conversation with a newspaper man was responsible for this.

Another rumor, equally fantastic, said that Bierce had not gone to Mexico at all but had been confined secretly in an asylum due to the weakening of his great intellect from old age. This seemed to arise from the fact that his devoted secretary, Miss Christiansen, spent the last years of her life and died in Napa, Cal., where there is a state asylum. Bierce was not in the asylum. Miss Christiansen's home happened to be in Napa.

There were many ready to believe that Bierce committed suicide. His words before leaving and the tragedies of his family life were suggested as possible reasons. Bierce and his wife, who died in 1905, were divorced. Of their three children, only the daughter was alive. One son, Leigh, a promising New York newspaper man, died suddenly of pneumonia. The other, Day, met a particularly tragic end in Chico, Cal., when but 17 years old. The day before he was to be married, he discovered that the best man had eloped with the bride. The two young men shot each other to death. While depressing, the most recent of these events had taken place fourteen years earlier. If they were of sufficient weight to induce him to take his life, that event might have been expected before the time of his disappearance.

"He was 70 then but he had never felt better," said his daughter in describing her father's last visit. "His asthma, from which he suffered most of his life, was giving him a respite at last. On the last evening before he left we talked of a manuscript he was finishing. He outlined it to me and was enthusiastic over it. He intended putting the last touches on it in San Antonio. I know that he intended coming home again. I am positive that he did not commit suicide."

The majority of persons interested continued to believe that the fate of the author was to be discovered in Mexico. As Bierce was an experienced traveler and kept his money concealed, all rejected the theory of murder for robbery but the conviction grew that he had been slain. The individual blamed, and not entirely unjustly, for most of the crimes in Mexico at the time, was the already mentioned Pancho Villa, described by a countryman as a man "who could march a hundred miles without stopping, live a hundred days without food, go a hundred nights without sleep, and kill a hundred men without remorse." Many, including the missing man's daughter, were ready to believe that he was one of those slain "without remorse."

Six weeks after the last letters from Bierce, General Villa had subordinates kill William Benton, an Englishman, when he protested the stealing of cattle from his ranch by Villista soldiers. To many the cases of Benton and Bierce appeared analogous. As Villa was responsible in one, it seemed logical to hold him to account in both. As the genial Mexican killer waned in power and finally became a fugitive, more persons blamed him for the disappearance of Bierce. It was convenient and Villa had no time for denials as he dodged General John J. Pershing's cavalrymen.

With the return of order in Mexico after long fighting, in which Carranza and Villa overthrew Huerta and then Carranza downed Villa, several clues believed the key to the mystery were investigated. The first of these was discovered by George Weeks, an American newspaper correspondent in Mexico City who had been an acquaintance of the slain son of the author. Weeks and Edmund Melaro, an associate editor of the *Mexican Review*, found a former Mexican army sergeant who believed Bierce and another man had been shot at the order of General Tomas Urbina, a Villista general slain two years earlier. According to this story, Bierce and a servant deserted the Villa forces for those of Carranza and were captured when Urbina's force occupied the village of Icamole, near Monterrey, in 1915. As the prisoners shook their heads when addressed and Urbina was impatient, he ordered them both shot. This was done promptly with a stone wall background and both victims were buried in shallow, unmarked graves.

This report created a furore and the *San Francisco Bulletin* sent James H. Wilkins to Mexico to secure additional information. He was told that just before the rifles crashed, "Bierce" asked the firing squad not to shoot him in the face. Students of Mexican history viewed this detail with suspicion. The request was that of the luckless Emperor Maximilian and romancers have attempted to associate it with every firing squad scene since. Finally a man who claimed to have been a member of the firing squad was found. He pulled from his pocket what he said was a picture of the man shot which had been among his possessions. This was believed to be conclusive until the picture was discovered to be the likeness of General B. J. Viljoen, the old Boer leader who fought for a time with Madero in Mexico.

Other stories followed. Edward S. "Tex" O'Reilly, soldier of fortune and writer who had been in Mexico during the revolution, became convinced that Bierce was killed at Sierra, Mojada, Coahuila. O'Reilly said he learned that soldiers shot an aged American who wandered into the town in 1914 looking for Villa. Part of an envelope was reported found bearing the postmark, Oakland, Cal., home of Bierce's nephew. The circumstances, however, could not be verified.

Finally in 1928, five years after the redoubtable Villa had been assassinated, a story that he had "confessed" the slaying of Bierce was brought forth. The account was sponsored by Adolphe de Castro with whom Bierce col-

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The End of Ambrose Bierce

Continued from pages 62-149

laborated in a strange tale called *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*. They quarrelled later. De Castro's story was that he visited Villa on the estate given him by the Mexican government in return for quitting banditry. Posing as an enemy of Bierce, De Castro said he secured an admission from Villa that he ordered Bierce slain after the author announced he was going over to the Carranza camp. Other investigators discredited this story because it was not announced until five years after it was supposed to have been obtained. The same objection was made to the story given by S. Patrick Reardon to the *San Francisco Examiner* April 25, 1932. Reardon, a San Francisco salesman, claimed that as a Villista soldier he saw Bierce, who was accompanying the force from Juarez to Laguna, shot fatally in 1914 in a skirmish with federals near Mocho, Chihuahua.

There were more serious objections than the delay of their announcement, however, for all of these stories. In the first place, the cases of Benton and Bierce had little in common. Benton, as a supporter of the old regime in Mexico, was an enemy of Villa and the rebels. Bierce, if not enthusiastic over the rebel aims, was friendly to Villa. Though later the bandit leader became bitter toward Americans and raided Columbus, N. M., he had the support of the United States in 1914 and could have had no reason for killing a man like Bierce or the indiscriminate killing of Americans until after October 19, 1915, when the United States recognized the government of his enemy, Carranza.

The stories reporting Bierce as killed for deserting Villa for Carranza must of necessity place the event later than the Villa-Carranza break in November, 1914. Prior to that time, the two Mexican leaders were allies and it was not a mortal matter to go from one headquarters to the other. These versions require Bierce to have spent at least 10 months with the Villista army without writing to his daughter or to his secretary, or coming under the observation of American newspaper men with Villa.

These correspondents included Frederick Palmer, Floyd Gibbons, John Reed, Gregory Mason, George Clements, William A. Willis, the late Edmund E. Behr and men of similar renown. Also with Villa at the time was George Carothers, a representative of the United States department of state. Carothers, now a New York real estate man, a few weeks ago repeated that, though he asked Villa continually about Bierce, the Mexican leader could not recall having seen him. It is unlikely that Villa at this period of his life should have killed an American, and, if he had done anything so undiplomatic, that he could have kept all hint of it from the able correspondents with him. They uncovered the Benton case promptly and would have been glad to report later, if unable to do so at the moment, anything about Bierce.

History is against Bierce being killed at Mocho in 1914. Mocho is between Juarez and Chihuahua City. There was Villista-federal fighting about Mocho between November 15, 1913, when Villa captured Juarez, and December 8, when he occupied Chihuahua City, but, if Bierce was in it, he survived to write his letters from Chihuahua City later in the month. Villa held both Juarez and Chihuahua City after this until almost the end of 1915 and there was no fighting between the points.

Poverty of results failed to discourage investigators and publication of five biographies of Bierce fanned anew the popular interest. Bierce's daughter, now Mrs. Francis Isgrigg of Los Angeles, employed Col. C. J. Velarde, a noted Mexican author, in a new investigation which, however, revealed nothing. Carey McWilliams, Los Angeles attorney who wrote the most detailed of the Bierce biographies, appealed to the late Ambassador Dwight Morrow and circularized the entire American consular service in Mexico in an effort to obtain information. One of these which went to the able William P. Blocker, consul at Juarez, brought results.

To supply the background for the information uncovered, it is necessary to return to the Weeks-Melaro version of the death of Bierce. Following this story, the Carranza government decided to make an official investigation of the disappearance. Major Gaston de Prida, a young Mexico City officer, was selected for the task.

De Prida spoke English and because of his unusual career appeared better qualified than others for the search. His father, the late Pedro de Prida, had been consul general at New Orleans for 14 years and the son had been educated in Louisiana. Ramon de Prida, the famous Mexican historian, was an uncle. In 1915, young De Prida served as interpreter for Richard Harding Davis during the occupation of Vera Cruz and later became censor of outgoing cables at Mexico City. This was his post when he was ordered to investigate the fate of Ambrose Bierce.

De Prida provided himself with a dozen small pictures of old men, one of them Bierce, and set out to interview persons who claimed to know something about him. When seeking information, De Prida spread the pictures before his informant. If the picture of Pierce was not selected, the interview terminated. At the expense of his government, De Prida investigated in this manner at Chihuahua City, Parral, Icamole, Sierra Mojada and other points in 1918 and 1919. He was unable to confirm any of the stories made public up to that time. As a Carranza follower, De Prida would have been glad to blame Villa, but no evidence could be found implicating the bandit.

The right picture, however, was selected by Salvador Ibarra, a Chihuahua City telegraph operator. Ibarra said he had been a second captain in the force of General Toribio Ortega, a Villista general in December of 1913. Second captain is a Mexican army rank corresponding to first lieutenant in the United States army. Ibarra said Bierce accompanied part of the Ortega command from Chihuahua City to the siege of Ojinaga, 125 miles northeast. Though he recalled the aged American's going to the battle, Ibarra said he did not see him after the capture of the place January 11, 1914, and believed him killed in the battle.

Though soon overshadowed by the capture of Torreon and, later in the year, by the World War, the 10-day siege of Ojinaga was a notable revolutionary encounter and one which a man of Bierce's curiosity and courage would have enjoyed witnessing. At the approach of Villa, the Chihuahua City federal garrison of 11 generals and 4,000 men fled northeast to Ojinaga on the Rio Grande, almost opposite Presidio, Tex. As the Orient railroad, which now connects Chihuahua City and Ojinaga, had not been completed at the time, the federals and the pursuing army of General Ortega had to travel the last 60 miles by foot or by horseback. Because of this, the American correspondents covering the battle went to the scene by way of the Southern Pacific railroad from El Paso to Marfa and thence to Presidio by automobile.

General Ortega began his attack on New Year's Day. Despite the loss of 1,000 men and the liberal use of artillery, Ojinaga was still uncaptured on January 7. Villa joined the besiegers that day. The attack was renewed and the night of the 10th the entire federal garrison fled across the Rio Grande to be taken in charge by the 15th United States cavalry and interned at Fort Bliss. Then, as was usual after most revolutionary battles, the Villistas piled their own and the enemy dead in heaps and burned them to prevent the spread of typhus.

Before Major de Prida could make a report of his search, a new revolution overthrew the Carranza government which had ordered the investigation. The new regime was not interested in the matter. De Prida was certain that he had obtained more logical information than had been revealed so far but realized that, in some respects, the Ojinaga solution was no better than the Icamole and Sierra Mojada stories. So he dropped the matter and set about making a living under the new regime as a police officer.

For 15 years, Major de Prida gave little thought to the mystery. He then toured the United States with a troupe of stunting Mexico City motorcycle policemen. Eventually they reached the Colon Theater in El Paso and De Prida carried pictures of his motorcyclists to the *El Paso Herald-Post*. While he was in the newspaper office, an edition came from the presses with the story of Consul Blocker receiving the new appeal from Carey McWilliams, the Los Angeles biographer, for information about Bierce.

De Prida's story was soon in the hands of McWilliams. He was impressed with it at once because of its logic in terminating the life of the writer soon after his last letters. Capt. Emil Holmdahl, a member of the rebel force which attacked Ojinaga, recalled hearing after the battle of the shooting in action of "an old gringo." In view of De Prida's information, Holmdahl, now a resident of Los Angeles, was certain the slain man was Bierce.

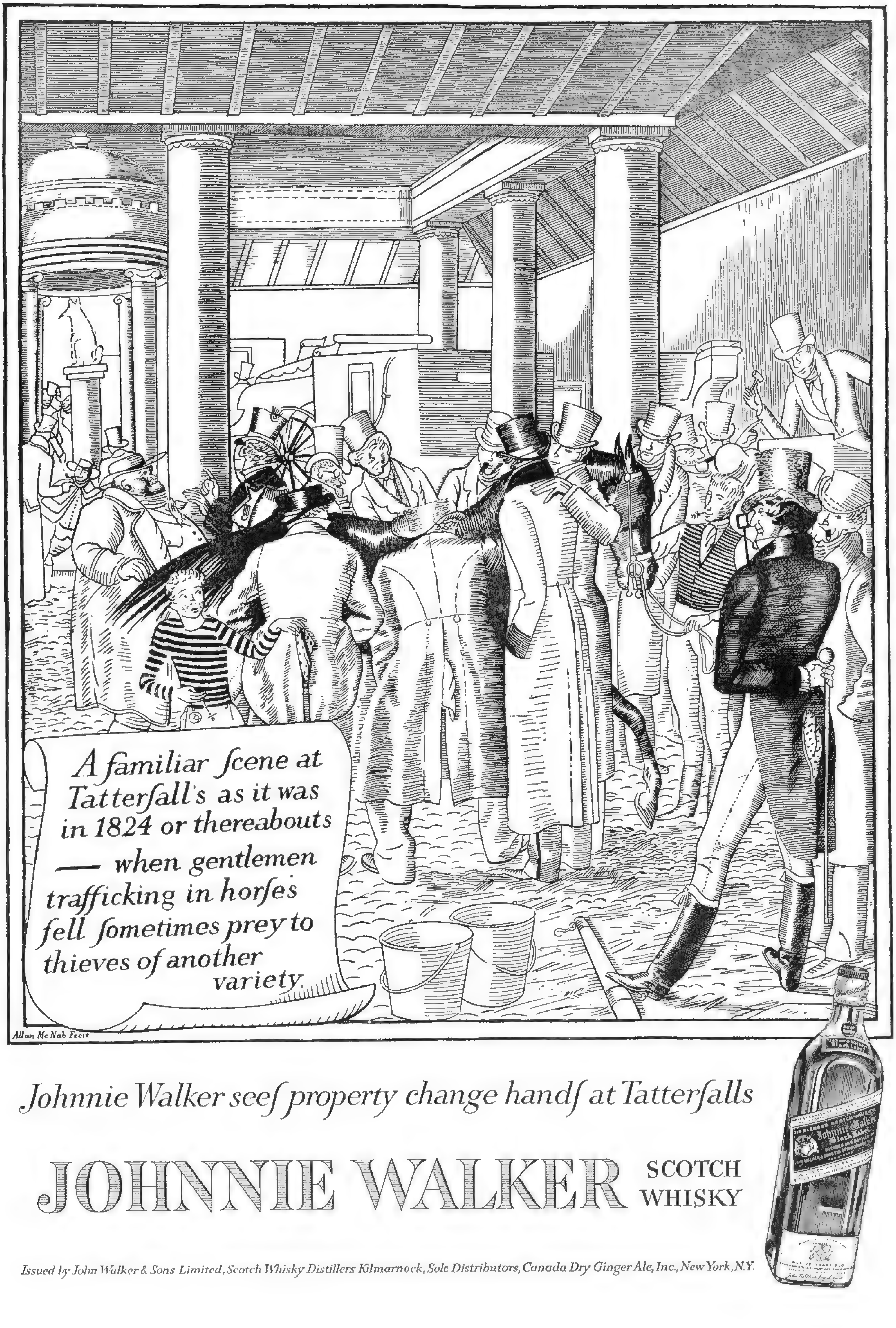
Finally, McWilliams, the only Bierce biographer with access to papers in the hands of his family, turned to the neglected notes made from the writer's last letters by Miss Christiansen. After her death, these had come into the hands of Bierce's daughter, Mrs. Isgrigg. On fading paper, in the correct handwriting of the faithful secretary, McWilliams found in the final paragraph:

"Train load of troops leaving Chihuahua every day. Expect next day to go to Ojinaga, partly by rail. . . ."

This did not produce a body or explain what became of the Laredo trunk, but for practical purposes the mystery was ended. Bierce planned to go to Ojinaga. He went to Ojinaga. As he was never seen after the battle there, it is logical to believe that his bullet-torn body helped form one of the pyres at the edge of the town from which smoke rose for days. McWilliams was satisfied that this was the case and that the old warrior in this manner had attained the special Valhalla reserved for those brave with both sword and pen.

* * *

Tom Mahoney is a Scripps-Howard newspaper man now on the editorial staff of *The Buffalo Times*. Earlier he was a United Press Bureau manager and for several years was city editor of the *El Paso, Tex., Herald-Post*. While not occupied in El Paso by current Mexican revolutions, he tracked down all sorts of Ambrose Bierce reports and assisted Carey McWilliams in research for the revised edition of his famous biography of Bierce.


A familiar ſcene at Tatterſall's as it was in 1824 or thereabouts — when gentlemen trafficking in horſes fell ſometimes prey to thieves of another variety.
Allan McNab Fecit

Johnnie Walker seeſ property change handſ at Tatterſalls

JOHNNIE WALKER SCOTCH WHISKY

Issued by John Walker & Sons Limited, Scotch Whisky Distillers Kilmarnock, Sole Distributors, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

So Now I Drink Alone

Continued from page 69

hand. There's a wallop there, boy. I know I don't look it. My muscles must be the kind athletes have. Not bunchy, but long and willowy. That's the kind with the most power. Enduring.

Now supposing some big guy should walk up to Lottie while I was with her and say, how about it, baby, wanna dance? I'd just get up and say I beg your pardon but this lady came here with me and if there's any dancing to be done I'll do it. Then he'd look me over and say, oh yeah. And I'd say, yeah, and what's furthermore I don't like your looks, savvy, and unless you scram pronto, I shall be compelled to pin your ears back, and how do you like those for apples? Then he'd say, oh yeah, and I'd pow him right on the chin. Of course this hurts my hand some where I slam my fist into my open palm, but it sure makes a swell noise. Socko!

Then I begin to figure, well, now, just how strong am I? See that chair over there? I wonder if I could pull it apart with my bare hands. So I pick up the chair. It seems pretty light. I grab one leg with one hand and the opposite leg with the other and start to pull. Not tugging, you understand, but a slow, steady powerful pull. There is a splintering noise suddenly and the left leg (or maybe the right) comes off in my hand.

Next I tackle the table.

At this point I wish you to consider the advantages of solo-drinking as I have come to appreciate them in retrospect. I know that I cannot pull the table apart. I've tried it many times and it is still intact. But just supposing Joe was there—or Jack—drinking with me. Whichever it was would say to me, I'll bet I can pull that table apart. And I'd say I bet you can't. (Oh yes I would. I'm a sucker for these things.) And then he'd proceed to pull it apart, too. They're strong as bulls, both of them.

Then he'd tackle the bed. And I, like a damn fool, would say maybe we can do it together. Here, you take this end and I'll take that and when I say ho you pull.

Happily this test has never been made. I don't know what I'd do if it were. For that bed is something I expect to wake up in the next morning, and so far it hasn't failed me.

I haven't seen Sue in months and somehow I feel I'm better off. Neither Joe nor Jack speak to me; they think there's something queer about me, I guess. But I don't care.

Lottie told me today she thought I was kind of cute and she was glad I wasn't like Mr. Dodsworth, a neighbor, who ran around with so many women that a girl had to be careful these days just who she went out with as there were so few men left who could be nice and at the same time have such a sense of humor sometimes that they just kept her in stitches. #

The King of the Thieves

Continued from page 82

himself like a perfect gentleman, explaining that he had to hide from the police in the spot least likely to be investigated. In thanks for the hospitality shown him, he sent his hostess a gift stolen from a man she detested!

Like many men before him and since, he came to believe that he was the wonderful person he appeared in popular imagination. He sought to imitate himself, to improve on past performances. He dreamed of a world union of crooks, with himself as the master, and visited England to get in touch with the underworld there and sign a pact of alliance. Where he had been content to plan for others, he felt it necessary to lead some expeditions in person, to show his famed daring.

Convinced that he was invulnerable, he grew careless. He was surprised with his gang during the sacking of a mansion. Before he was warned, police had surrounded the place, the bandits were trapped. There was a pitched battle, numerous shots were exchanged, there was hand-to-hand fighting on the stairs, in the rooms. The bandits were dropping one after the other, and Cartouche had to flee to escape capture.

This smashing defeat humiliated him, rankled. He sought to place the blame on an informer, and selected an inn-keeper who had been connected with his band. And, behaving like a king, he sent a squad to execute the poor chap in broad daylight. The police arrived in time, and the gangsters had to retreat, leaving several dead and more in the hands of the cops. Cartouche's prestige dwindled. The complete faith he enjoyed had been shaken.

A shakeup in the Police Department removed many of his more important allies. The new chief succeeded in arresting Du Chatelet, Cartouche's favorite lieutenant. Du Chatelet had deserved the death penalty many times over, and knew he had no mercy to expect. He was offered an opportunity to save himself and took it. Like many another gangster, he squealed — told the police that Cartouche was hiding in Paris, at a small tavern appropriately called *The Pistol.* From a large number of policemen brought before him, Du Chatelet weeded out those he knew to be in the gang's service. It took a long time to select forty trusty men.

Cartouche was in bed, asleep. There were pistols nearby, primed and ready for use. But the police rushed him, and he was overpowered before he was fully awake.

As on the occasion of his first arrest, Cartouche was insolent with the magistrates, warned them to go easy as he would surely escape. He was locked up in an underground cell of the Chatelet Prison, chained at wrists and ankles. Four guards were on duty and a prisoner assigned to stay at his side to prevent suicide.

Before long, Cartouche bribed this man. Using their chains as tools, they made a hole through the prison wall into a sewer main. From there, they made their way into a grocer's cellar. But the barking of a small dog gave the alarm, and the illustrious bandit was recaptured.

The trial was rushed. Cartouche was found guilty, sentenced to be broken on the wheel in a public place, and submitted to torture to force him to name his accomplices. But the bandit withstood torture without weakening, kept his mouth shut. His judges despaired, and he was taken to the Place de Grève, where the wheel on which he was to be tied to have his limbs broken with a flail, had been placed on top of a scaffold.

An immense crowd had gathered to behold his end. Roofs and windows showed clusters of spectators. Cartouche stared at the hostile populace, discovered that a captured bandit is no longer a hero. Until that moment, he had expected that his followers would make a gallant attempt to rescue him. Cartouche had believed in his popularity.

"Hold this up a while," he announced: "I'll squeal."

At the time of his arrest, nearly two hundred members of the Police Force had left Paris hastily. There had been a general flight of his secret agents everywhere. Yet Cartouche asked that he be confronted with his remaining assistants, and he called name after name, for eighteen hours! His confession was complete, and in each case he listed the crimes in which the suspect had participated, the information he had given, and where that information had been obtained. The prisons filled.

Those eighteen hours were his last. He could expect no mercy. When he was through naming his accomplices, he was taken back to the Place de Grève, greeted by the howls of the impatient mob. He was lashed to the wheel, and the executioner smashed the bones of his limbs with artistic deliberation. Cartouche did not cry out; he died a brave man. And the legend surrounding his name was swelled by another romantic episode when it was learned that in exchange for a full confession, he had been granted a last favor. Cartouche had been permitted a final interview with his mistress! #

Seven Stages to Baldpate

Continued from page 117

going. During this period you examine closely the contour of your skull to determine whether or not your head will look lopsided at the end of the game. You go to sleep at night with consoling thoughts, the most prevalent being, "Well, I have my health and teeth, so I cannot have everything."

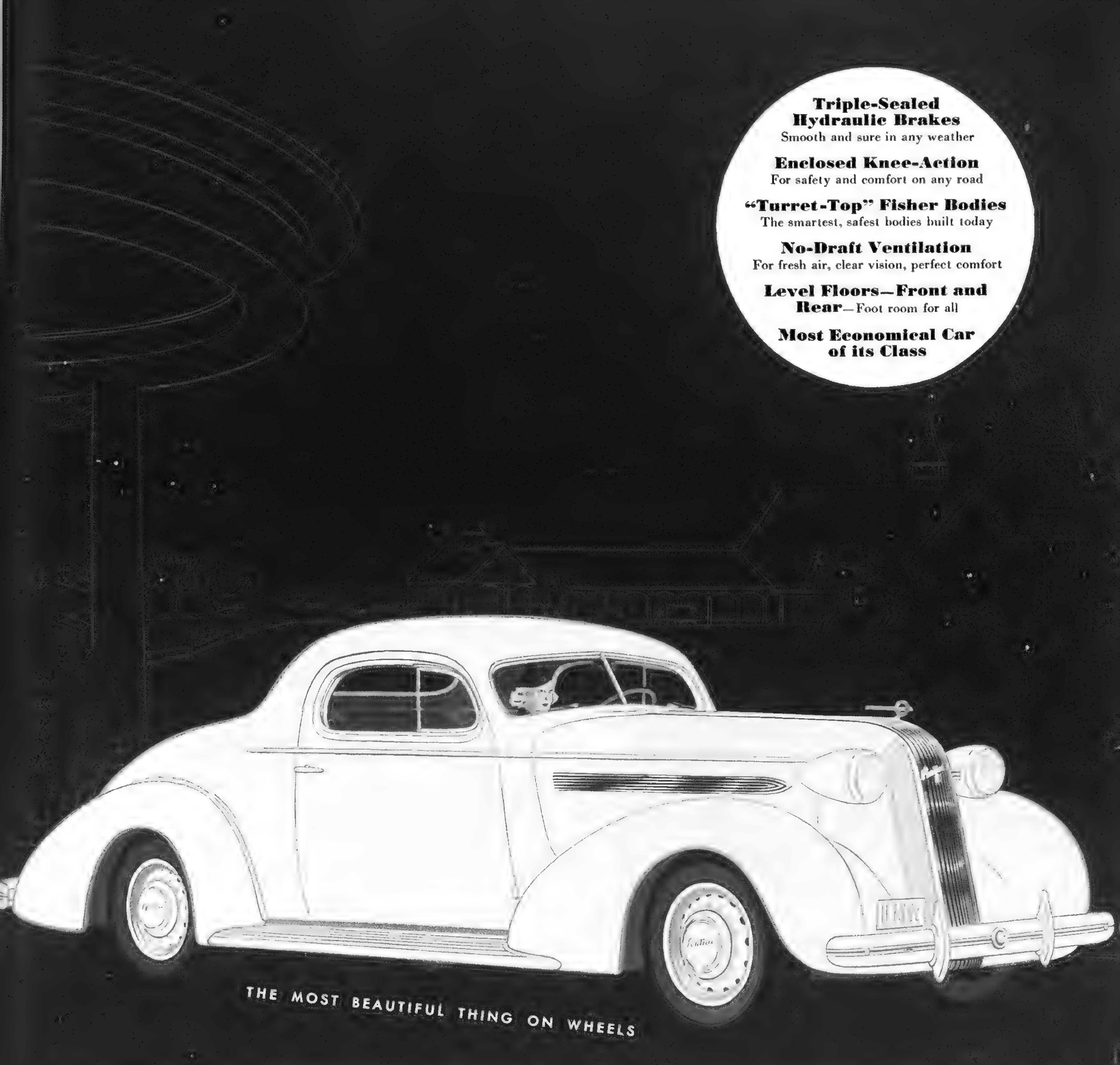
During this Fourth period, you appear to be uninterested in various remedies. You pretend to be indifferent, but if someone gets you in a corner and tells you of a sure-fire remedy, you grab it and carry out the instructions to the letter.

The Fifth Stage of Baldness, is surprisingly one of the easiest periods of the entire experience. You really become hardened to remarks around you and you might not notice your baldness so much as you did in the previous stages. I should say that this period leaves the head almost bare with the exception of the normal side hair and a small crop at the top of the forehead. The latter is allowed to grow as long as possible and is brushed straight back. However, the center patch is guarded carefully, and each hair, when properly brushed, has a specific area to camouflage.

It is now that the hair is parted far over on the side—farther over each year. Some patients have been known to give themselves three-quarters of an inch lowering of this part as a Christmas present.

You may be playing bridge. Someone enters the room and greets you by a pat on the head. Even if the pat was made with a straight downward movement, you realize that this person has disrupted your hair arrangement and you wish that you could take out that small comb and give it one lick to put it in position. Windy terraces, boats, and outdoor dining are disturbing. Wherever wind is concerned, you treat your head like the old sea captain in a storm. You "nose her into the wind." These few hairs in the center are very important, and when a person loses one of these, it is known as a Major Loss. It is taken from the comb carefully and looked at for

Continued at top of page 155



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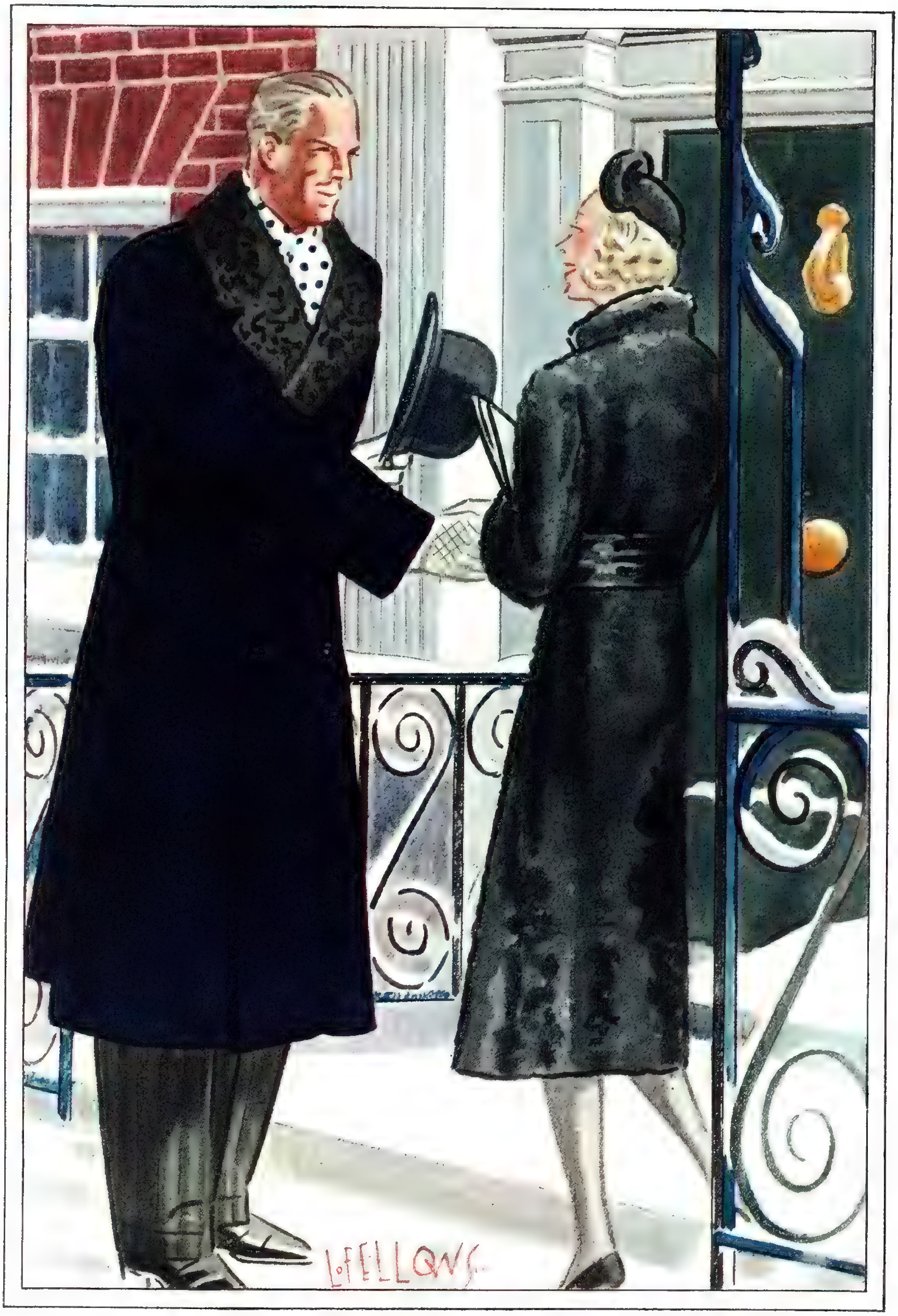

WITH THAT COAT, SHE SHOULD ASK HIM IN

The point is, it isn't every guy can get a coat with a fur collar, from which we argue that it isn't every gal can get a guy with a fur collared coat so we want to shout worldly advice to the lady. We don't think she should be quite so indegoshdarnpendent. Of course, it isn't every girl can have a coat *and* hat of Persian lamb, either, so maybe she knows best. Persian lamb, they tell us, is the ultimate fluff in women's wear this year, and here's a man wearing a double-breasted town ulster with Persian lamb collar and lapels. Only he didn't get the idea from any woman. Old King George's boys started it for men. Their coats, as it happens, are also lined with eastern mink. Yours can be too, we suppose, if you insist and if your insistence is prepaid. Anyway, this coat is a medium weight town ulster with military lines, worn with a rough finished derby and dark grey suit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y.)

Seven Stages to Baldpate

Continued from pages 117-152

a long time before being discarded. You almost say good-bye to it as you throw it away.

Stage Number Six. You wash your hair less often, because any dust which might be on the scalp tends to assist your remaining hairs in filling out uncovered areas. Immediately after a shampoo, your knob shines like a billiard ball, and you are sorry you washed it. Any hair dressing you use shines not only your hair but the scalp also. You are determined never to wear a toupeé. Those in the moving picture business are forced to wear what is commonly called in that industry the lace piece, named so because the hair is expertly placed on a piece of lace, which in turn is melted into the hair line, unnoticeable to the camera. Those at this point appearing on stage use either a pencil to fill in or mascara. Your favorite thought is: "Who wants an old bald-headed man like me." You know you are doomed. You occasionally take some friend's advice, but it is all in vain. But you see a little fuzz and you hope that it will develop into real hair. You are about to give up, but day after day you read ads in your local paper stating: "You, too, can have a big head of hair."

The ad writer tempts you with enticing copy and with before-and-after photographs. This breaks down your resistance just as you reach the desperate last phase of Stage Six.

You still cling to the theory that where there's hair there's hope, however scant either the hair or the hope may seem. Besides, the friendly confident tone of those ads, saying so calmly what you so wistfully want to believe, has intrigued you. You go in.

First glimpse of the establishment awes you considerably. You seem to be in the world's most glitteringly impressive retail establishment. On second thought, such gleaming swank as the place radiates is somewhat reassuring. After all, they must have grown bushels, even tons, of hair to maintain such a place. You look around for a picture of the proprietor, and seeing none you remember that absurd and probably groundless story you've heard about the proprietor being bald as a boiled egg. But in your present state you can feel only sympathy for any bald man, so as you wait for your first consultation not even this thought disturbs you.

You are given a card to fill out, making you go into such details about yourself and physical condition of same that it makes a hospital's most onerous health questionnaire seem like giving your nickname. You tell the truth about your age and you list every ache and pain you've ever had with a boyscoutish veracity. You are assured that this data is all confidential as you are led, for your first consultation, into an office where you see a microscope, displayed about as prominently as a traffic signal, and row upon row of bottles looking like chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, etc.

Your remaining hairs are parted with a rosewood stick, although blowing on them would be even easier, and there is loud sorrow over the fact that your scalp is in such shameful condition that the poor little hairs are stifled. You hear now that it is out of the question to think about growing any new hair on your head until they get your neglected scalp in shape. You start to make a crack about the possibility that your scalp may be shameful but it's been anything but neglected —you swallow the remark, however, because the man has begun telling you about the ten or fifteen treatments that will be needed to restore your scalp. He gets this across by an elaborate simile about plowing up the ground before planting. While you are pondering this, and noticing as he bends forward that he is hairier than Haile Selassie himself, you discover that he has sold you a special brush. You try to tell him that a man named Fuller is your only possible rival among brush collectors, but he is busy behind that rainbow of bottles and seems not to have heard you. Next you are listening to his instructions for the twice daily use of a special formula, and trying hard to figure out the veiled references to secret ingredients that are referred to in a mysterious manner on the box you find yourself holding.

You go out after making a series of fifteen weekly appointments. You come back for weekly treatments and your hope and faith are restored by the exclamations made by all the white-coated people in the place over the gratifying improvement in your scalp. You hurry home from each treatment to look at yourself in the various angled mirrors in your bathroom. For the first five weeks you are convinced, each time, that you really can see the improvement that is the talk of the staff. The sixth week you wonder. The seventh week you frankly doubt. You decide to skip a week. You decide to skip all the rest of the weeks, for the time being. You haven't really proved that they can't grow hair on your head. Maybe they can. Maybe they *still* can. That's a nice hope to hold in reserve, for the last. You're afraid if you finish the treatment you just possibly might prove them wrong. Thus you enter the Seventh Stage to Baldpate.

Starting with the Third Stage, your method of combat and defense was to wear your hat when photographs were being made. You were glad you were in an office building when girls entered the elevator so you wouldn't have to take off your hat. You wore a rubber cap in the swimming pool. But now you have graduated. You face the issue. You say "To hell with it." When a girl drops her handkerchief in front of you, you bend directly forward, pick it up, showing her the top of your head without fear of remarks. In the early stages of the game, you turn sideways to pick it up.

You try to get your knob sunburned so it will turn brown. You find yourself associating with other baldheaded men at the athletic club. You yourself even tell jokes about being bald. You forget about tonics, you forget about treatments. You take off your hat many times unnecessarily. You are bald.

But you always gaze with admiration at the full head of hair, and wonder why they have it instead of you.

But thanks anyway, Joe. I still have hopes, but not high. #

Solutions to Problems, "Said Aristotle Unto Plato . . ."

Continued from pages 75-111

Yes, the hunter goes around the squirrel. It is stated that he walks in a circle; hence he "goes around," in the ordinary sense of going around, anything that is inside the circle. If anyone tackles you with this or a similar question, make him define what he means by "to go around"—or whatever term he may use—and the rest is plain sailing.

Of course Achilles passes the turtle. The catch lies in the word "never." Of course, if Achilles never ran past the point the turtle had just left he would never catch the critter, obviously; and this is just what the crafty propounder wanted you to assume. In other words, if Achilles ran 100 yards, and then 10 yards, and then 1 yard, and then 1-10 yard, and so on, he naturally would always be some distance, no matter how small, behind the turtle. Zeno puts a definite stop to Achilles' forward progress. But without this stop, in the ordinary course of events, Achilles leaves the turtle gasping in his wake.

Shandy's autobiography would, of course, never be written. For either he lived forever, or he did not. If he lived forever, obviously his autobiography would never be written, for it would never end. If he did not live forever he must have died in a certain year—his *n*th. In that *n*th year he wrote of his *n*th day, thus completing only 1-365th of his autobiography.

About Euathlus and Protagoras —both were wrong, and each was trying to confuse the other and mislead the judges. Each claimed the verdict according to *two* standards—the decision of the judges and the terms of their agreement —whereas only one set could possibly be used. When the pair of them went to court it was as good as saying: "We will leave this up to the judges." Whatever the judges decided had to be the answer. This is what is known as a dilemma answered by a counter-dilemma; in this case, both false.

The case of the criminal, the bridge, and the judges, was the same as that of Protagoras vs. Euathlus. The criminal insists on being judged by two standards—his own and that of the judges. In cold fact the judges had the right to decide, and what they decided finished the case.

A map-maker needs four colors and no more to color every possible map. As stated in the article, this cannot be proved; but to date no one has managed to draw a map so that more than four colors were necessary. A bit of forestalling may be necessary here: if you start to build up a map, district by district, and color each district as you add it, you can always manage to draw one or two districts which need a fifth color. But if you go back to the beginning and start over you can always color that same map with only four colors—so don't send in any maps that seem to need five colors, because there's a mistake somewhere in your calculations.

That little matter of rotating the plane is solved as follows: suppose you want the effect of moving the plane through a right angle about a point. With that point as one corner, draw a square on your plane, and draw the diagonal of that square. Then turn your plane through two right angles on that diagonal, and then through two more on one of the sides of the square that meet at the selected point. That's all.

The four fours problem is solved as follows (the obvious and easy numbers, 1 to 9 inclusive, are omitted to save space):

10—(4—4) plus 4/.4
11—4/.4 plus 4/4
12—(44 plus 4) /4
13—$\frac{(4-.4) \text{ plus } 4}{.4}$ plus 4
14—$\frac{(4\times.4) \text{ plus } 4}{.4}$
15—$\frac{44}{4}$ plus 4
16—4 plus 4 plus 4 plus 4
17—4×4 plus $\frac{4}{4}$
18—$\frac{4}{.4}$ plus 4 plus 4
19—$\frac{4 \text{ plus } 4-.4}{.4}$
20—$\frac{4}{.4}$ plus $\frac{4}{.4}$
21—$\frac{4 \text{ plus } 4 \text{ plus } .4}{.4}$ #

The Haunted Lake

Continued from page 56

trace of the morbidity which had affected him during the last three days.

"See that blaze? Duncan's stake must be around here. By God!" The prospector in Tom was uppermost now. "Someone is ahead of us. Look there!" Tom pointed to a crude log shack half buried in the snow.

"Looks deserted to me," I exclaimed, "Anyway, we can use it. It will save pitching the tent. I suppose all we have to do is finish staking old Duncan's claims, and our own, and then get out to record them?"

"That's all." We were using our snowshoes to clear snow from the door of the hut, and Tom's voice sounded elated, but a moment later his fingers felt like steel bands through his heavy mittens as he grasped my arm and exclaimed in awed tones, "God Almighty, Alick, look yon!"

My glance followed the direction of his pointed hand, and for a moment I stood spellbound. The narrow strip of wind-swept ice, part of Haunted Lake, which we could see through the trees, was blood red, and even as I watched, a light golden haze seemed to rise from its rippled surface. Gradually a black cloud obscured the cold rays of the sun, and a wind which I did not feel rushed moaning through the treetops. Impatiently, to hide my own vague uneasiness, I thrust vigorously at the rough door. It refused to budge. Whereupon Tom and I, moved by common impulse, seized our axes and with a few blows sent it crashing inward.

I don't remember which of us entered first, but standing in that gloomy cabin, fumbling for matches, I felt it to be colder than anything I had ever known. Simultaneously our matches flared up. Tom lit a stump of candle. Then for a moment I think my heart stopped beating. I was choked with horror, for a stark, gaunt, naked body toppled into my arms. Grimly I fought for control and looked at Tom who stood like a statue, his face more colorless than the frost which clung to his moustache.

In my panic I had hurled the body away, and now it lay on its back, wide eyes staring from the black, frozen face as though in expectation. Tom was cool now, like the man his brother had described, a born leader with an enviable war record, a wearer of the D.S.O., three times mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery. "It's poor Sandy MacCullock," he exclaimed, "Duncan's nephew. Must have come up here to finish staking the old man's claims, and starved to death. Curse this blasted country! It gets us all."

My training with the C.I.D. for Special Branch Political Intelligence asserted itself. I began to register impressions. "He didn't starve, Tom. Look, there is food." I motioned to the well filled canvas sacks hanging from a rafter. "More likely he froze. Don't people dying of cold usually strip themselves? But it is very odd," I continued, "There is plenty of wood under the bunk."

Together we bent over the corpse. "He threw a hip out, and was crippled." I indicated the twisted joint.

"Aye, there's something awfu' uncanny about this. Ye'll remember old Duncan dislocated a leg, and—" Tom's voice shook, "I recollect a red mark similar to this on poor Andre Broussier." His finger traced a peculiar welt running from ankle to hip on the stiff leg of the body. "Mark ye, Alick," Tom was struggling to control his voice, "Sandy here died in a panic. Do ye see how he had barred the door?"

That was so, and my heart welled with pity as I imagined that fear-stricken, lonely man cowering away from enemies real or fancied.

"Perhaps he was attacked by wolves," I suggested.

"No, the wolves have gone south, following game, and besides there are damn few authentic stories of wolves ganging a human being. I tell ye, Alick, this place is fey! There's more tae it than we can understand."

"Drivel, Tom." My police-trained mind rejected the supernatural.

"Drivel or no, I intend to be ten miles from here by nightfall. We'll take this poor body with us. Come on, let's look for a sledge. Sandy always used one, and—by God! his two dogs! Where are they?" Tom dashed from the hut and searched around. I followed slowly, my mind alert for impressions. The wind howled, and one had the feeling of mighty, frowning canyons. The sky was low and dark, purplish in color, and the air seemed oppressively warm with the prickly electric heat that sometimes precedes a thunder storm. The whole effect was one of eerie, diabolic beauty which awed us both.

We found the toboggan propped beside the door. Tom assisted, mechanically, it seemed to me, to clear away the snow, but left to me the work of wrapping the body and strapping it to the toboggan. Twice he wandered with resolute, but, somehow I felt, reluctant, footsteps toward the deep twilight of the heavy timber. I failed at that time to observe something which was to come home to me so forcibly, later.

I called Tom back, and finally snapped at him, "It was your idea to get out. Do you still want to go?"

"Yes." His reply was followed by a long, lingering glance toward the lake.

"Come on, then. Our gear is on the toboggan." I adjusted my snow shoes and slipped into the harness, "You break trail."

Tom started, and I followed giving all my attention to the burden. Presently I glanced behind. "Saints preserve us! Tom," I exclaimed in fury, "You are circling. Bear south, you fool."

Automatically he followed instructions, but seemed to walk like a blind man, and something kept pulling him around. Tired and angry I cursed steadily until at last in disgust I threw off the harness. "It will be dark in an hour. Suppose we pitch here for the night, Tom?"

He agreed readily, but acted dazed, like one emerging from some severe mental conflict. Our camp chores were completed with the smoothness of long custom, and quickly tea, bannocks and bacon were cooking on our little prospector's stove, while we stretched luxuriously in the warmth of the tent.

Tom's depression left him, and he talked interestedly and well of the effect of the Pre-Cambrian Era on Canadian mineralogy; talked with feeling of the vast forest and men he associated with it. We forgot the poor shell of a body lying out in the cold, starless night, and presently I filled the tiny stove and rolled into my half of the sleeping bag which sank cozily into the thick, sweet-scented bed of balsam boughs.

Sometime later, I don't quite know how long, I woke. The tent was bitterly cold; the fire out. Presently I noticed Tom squatting like a Buddha at the entrance. "Tom!" I had to speak twice, so absorbed was he in something outside.

"Sshhh!" He cautioned, and held up a silencing hand.

The night was still, so still that I wanted to yell to break the hurt of it, but I listened obediently. Faintly, very faintly I felt, rather than heard, a weird something. I would hardly call it music, but it had a rhythmic throbbing, like muffled temple drums, and a voice calling—a sweet, luring voice such as Circe's, drawing, compelling. I could distinguish no words, but half hypnotized, I rose and went outside. Tom was ahead of me, a dark figure moving across the snow toward the splendor of the northern lights.

With an effort I broke the spell which held me, and in sudden fear called, "Tom! Come back. Do you hear? Come back!" He only moved faster, and shouted over his shoulder a Gaelic sentence which I couldn't understand. I tried to run after him, but the crust let me through and I floundered waist deep in feathery snow. Tom was running now, like one possessed. I grabbed for my snow shoes, and then gripped the flimsy silk tent in a paroxysm of terror, for his snow shoes stuck there side by side with my own. It was then I remembered that back at that terrible hut, Tom had walked over the yielding snow toward the forest, without snow shoes. Fear shook me as I had never been shaken before, for as I hung on to the tent fly, I noticed that the body of Sandy MacCullock had moved from the toboggan. The tump-line, a heavy, tested, leather strap which had passed twice over his chest and through the tie-ropes of the sledge, had been burst asunder!

My ear drums throbbed with the incessant beating of that distant cadence. From the depths of the forest, indescribably mingled with the infernal music, came Tom's voice chanting in unison with that other unearthly, siren lilt. "Follow, follow, Alick, along the golden path of fire." Before my eyes a flaming path emerged stretching from my feet upwards toward the northern lights. At its peak I saw the dazzling figure of a woman that seemed to conjure undreamed of enchantment that was somehow repulsive in its horrible suggestiveness. Tom, his voice raised in a barbaric paean of praise, was literally flying toward the phantom figure.

Unseen hands seemed to pull at my legs, and I felt myself impelled forward. Frantic with that strength of fear which is madness, I struggled against the irresistible, devilish force. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the story told me by a padre who claimed that while sheltering from a storm in the ruins of an old English castle, he had been besieged by roisterous spirits who urged him to join in their obscene revels. Terrified he had invoked the aid of God, and exorcised the ghosts by exclaiming "Before the Power of the Trinity, all devils and spirits fly!" Desperately I repeated his words. There was a moaning, and then the rush overhead as of beating wings. Instantly the vision was blotted out.

I returned to my normal self lying deep in the snow fifty yards away from the tent. My left leg was so badly wrenched that I could scarcely crawl back to the shelter. I started the fire and sleeplessly crouched over it for the rest of the night.

In the morning I could see only one track in the snow, that leading from the spot where I had fallen back to the tent. Hastily, and with great effort I secured the body of MacCullock in a tree, and then shuffled with all the speed I could muster, toward the railway track, which, on the verge of exhaustion, I reached three days later.

Although my experience took place seven years ago, no trace has ever been found of my companion, Tom Calhoun. None of my attempts to rationalize my ghastly adventure near Haunted Lake can explain the indelible red scar which since that night has disfigured my left leg, from ankle to hip.

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The Euthanasian Garden

Continued from page 38

themselves, though they might not be of the mental capacity to take action under the proposed Bill. It would, however, be simple to modify the Bill in this direction. Even as it stands, it indicates a wholesome and more discerning attitude towards the problem of death. Suicide was reasonably viewed in the classic world, though in later times it has commonly been regarded at first as a crime, and then as a disease. Undoubtedly suicide is sometimes a psychopathic question.

But, as Lord Horder rightly points out, we are not here in the main concerned with a medical problem, however valuable medical experience may prove. "The larger decision should be left to the developing good sense and judgment of the community." Now that the question is taking shape it is time for that good sense and judgment to speak out and make itself felt.

In a forthcoming book, *Paradise Discovered*, Mr. Wicksteed Armstrong describes the community of the future. He places this Land of Eugenia in Brazil, and claims that he has found suggestions of it in an existing European colony in South America.

I will not anticipate his narrative of a supposed visit to this future State. But there is one chapter which deals with the question here before us. It is entitled "The Euthanasian Garden."

The inhabitants of this future city of Paradise, it is needless to say, cultivate life and strive for health and happiness. But they also realize the necessity of facing death. So they are prepared, when necessary, to cultivate death as well as life. They have revolted against the rule, still prevailing in our present society during a prolonged death of slowly drawn out agony for the dying person and his friends, meekly and helplessly to await its final stage. The control of life, they believe, in a wholesomely constituted society must be accompanied by the control of death.

The rule prevailing in this State is: Thou shalt not cause suffering. If a man feels that life is becoming intolerable and desires to bring it to an end the question for the community to decide is whether his death would cause more suffering to friends and relations than he himself would suffer by living, and if so, euthanasia would not be allowed. At the same time it would not be permitted for relations to be too selfish and to deny euthanasia when there were sound reasons for it. Moreover, in the case of persons whose heredity clearly rendered them unfit for procreation, the choice is given between sterilization and euthanasia, some, it is said, preferring the latter.

On entering the Garden of Euthanasia, a palace of crystal and marble is seen. There is music, there are flowers. There are lovely girls dancing. The candidate for euthanasia may associate with a beautiful girl and accept from her a poisonous bouquet. If he prefers he may, like Socrates, die in converse with his friends. There is a waterfall which is immediately fatal. And for exceptional persons of sadistic tastes, who may prefer to die cruelly, there is a cage of jaguars and leopards.

This fantasia is not embodied in the Voluntary Euthanasia (Legislation) Bill. But it shows, once more, the direction in which thought today is flowing. #

The Other Little Hitlers

Continued from page 35

1923, having first formed a rival "workers" party. Hitler has commended him highly and in public. Only *two* Nazis are mentioned by name in the whole of *Mein Kampf:* Hess and Streicher. And when Streicher turned fifty, Hitler especially flew to Nuremberg from Berlin to pay him a surprise birthday visit.

Three Lesser Lights

Victor Lutze, the successor to Roehm as chief of staff of the SA, was born in 1890. He is blond—the only top Nazi aside from Goering who looks passably Nordic. He is faithful, simple-minded, uninspired: thus he got the job. He lost one eye in the war, and was four times wounded.

Count Wolf von Helldorf, appointed police chief in Berlin during the second wave of Nazi terror against the Jews, in July, 1935, has a peculiar qualification for his post: he was himself sentenced to jail in 1931 for personally leading a violent anti-Semitic demonstration on the same street, Kurfürstendamm, where the new riots, which he was appointed to "clean up," occurred.

Helldorf had violent habits as a Reichstag deputy. In one brawl he seized a water jug on the speaker's desk and smashed it over the head of a colleague. He was also given to throwing inkwells and "other conveniently small and heavy objects." He was too rough even for Hitler, and for a time he was sent to Potsdam to cool his heels. Now he is chief of police in the fourth largest city in the world.

Baldur von Shirach is the leader of the Youth Movement. He was born in 1907. He is fanatically devoted to Hitler, given even to writing verses to him. He is interested in religion. Recently he said, "The Nazi party has been proved to have better relations with the Lord of the Heavens than had the Christian parties which disappeared." And note well: von Shirach, like several other Nazis who mingle religion with nationalism, has become a Pagan.

Two Radicals

These, though their names are seldom heard outside Germany, are among the most important Nazis. They are Dr. Walter Ley, supreme boss of the Trades Unions and leader of the German labour front, and R. Walter Darré, "Peasant Leader" and Reichs minister for agriculture. But their power may wane, because Nazi economics since June 30 have been conservative, and they are known as "radicals."

Darré, born in Buenos Aires* in 1895, is something of a scholar. He entered the inner ranks of Nazi nobility not by way of freebooting and brawls in Munich but—very late from the hierarchical point of view—as an agrarian expert. He had been a civil servant in the ministry of agriculture. He was hoisted into office after Hugenberg faded out. Promptly he initiated an ambitious series of agricultural reforms, and to him credit is due for almost all the "Socialist" measures the Nazi government has undertaken. Darré arranged a price-fixing scheme for grain, and he inaugurated the Hereditary Farms Act, by which old-established peasant holdings may not be sold or mortgaged, but must pass in entail to descendants of the owners.

Darré was a little too quick for his superiors. And they frowned at what they called his lack of modesty and tact when, a few months after taking office, he caused a monument to be erected to himself at Wiesbaden, marked "Blood and Soil," and himself made a speech at its dedication. The party, however, has no cause to complain of his racial zeal. Darré is the author of the celebrated scheme to divide all the women of the Reich into eugenic classes, like cattle, for breeding purposes.

Dr. Ley, the leader of the trades unions, is a dipsomaniac. This has got him into trouble. Once he received an American newspaper man and was too drunk to speak. He went to Geneva, before Germany left the League, to attend a meeting of the International Labour Office, and before an audience partly composed of South Americans made a remarkable speech denouncing inhabitants of several South American republics as uncivilized "idiots." Several times Dr. Ley has been in police courts. Once he wrecked the interior decoration of a beer-hall in Cologne; once he assaulted the socialist leader, Otto Wels, cracking a bottle on his skull.

Ley lives in a luxurious villa in Berlin that previously belonged to a Rhineland industrialist, Otto Wolf. One of his first official jobs on becoming director of the Labour Front was to order 32 Mercedes cars (the German equivalent of Rolls-Royce) for his department. In 1934 control of the trades unions' funds was transferred to jurisdiction of the party organization to get them out of Ley's drunken hands. Such is the man who is titular leader of 15,000,000 German union workers.

He was a pilot during the war. He then became a chemist. He entered the party early. When Strasser was disgraced, in November, 1932, Ley and Hess together succeeded to his posts, Ley becoming chief organizer of the party, an important "key" position. To Hitler he is unswervingly loyal, and so the Leader keeps him.

Ley's grandiloquence is notable. Listen: "We begin with the child when he is 3 years old. As soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put in his hand; then follows the school, the Hitler Jugend, the SA and military training. We don't let him go; and when adolescence is past, then comes the *Arbeitsfront* and takes him again and doesn't let him go till he dies, whether he likes it or not."

Mentor

Dr. Bernhard Rust is small fry, but his case has points of interest. He is minister of education. I quote from the New York *Nation*: "Rust seems to have been involved in some case involving a sexual offence and was able to plead in extenuation that he was not responsible for his acts." Other versions of the business have it that Rust admitted openly to be suffering from paresis. He was a schoolteacher in Hanover at the time. Testimony as to his incapacity was offered by the psychiatrist Professor Förster of Berlin University. But it is difficult to check up these items now. Professor Förster, inquirers learned, "committed suicide"—a few months after Dr. Rust became a minister.

The Warriors

The immensity of German military preparation, both material and spiritual, is no longer news to anybody. Rearmament was covert until October, 1933, when Germany left the League; an open secret until March, 1935, when Hitler tore up the military clauses of Versailles and introduced conscription; since March, 1935 the Reich has been an enormous military camp, with no falseface about it.

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**Another chieftain — like Hess — not German by birth. Also Rosenberg.*

Nassau

IN THE BAHAMAS

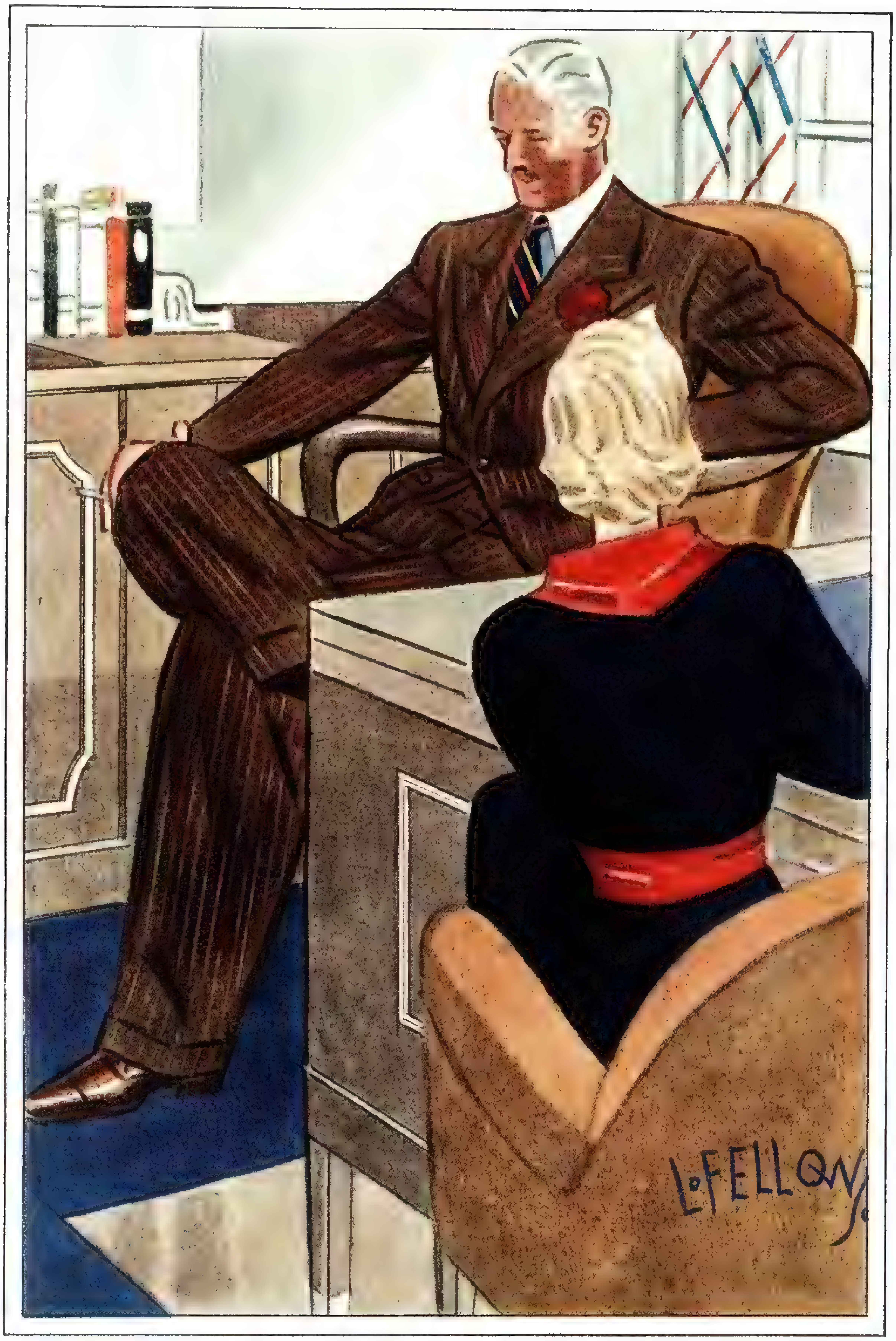
●

WINTER HAVEN OF TWO CONTINENTS

Only a short sail from New York, but a thousand leagues removed from winter's sleet, and slush, and biting blast. Easy to get to, inexpensive to visit, but yielding priceless dividends in pleasure, recreation, and renewed rugged health. Every day is sunny, and every night balmy. No wonder Columbus wrote of the Bahamas: "This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor."

Every imaginable sport. Every kind of seductive invitation just to be lazy as you sip frosted refreshments at uninflated prices. Unforgettable evenings, dancing at the night clubs, or lounging in the splendor of a tropic moon.

The famous Cunard White Star world cruise liner "Carinthia" sails *from New York* every Saturday from Jan. 25 to March 28 (Special 6 day cruises as low as $70.); the attractive Munson steamer "Munargo" sails *from New York* Jan. 11 and 25, Feb. 8 and 22, and fortnightly thereafter (12 day all expense tours from $122.); and *from Miami*, overnight by steamer, 2 hours by plane! Consult your travel agent, Nassau, Bahamas, Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas, or Nassau, Bahamas, Information Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.



TAKING DOWN THE DICTATES OF FASHION

What Fashion has to say, this bright winter's morning, is that the fullness in the chest, so characteristic of the English draped suit, is now *outré*. The fullness is now left under the arms instead. The blonde is having trouble with the shorthand outline for the word *outré*, so Fashion backs up and says he merely meant to say that the successor to the outgoing three-button English drape, with its pouter pigeon breast, is this new two-button peaked lapel suit with the excess material giving fullness under the arms instead of in the chest. He further records that the stripes are polychromatic and that the trousers are cut full and break at the instep, and that this suit, in this multi-colored striped worsted, is a fashion forerunner for the spring season. The blonde is impressed, because she had noticed only the freshness of his linen and the dark red carnation. Who says men dress for women?

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Other Little Hitlers

Continued from pages 35-158

As well as anything else, a little joke best summarized the covert period. Frau X asks her husband, worker in a perambulator factory, to procure her a baby-carriage. He promises to filch the parts, piece by piece, from the factory. Some months later they have all been stolen, and Herr X sets to work putting them together. He turns finally to his wife in puzzled despair: "I have put the thing together three different times, and each time it turns out to be a machine gun."

This era is long past.

The minister of war is Col. General Werner Eduard Fritz von Blomberg. Born in 1878 at Stargard in Pomerania, he comes of a distinguished officers' family. He entered the army and for a long time his promotion was very slow. He was 2nd lieutenant in 1897, first lieutenant in 1907, captain in 1911, and only colonel in 1925. This seems to indicate that his war service was undistinguished. After 1928 his rise was extremely rapid. He was major-general in 1928, lieutenant-general in 1929, full general in 1930, minister of defence in 1933, colonel-General (the highest German rank except field marshal) in 1934.

He is by no means a typical Prussian general. Pleasant, cordial, calm, rather soft in manner, he is the last removed from a martinet, a goose-stepper. He speaks languages; has travelled widely; in 1930 he took a furlough for a vacation and study trip in the United States. He wears his hair rather long and combed backwards, whereas most Reichswehr officers are punctiliously cropped.

The importance of Blomberg is that he is deeply, passionately devoted to Hitler. He is a "*begeisteter Nazi,*" quite different from those officers who, granting that Hitler is a convenience, find much that is offensive in his fanaticism, and face with equanimity the day when they, not he, shall rule Germany. Blomberg is an ardent, convinced, *personal* Hitlerite.

He has known Hitler well only since 1933. His appointment as minister of war came in odd fashion. There was some difficulty to find a man, on account of the sharp clash between Schleicher and the Nazis. One of Hitler's best friends was, and is, Ludwig Müller, then a military chaplain in the division which Blomberg was commanding. He recommended Blomberg to Hitler, and through this priestly intermediary Blomberg got the job. Then Müller, as reward, was made Reichsbishop of the entire protestant church in Germany!

Under Blomberg is General Werner Frieherr von Fritsch, the chief of army direction (*Chef des Herresleitung*), i.e. commander-in-chief. Fritsch is a quite different type from Blomberg. He is the complete army man. Nothing means anything to him except the army. He represents exclusively the army point of view. Blomberg, it is said in Germany, is "Hitler-loyal;" Fritsch is "Fatherland-loyal." Blomberg is supposed to be something of a sentimentalist; Fritsch is a ten-minute egg. Blomberg can be influenced by Hitler; Fritsch not.

He was born in 1880 on the Rhine, of an officers' family and is of aristocratic birth. His career has been absolutely cut and dried. He was close to Hindenburg in the latter days, first as chief of staff of the 1st (East Prussian) division near Hindenburg's estate, second as chief commander of the military district of Berlin. His advance was regular as clockwork and based on merit.

Fritsch did not want the Reichswehr to be increased by a full 450,000 to 550,000 men. He is a firm believer in the Seeckt principle: of an army like a flail. Fritsch because he inevitably opposed Roehm's ambitions, was the spiritual father of one phase of June 30.

Hitler and the Reichswehr

Is Hitler dependent on the Reichswehr for support? Yes. But is not the Reichswehr loyal to Hitler? Again yes. Indeed, the question that is so often asked is rather pointless, viz., which, as between Hitler and the Reichswehr, is really boss in Germany. The fact is that both rule Germany. And so long as their aims are identical little chance of conflict between them exists.

The Reichswehr is a necessity to Hitler, but also Hitler is a necessity to the Reichswehr. Each needs the other. They are complements. The Reichswehr wants a strong, united Germany and Hitler is incomparably the strongest man in the country. The alternative to him is either an overt military dictatorship or chaos. The Reichswehr has no need of an overt military dictatorship, while Hitler does its job.

Moreover, one should not forget the oath that every officer and soldier in the army swore to Hitler personally. Prussian officers and soldiers do not break their word of honour lightly.

So long as Blomberg remains minister of war, there is little prospect of a "Reichswehr revolt." If Blomberg were to be succeeded by someone hostile to Hitler, it would be a different story. Hitler has dropped the SA and cast his lot with the Reichswehr once for all. Should the Reichswehr betray him, he is doomed.

Do not, finally, forget that the Reichswehr, from the very beginning, supported Hitler. Reichswehr money made the first party organization and the early *Völkische Beobachter* possible. And Hitler began "public" life as a Reichswehr spy. ##

My adventure with the invisible

***by* LOWELL THOMAS**

WORLD TRAVELER—RADIO COMMENTATOR

Machines chattered around me, a bewildering complexity of mechanism endowed with superhuman faculties of precision. They had cost millions of dollars—years of thought and research. As I stood on the fifth floor of the Gillette factory in Boston I reflected: "Imagine this prodigious assembling of technological perfection, just to make a blade."

My guide corrected me, saying: "That isn't what we are turning out here. We are all collaborating here to produce a perfect edge. And that, actually and positively, is a thing that you *cannot see.*"

I was to learn he was right. My guide took me upstairs and introduced me to a technician who presided over an amazing instrument. The pet gadget of the blond young modern Merlin from M. I. T. is a "sharpness comparer." Within its mysterious interior an adaptation of the weird usefulness of the photoelectric eye detects to an uncanny degree of accuracy whether that precious edge comes up to Gillette standards of sharpness.

There I realized that what my guide had told me was true. The perfect edge is perfectly invisible. It can be measured only with light-waves!

In my wanderings around the globe this is just about the most astounding spectacle I have observed in modern industry. I mean all this mighty, elaborately mechanized organization engaged in producing the unseeable.

Electric furnaces in which coils of steel are hardened and tempered, furnaces that look like long, miniature tunnels. Inside they are 1500 degrees hot, outside they are so cool you can rest your hands upon them. Diamonds from the fields of Kimberley or Brazil that play their part in the testing machines. Microscopes with a 3000-power magnifying capacity. Cathode ray oscillographs that far outstrip man's poor faculties of perception or accuracy.

And all for what! To turn out something too fine for the human eye to perceive—to produce a shaving edge of incomparable keenness. The doctors of physics, the draughtsmen in the designing room, the toolmakers in the machine shop are constantly experimenting, to produce an even sharper, smoother-shaving edge—and it's difficult for me to imagine that today's Gillette blade could be improved upon. I know—I've tried them all—the world over.

So in view of what I've seen and experienced, I can't imagine how any shaver could select a blade other than Gillette.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 108

band. We could certainly use many more honest performances of music as honest as this! Glory be to Beethoven, Brother Ormandy!

Beethoven Symphony No. 4 in B Flat Major (Op. 60). Played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy.
Victor—M-274.

May I make mention of two other great works which have been recorded by Victor, both performed by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the able direction of Eugene Ormandy? These are the Mahler Symphony No. 2 in C Minor and the Seventh Symphony in E Major of Bruckner. I want to write about them soon, but you might as well enjoy them in the meantime.

Bing Crosby fans (and you are legion), attention, heads-up, hey-there, and exclamation points!!! A Decca recording rears its head with M. Crosby doing himself proud. *My Heart and I* and *Sailor Beware* from the picture *Anything Goes* are his two burnt offerings.

Most of you people have come to think of Bing Crosby as a buh-buh-buh-ing singer of the sentimental sobbies, but have you forgotten that as a rhythm singer he bowed to no one, and that his hot licks can be as hot as licks can be? After hearing his *Sailor Beware* you know that the fleet's in. However, I don't think that Bing, even Bing, need give advice to any sailor about what to do when the fleet ties up.
Decca—No. 631.

* * *

Frank Luther is one of the most versatile minds I have ever known. And, may I hasten to add, not a jack of all trades as the old saw cuts it. He has done, and done well, everything from singing top tenor with the Revelers to writing smart radio criticisms, to doing some of the best hill-billy songs you've ever heard, to singing some very serious solos with me. That all sounds like a Tinkers-to-Evers-to-Chance, but it's true.

Now, realizing that children are the modern-day sophisticates, he has brought a series of fairy tales up to date and recorded them for Decca. They are just right because every once in a while during the proceeding there is a gag at which a bell-like instrument (the celesta) laughs and says, "Period." Grown-ups will probably buy them and then wear them out before the children get a chance to hear them.

Frank Luther, I admire you.
Decca—Nos. 590, 591, 592.

* * *

The "Fats" in the fire, hot as early morning bacon! Waller is going Georgia on us; not the big, cosmopolitan Atlanta, Georgia, where they wear black shoes instead of tan, but back to the red "Hills of Home." Hot damn! *Georgia Rockin' Chair* is bound to get me, and it'll get you if you don't get this record. Then, as a religious antidote, there is *Brother, Seek and Ye Shall Find.* If you haven't discovered Fats after all my preachin', I give up.
Victor—No. 25175.

* * *

Leo Reisman and his Orchestra do the two hit bits, suitable for dancing, from the George Gershwin American Operetta, *Porgy and Bess.* They are both grand tunes that smack of the South, meaning Charleston. *I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So* are the titles. Both sides would gain by having less vocal material, but the record is well worth while.
Brunswick—No. 7562.

* * *

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The King of the hot fiddlers, Joe Venuti, is with us again, this time with his own band. My only complaint about the whole thing is that he doesn't do enough playing himself. Why we don't have some entirely Venuti records is beyond my understanding. The first chorus of *Stop, Look and Listen* is just a sample of what I mean. *Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town* and I've never been able to find out why, but Joe Venuti can and will if they'll let him.
Columbia—No. 3104-D.

* * *

What should become the Listerine theme-song, *You Took My Breath Away,* is Eddied by Duchin opposite *How Do I Rate With You.* This is attractive dance material.

After being eyed so, so, so superciliously by the so, so Maitre at the Persian Room at the Plaza one evening, and, because I had no reservation, and, because I'm not one of the play-boys, and lastly, because I wanted to hear Duchin, I didn't. So I have to buy his records. Maybe this is one of the new rackets that are always popping up.

Oh, where was I? Now I know. Only trying to say that, "Yes, this is a swell Duchin record." And also, that there really was one empty table at the Plaza that night.
Victor—No. 25178.

* * *

Recommended Recordings

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—
Thanks a Million
I'm Sittin' High on a Hill Top
Decca—No. 589

Jimmie Dorsey and his Orchestra—
I'm a Gambler
Dorsey Stomp
Decca—No. 607

Glenn Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra—
Yankee Doodle Never Went to Town
Will Love Find a Way
Decca—No. 603

Lanny Ross singing with Russ Morgan's Music—
Red Sails in the Sunset
If You Were Mine
Brunswick—No. 7557 #

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The May Company
Platt Music Company
Rogers & Rice Music Co.
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PASADENA
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SACRAMENTO
Sherman, Clay & Co.
SAN DIEGO
Thearle Music Company
SAN FRANCISCO
Schwabacher-Frey Co.
Sherman, Clay & Co.
SAN JOSE—Sherman, Clay & Co.
SANTA BARBARA
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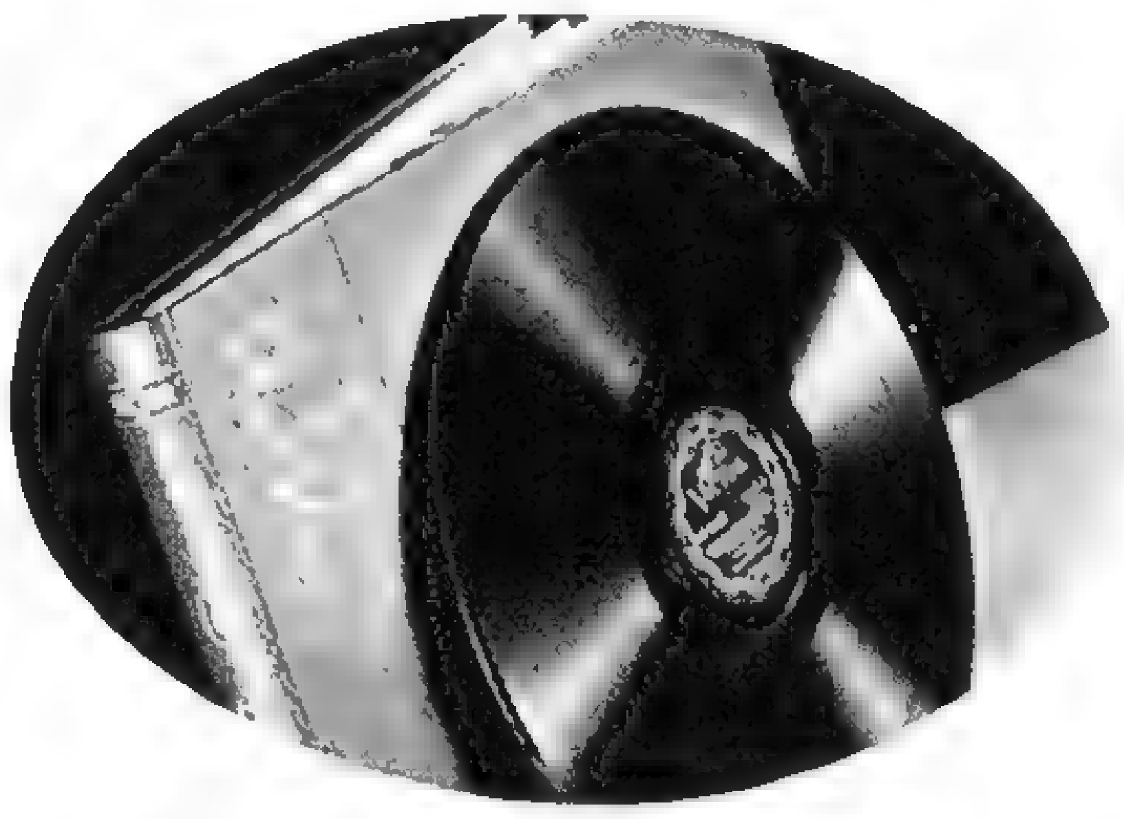

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LIBRARY *of* RECORDED MUSIC

The Crack-Up

Continued from page 41

casual relations—with an editor, a tobacco seller, the child of a friend, were only what I remembered I *should* do, from other days. All in the same month I became bitter about such things as the sound of the radio, the advertisements in the magazines, the screech of tracks, the dead silence of the country—contemptuous at human softness, immediately (if secretively) quarrelsome toward hardness—hating the night when I couldn't sleep and hating the day because it went toward night. I slept on the heart side now because I knew that the sooner I could tire that out, even a little, the sooner would come that blessed hour of nightmare which, like a catharsis, would enable me to better meet the new day.

There were certain spots, certain faces I could look at. Like most middle-westerners I have never had any but the vaguest race prejudices—I always had a secret yen for the lovely Scandinavian blondes who sat on porches in St. Paul but hadn't emerged enough economically to be part of what was then society. They were too nice to be "chickens" and too quickly off the farmlands to seize a place in the sun, but I remember going round blocks to catch a single glimpse of shining hair—the bright shock of a girl I'd never know. This is urban, unpopular talk. It strays afield from the fact that in these latter days I couldn't stand the sight of Celts, English, Politicians, Strangers, Virginians, Negroes (light or dark), Hunting People, all retail clerks, and middlemen in general, all writers (I avoided writers very carefully because they can perpetuate trouble as no one else can)—and all the classes as classes and most of them as members of their class . . .

Trying to cling to something, I liked doctors and girl children up to the age of about thirteen and well-brought-up boy children from about eight years old on. I could have peace and happiness with these few categories of people. I forgot to add that I liked old men—men over seventy, sometimes over sixty if their faces looked seasoned. I liked Katharine Hepburn's face on the screen, no matter what was said about her pretentiousness, and Miriam Hopkins' face, and old friends if I only saw them once a year and could remember their ghosts.

All rather inhuman and undernourished, isn't it? Well, that, children, is the true sign of cracking up.

It is not a pretty picture. Inevitably it was carted here and there within its frame and exposed to various critics. One of them can only be described as a person whose life makes other peoples' lives seem like death—even this time when she was cast in the usually unappealing role of Job's comforter. In spite of the fact that this story is over, let me append our conversation as a sort of postscript:

"Instead of being so sorry for yourself, listen—" she said. (She always says "Listen," because she thinks while she talks—*really* thinks.) So she said: "Listen. Suppose this wasn't a crack in you—suppose it was a crack in the Grand Cañon."

"The crack's in me," I said heroically.

"Listen! The world only exists in your eyes—your conception of it. You can make it as big or as small as you want to. And you're trying to be a little puny individual. By God, if I ever cracked I'd try to make the world crack with me. Listen! The world only exists through your apprehension of it, and so it's much better to say that it's not you that's cracked—it's the Grand Cañon."

'Baby et up all her Spinoza?"

"I don't know anything about Spinoza. I know—" She spoke, then, of old woes of her own, that seemed, in the telling, to have been more dolorous than mine, and how she had met them, overridden them, beaten them.

I felt a certain reaction to what she said, but I am a slow-thinking man, and it occurred to me simultaneously that of all natural forces, vitality is the incommunicable one. In days when juice came into one as an article without duty, one tried to distribute it—but always without success; to further mix metaphors, vitality never "takes." You have it or you haven't it, like health or brown eyes or honor or a baritone voice. I might have asked some of it from her, neatly wrapped and ready for home cooking and digestion, but I could never have got it—not if I'd waited around for a thousand hours with the tin cup of self pity. I could walk from her door, holding myself very carefully like cracked crockery, and go away into the world of bitterness, where I was making a home with such materials as are found there—and quote to myself after I left her door:

"*Ye are the salt of the earth. But if the salt hath lost its savour wherewith shall it be salted?*"

Matthew 5-13. #

The Letter Writer

Continued from page 44

Peter marched across the floor, the wet sawdust clinging to the soles of his shoes. He went past the ice-box where the meat hung. The air was cold. The mild acrid odor of smoked meats was in the air.

He came to a closed door mounted with a metal knocker. Timidly the student raised the hammer and let it fall. After a moment the door was pushed outwardly and old Josef's head in the peaked velvet cap appeared.

"A letter?" he asked hoarsely and squinted. A gray woolen muffler was wrapped around his throat.

"Yes."

"Enter, enter."

The room was a dingy square.

"A chair, sir," old Josef proffered a huge-backed walnut chair of the kind Peter had never seen anywhere but in lodge halls, while he seated himself on a three-legged stool before a low table with an inclined board in its center. He was still wearing the greenish Mackinaw.

"To a wife or a sweetheart, sir?"

Peter flushed. He had never sent the other letter out. "To—to a sweetheart this time."

"Ah!" the other shot him a penetrating glance. "You have been pleased with my services before!"

"Yes, sir."

"Hm. Yes. I know you now, Herr Student. You look well—I did not recognize you."

The student shuddered. Old Josef looked far from well himself. There were puffy bags under his eyes and his lips were bluish.

"Thank you, Herr Professor—"

"*Nein!*" the other snorted. "That is a butcher's title. It is my father who was the Herr Professor. I was only a simple teacher in Vienna."

"Vienna!"

"*Gewiss!* But your letter—your letter! You would like it perhaps in a lavender ink—or a green—a—?"

For the first time now Peter noticed the row of inkwells built into one side of the table.

"Plain black—or blue, Herr—"

"Josef—no titles, Herr Student. But you are so unromantic. We used lavender and green and violet and blood-red—you realists you!" He dipped his pen into an inkwell. "Merely a love letter—or is it an occasion—a proposal, hey?"

Peter nodded. "An occasion," he said.

"She is—light or dark, the *fraulein*, the lovely one?"

"Um—light."

Josef smiled and began. "Light ones take the eye, dark ones the heart—so we used to say."

Peter held his breath while the other wrote. He noticed that the old man wore woolen socks over his shoes and realized how cold it was. The little room was evidently behind the butcher's ice-box.

"'My dearest heart, beautiful rose,'" the old man read. "'I take up my pen with a trembling hand. Tears dim my eyes, words halt in my throat. A single thought of you and my whole being melts.' In a foreign language it sounds better sometimes, Herr Student," he explained and went on.

As he accepted the letter Peter noticed it was written in lavender ink.

"But I asked for the black—or the blue!"

Josef shrugged and made a grimace. "I will go myself to the beautiful one," he vowed. "If the letter does not move her. I know the little feminine heart." He tugged at his mustache. "We knew these things once. No more."

Peter drew out forty cents. "I did not pay you at the hospital."

The other put up his hands.

"Not a bit, Herr Student!" he cried. "Once I was a student, too—I know, I understand—*nicht ein pfennig*, not one penny, no, no!" The student stared at him. "Very good then, you will owe it to me, yes? A student's debt. Ah, I remember, I had three tailors after me at one time. Oh, don't look so—they asked for the business—and a student cannot be bothered with tailors—or florists, either."

Peter thought: This old man, this one with death in his shadow was once a cavalier!

"You cannot believe it! Josef Hazy! Ah, Herr Student, you should have seen!" He sighed. "If one were young again!"

The student was silent. It thrilled him to listen. The old man rambled on. It appeared that he had come over after the war. He had been past the age—there were no vacancies in the schools. Ah, well—one lives!

Now he did a little engrossing occasionally. Also fine invitations in hand on vellum and good papers. And he wrote letters for mothers with sons far away, for tradesmen who could not handle business correspondence themselves.

"But even in paradise there was a snake," he expounded. There was a girl down the street, a good little dark-eyed Slovak girl. She had been a secretary for someone in the business district. Then times had gone bad. Somehow she had fallen on the idea of doing public letter writing. And, yes, she had a machine to hammer out letters. Josef had lost the custom of many tradesmen.

"Well, she is young," he grumbled. "Certainly they have more to look at in her." He smiled and peered over the edge of his inclined board. "But if I were young, too, Herr Student! Ah, if I were young and these arteries of mine were not as hard as pipe stems. Yes." He laughed in his throat. "I would go after her myself. She would resist me, yes, she would—but she would soon love me. I would conquer. I have done it before—I could do it again." He shook his head sadly. "Is it not laughable I should be so helpless?"

Peter did not answer. After a few moments he rose to leave. It was cold in the little room and it was cold outside. He did not know whether to laugh or to weep. And for whom. #

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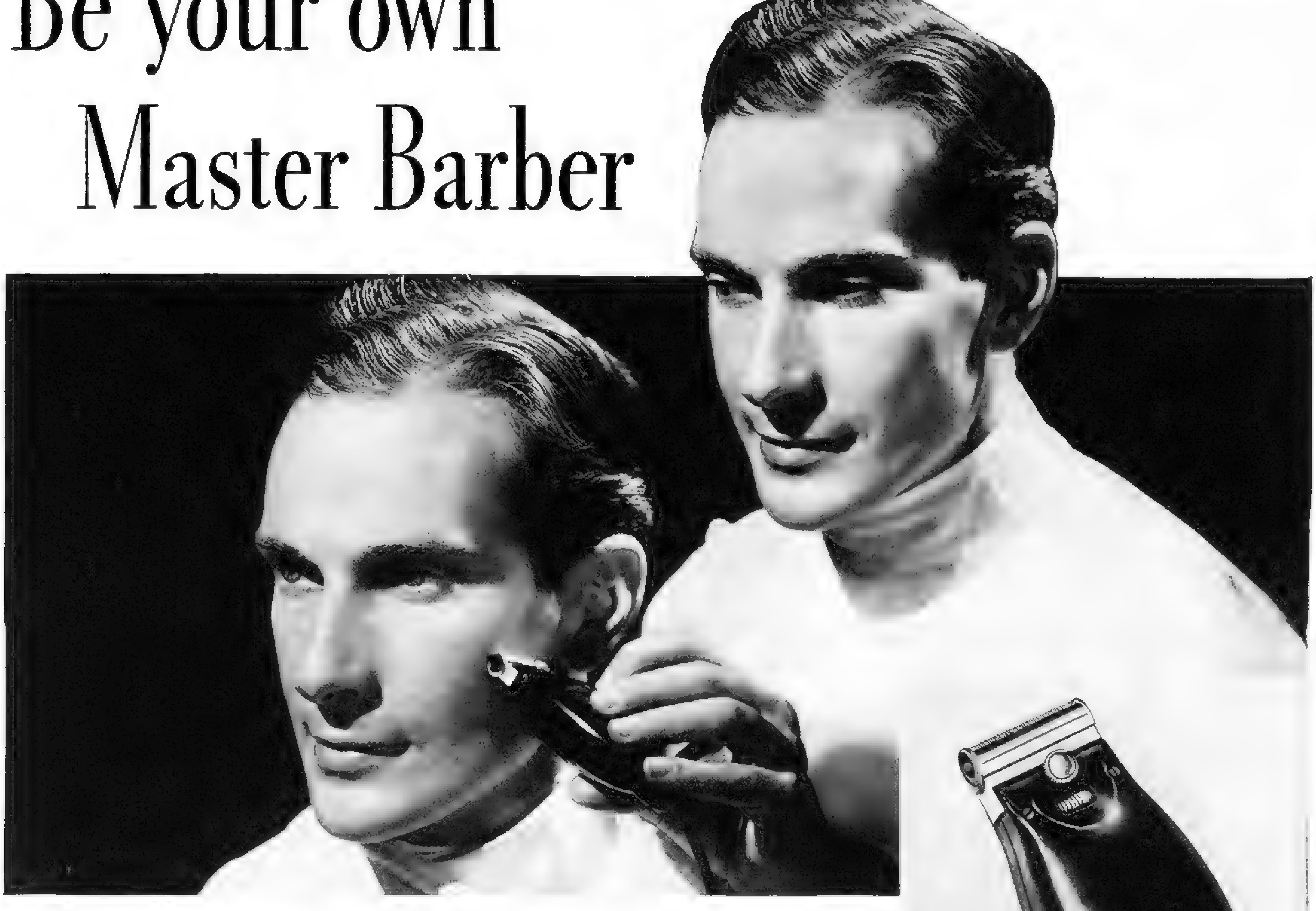

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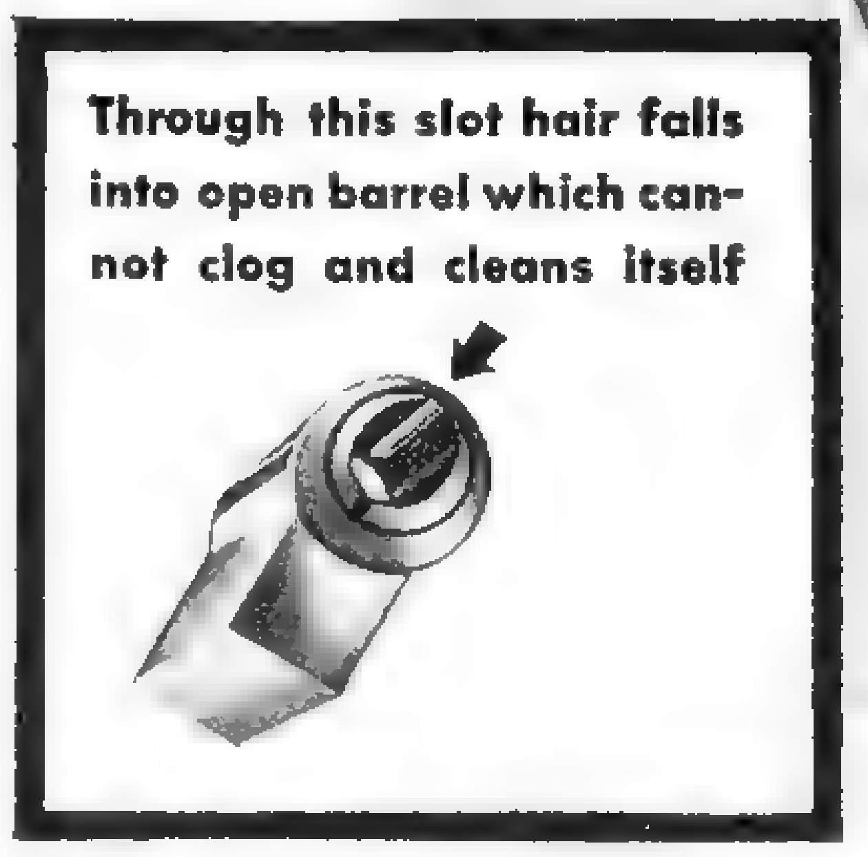
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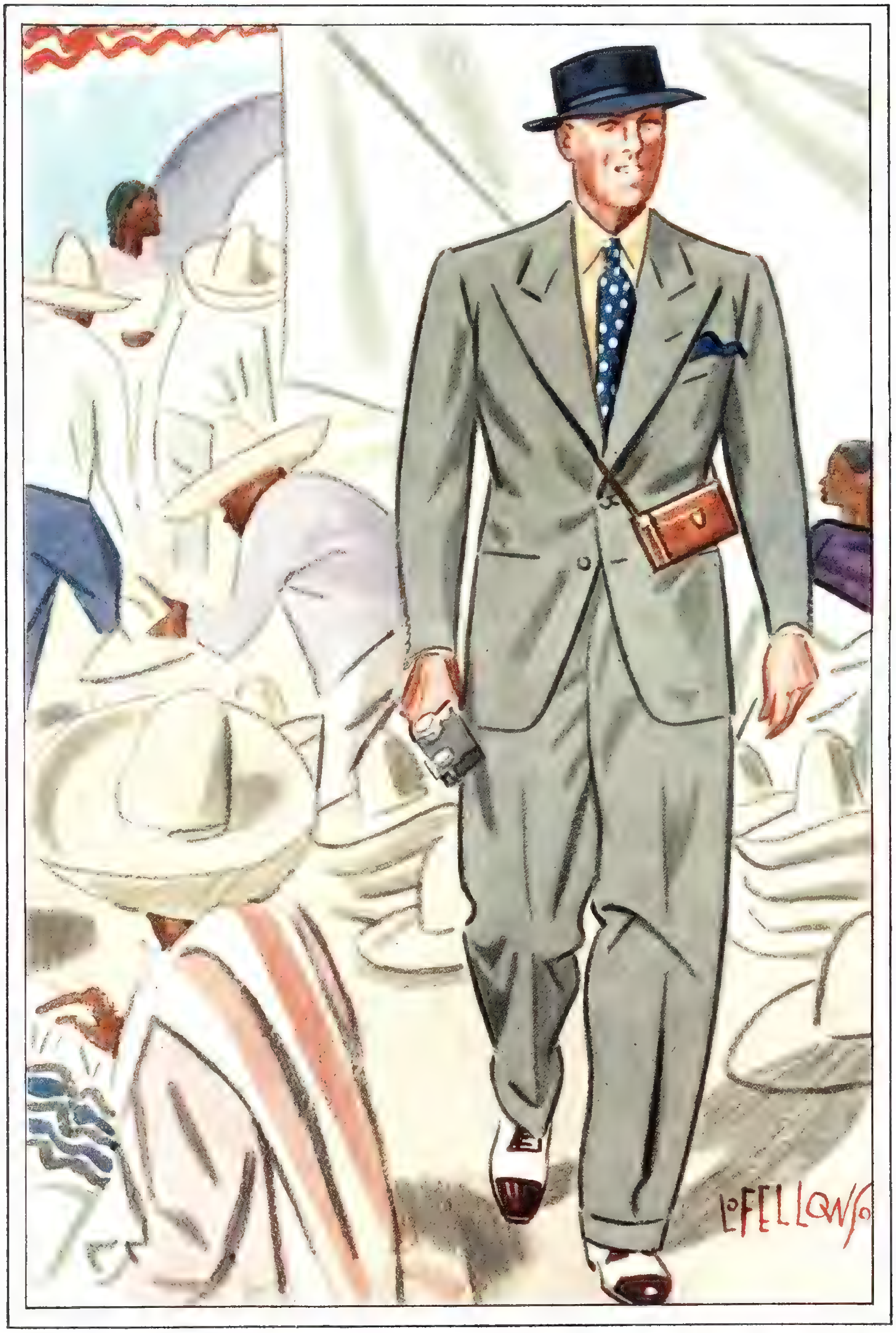

THE VISITING AMERICAN IN MEXICO CITY

The background says Mexico but the clothes themselves say, just as well, any tropical winter resort or port of call. The suit itself is a two-button single-breasted peaked lapel model, in plain grey flannel, featuring every detail of the new English suit that is supplanting the old English drape. This is the same suit that was pictured on page 160 and it is the odds-on favorite for fashionable acceptance this coming spring season. There is no drape in the chest of the coat, except for a slight natural break where the sleeve and chest meet. There is excessive fullness under the shoulder blades and arms. What it amounts to is simply a dislocation, to the rear, of the fullness that characterized the English drape. Note, also, that the trousers are cut quite full, and that there is a slight break on a line above the instep. The shirt has a slotted collar. The hat is a lightweight felt pork pie. The tie is blue foulard.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Playboy, Pro Tem

Continued from page 105

Maney, were not too much alarmed. The plot is boy-meets-girl (see below) and so are the songs; but the clowns are Jimmie Durante who finds himself at home, at last, after wandering over stage and screen, making the vast ring as intimate a stage as a night club ever was (and his night clubs were circuses) and A. Robin who is very small, and takes thousands of bananas out of his pockets and wears many costumes all at once and clucks a little, a perfect clown. The animals are on the principle of Noah's Ark, two by two, not in dozens, and when they take part in a wedding march they wear high hats or veils and the zebras have coats with stripes at right angles to their own. There are two acrobats who stop your heart by swinging head down, holding on by one toe each, from revolving trapezes; and Paul Whiteman leads the band, at the first entree, from the back of a white horse. (Sitting a little timidly in the saddle; the next great impresario after Billy Rose will have Whiteman standing up.)

Going to *Jumbo* is virtually automatic and if this department is intended as a guide to the perplexed, writing about *Jumbo* is sheer waste of time. It is going to be the first port of call for every visitor to New York, so I ought to let it go. But habit is strong. Being a polite little boy, I write a bread-and-butter letter for ice-cream-and-cake. Dear Mr. Rose, the reason I enjoyed your show is that it is beautiful and good-humored and apparently you are the first man to think of making a spectacle be either. Thanks, G. S.

I might have put into my list of news items the one about the critics who saw a George S. Kaufman comedy and the next night saw the funniest show in town. Their bewilderment was acute, especially as the second play, *Boy Meets Girl*, was the work of the Spewacks (Sam and Bella, a Hollywood team) known hitherto for tender melancholy. I don't know whether dark horses have any right to kick over the traces, but this one did. The Spewacks were disconsolate last year when their Ghetto *Spring Song* failed to move critics or public, so they went back to their work in the pictures and instead of growing grimmer and grimmer, went gay and, undaunted by the theory that plays about Hollywood must occur only once in a lifetime, wrote as mad and preposterous a farce as ever Hecht and MacArthur conceived in their prankiest moments, the ones which do not get themselves resolved into dialogue, stage-directions, and productions. I mention the boys again because, their contribution to *Jumbo* being negligible, *Boy Meets Girl*, which is generally taken to represent them on the stage, is their best work of the year. (Having recently observed several hundred Hollywood writers, I cannot, myself, see why two crazy writers must inevitably be taken to be Hecht and MacArthur.

The smart thing about *Boy Meets Girl* is that it kids the eternal movie theme from which it takes the title, and yet uses it. The Spewacks have double-track minds; they know it wouldn't do to have boy fail to meet and win girl even on the stage. Did I say boy? He enters as an extra, all dressed up in regimentals and a busby . . . but when he exits lovingly with the girl on his arm, he's virtually a duke, and English, not Russian. In the intervening time the two writers have driven a hero of horse-opera to the measles-ward of the local hospital, have adopted and made into America's favorite actor the slightly illegitimate child of a studio waitress, and fulfilled her greatest ambition, which is to go to high school, and have tortured a producer (the only college-bred man on the lot) almost to the verge of self-destruction. They have been insulting, ironic, and utterly lunatic, but their lunacy has only barely risen above the average, for the play has midgets throwing stones through windows and trombone players blaring and a telephone call to Paris (just to run up a bill for someone else) turned into an offer to buy the studio, cabled from London, and a scene in which a healthy man plays in a wheel chair, and a general maniac energy (credit to George Abbott, the soft-spoken director) which is immensely satisfying. I can't remember a single gag, but I remember the whole play and remember my pleasure in it—which is far better.

The play about which the Group Theatre got itself worked up is *Paradise Lost*, Clifford Odet's second full-length offering, concerning which the critics implied, if they did not actually say, that, it left Mr. Odets where he was before, to wit, so far ahead of the pack that the rest were nowhere. Odets made a far more spectacular entrance than O'Neill did twenty years ago; he came almost straight to Broadway, with a competent organization, good acting, brilliant direction, and a ready audience. Unlike O'Neill, he wasn't peculiar in his handling of his material; there was no need for a cult to grow up and to spread the good word. Actually Odets was less experimental than many other radical dramatists and in a way less propagandist than the proletarians. He was an answer to the conservative-liberal-noncommunist's cry for a dramatist who was Left but human. And now the damnedest thing has happened, because the trouble with the new play is obviously that it isn't propaganda enough and the people who always protested that propaganda spoiled a play now learn that lack of it can make a play pointless.

The Group Theatre, in its statement, blames the reviewers really

Continued on page 168

McGregor

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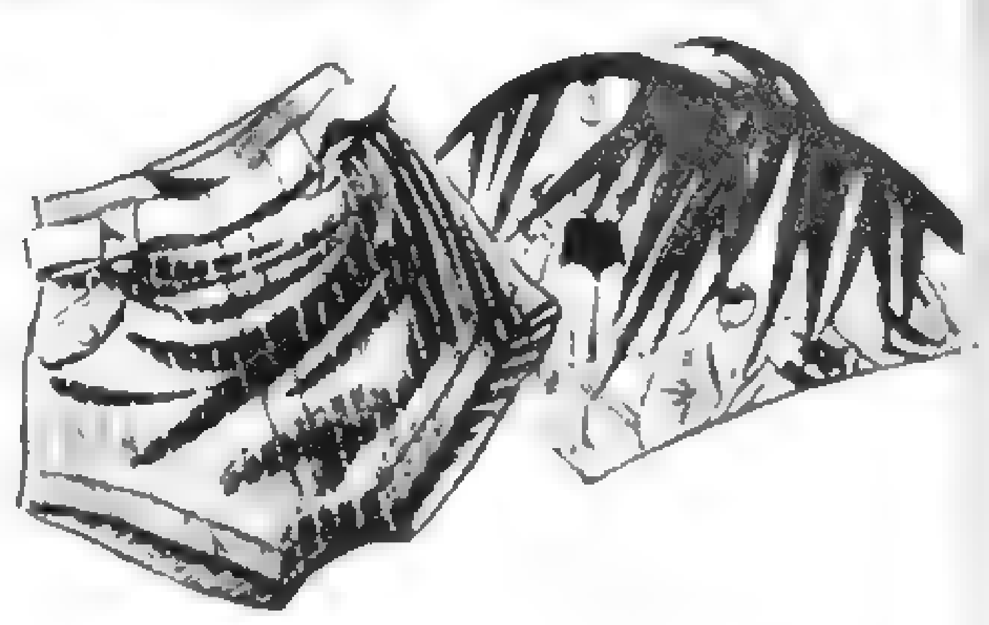

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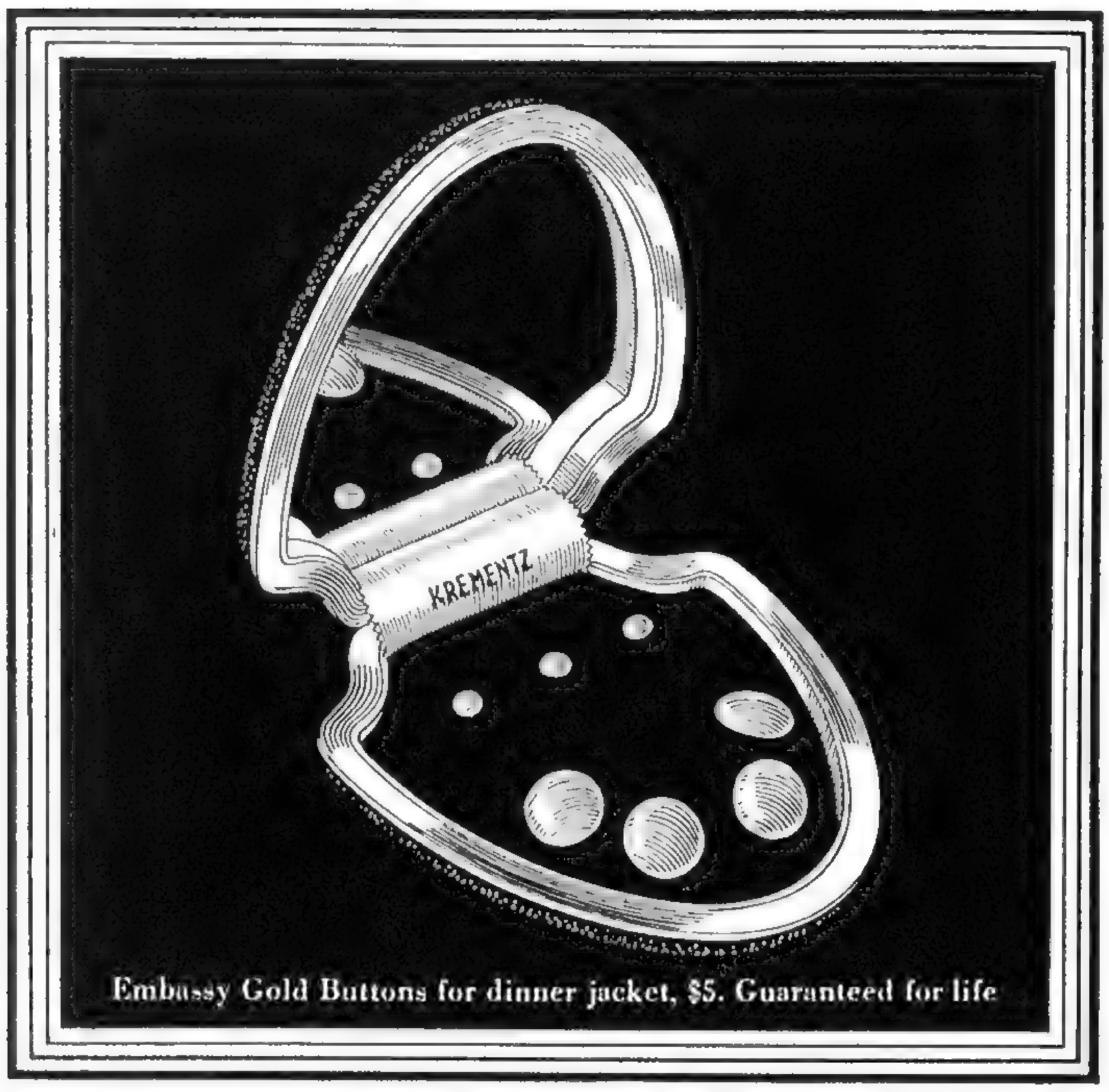
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Esquire's Playboy, Pro Tem

Continued from pages 105-167

for taking such a high level in discussing Odets, for taking him seriously and trying to be constructive. The Group says that the reviewers often recommend a play as "a swell evening's entertainment" when they know that the play isn't worth thinking about for ten consecutive minutes, but when a thoughtful and impassioned work comes along, they tear it to bits. It is a compliment but of course it doesn't sell tickets. (Compare Mr. Rice's idea that the commercial theatre is too intent on the box office.) The Group is right enough; the reviews of *First Lady* sent thousands clamoring to the ticket-window, and *First Lady* is a bit of fluff, totally unimportant; and what Odets stands for is important. But the reviewers are right, too; they never implied that *First Lady* had any element of greatness, and they had to tell the truth, that Odets' play is more interesting to think about than to see.

In the ordinary course of events, I would at this point stop and give an outline of the play, but it can't be done. I can tell you that an idealistic manufacturer lets his partner run the business side of their enterprise and finds himself, at the end, facing the partner's intention to hire a fire bug or arson expert in order to escape bankruptcy (he has filched the company's money besides). Or that all the serene and suffering members of the good man's family are wrecked and ruined. But these things do not convey the story, and certainly miss the atmosphere. You will probably see into the play much farther if I tell you that in the last scene the mirrors and paintings which were on the walls have disappeared, leaving ghastly squares on the wall-paper and the furniture is out on the street and people sit about on packing-cases. You will say, correctly, "Chekhov," and remind yourself that to the American dramatist who follows the great Russian, life is just a bowl of cherry-orchards. And you would be right, especially if you remembered that the same American dramatist thinks that Chekhov is fermented Philip Barry and that you can be tragic if you invert your whimsies. Odets falls into the trap too often in this play. He makes a point of having the big scenes end in nothing.

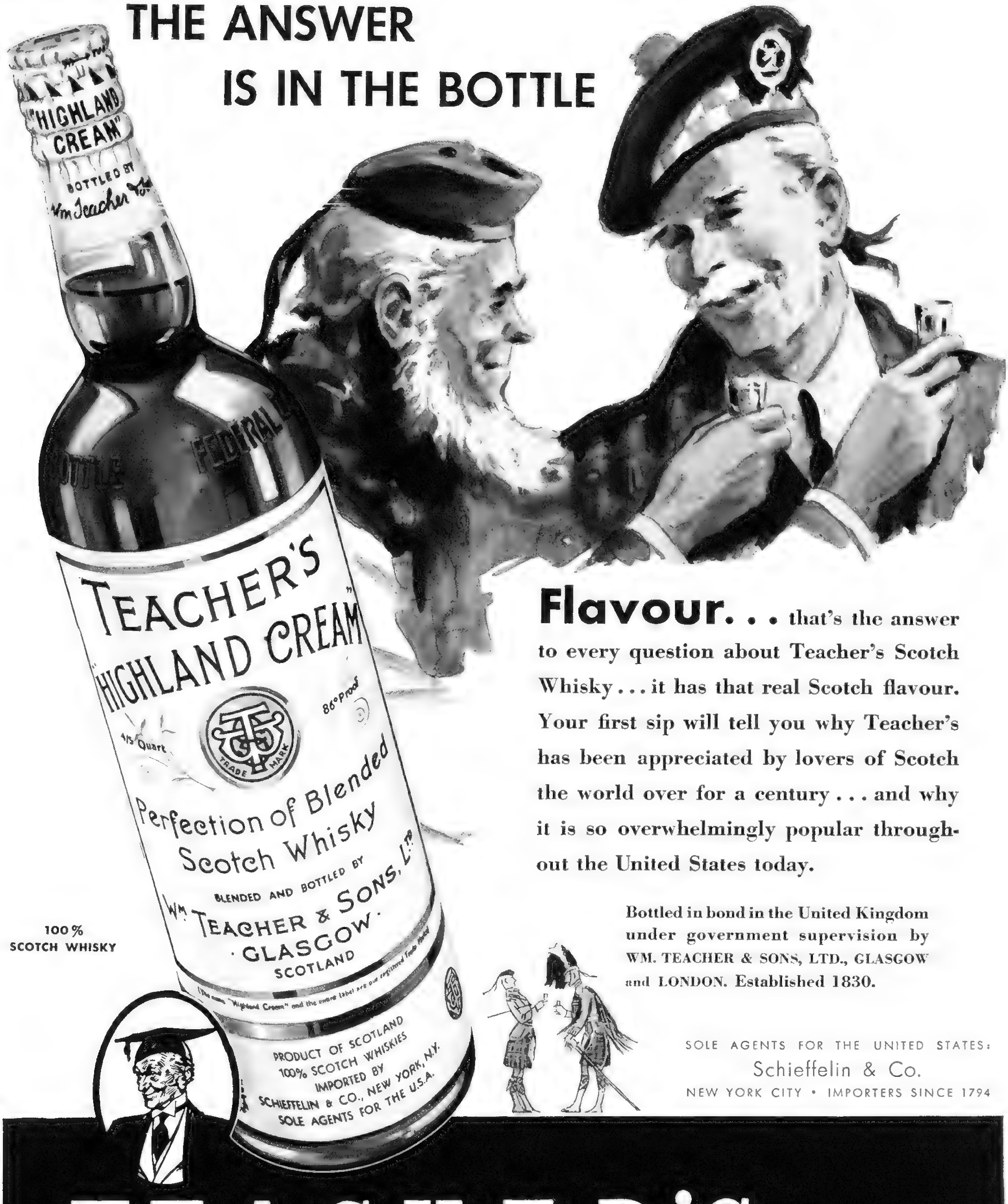
For instance, a young man out of a job has to leave his fiancee, to go to another city; after a moment of emotion, she tells him to be sure to wear his rubbers. That is literary bunk. A good young man learns that his pal, a sort of gangster, has both preceded and followed him in the embraces of his wife; there is a moment of bitterness and then the good boy and the bad pal go out together to do a holdup and the good one is killed. That is dramatic bunk, following a theory. The only time it works is when the discovery of the partner's dishonesty leads to the revelation that the partner, who has been moaning over the sterility of his wife, is forced to the awful truth, that he himself is impotent. It works there because the clash of life is in it.

These bits will suggest to you that Odets' stage is full of human beings. It is. I came in three minutes late and the scene was full of people, strangers to me, who instantly got such a hold on my attention that I could not bear to see them depart. But Odets shunted them off, he wouldn't let them develop a definite action; he wanted to give us ideas and atmosphere; the play sagged. It swept up again—Odets cannot help making his people live—and went down again. It ends on big organ tones of assertion; it is not defeatist. But the carry-through isn't there. If the play had been propaganda against idealism or for corruption, it would have been more effective. Idealistic the Group Theatre and Mr. Odets may be, but they aren't silly; they want their plays to be seen and take good care that the audience should understand what the plays are about; they do not play scenes in darkness or in Armenian. If their answer is that the meaning of Odets is too subtle to be more plainly expressed, I think they under-estimate their playwright. A year hence he will probably be able to do his job perfectly.

Perfection at the job is what George Kaufman has, but in his collaboration with Katharine Dayton he hadn't enough to work on, except the setting. The story is the old one about the two women trying to boss the town; it even has the wheeze about the feud starting when one stole the other's cook (compare several brighter tales by P. G. Wodehouse). The well-born and witty one intrigues against the upstart, the intrigue snaps back, our heroine is defeated, and snatches victory at the last moment by an unscrupulous use of material which has fallen into her hands. That's all. So the fun has to be in believing that Jane Cowl represents Alice Longworth—you could hardly help thinking so—and Lily Cahill someone else; and in the spectacle of a judge of the Supreme Court (invariably called *soop*-ream in the production) taking pepsin tablets, reading comics, and listening to a silly radio program, while the plot moves to make him president; and in a vastly-bosomed lady representing the Women's Peace, Purity, and Patriotism League of America. What keeps all this from being really negligible is a spray of genuine wit, Miss Dayton having proved herself in this line as Mr. Kaufman has, and a few dashes of acid about national stupidities which are really good.

The betting is now two to one that there'll be nothing to write about next month. ⌗

THE ANSWER IS IN THE BOTTLE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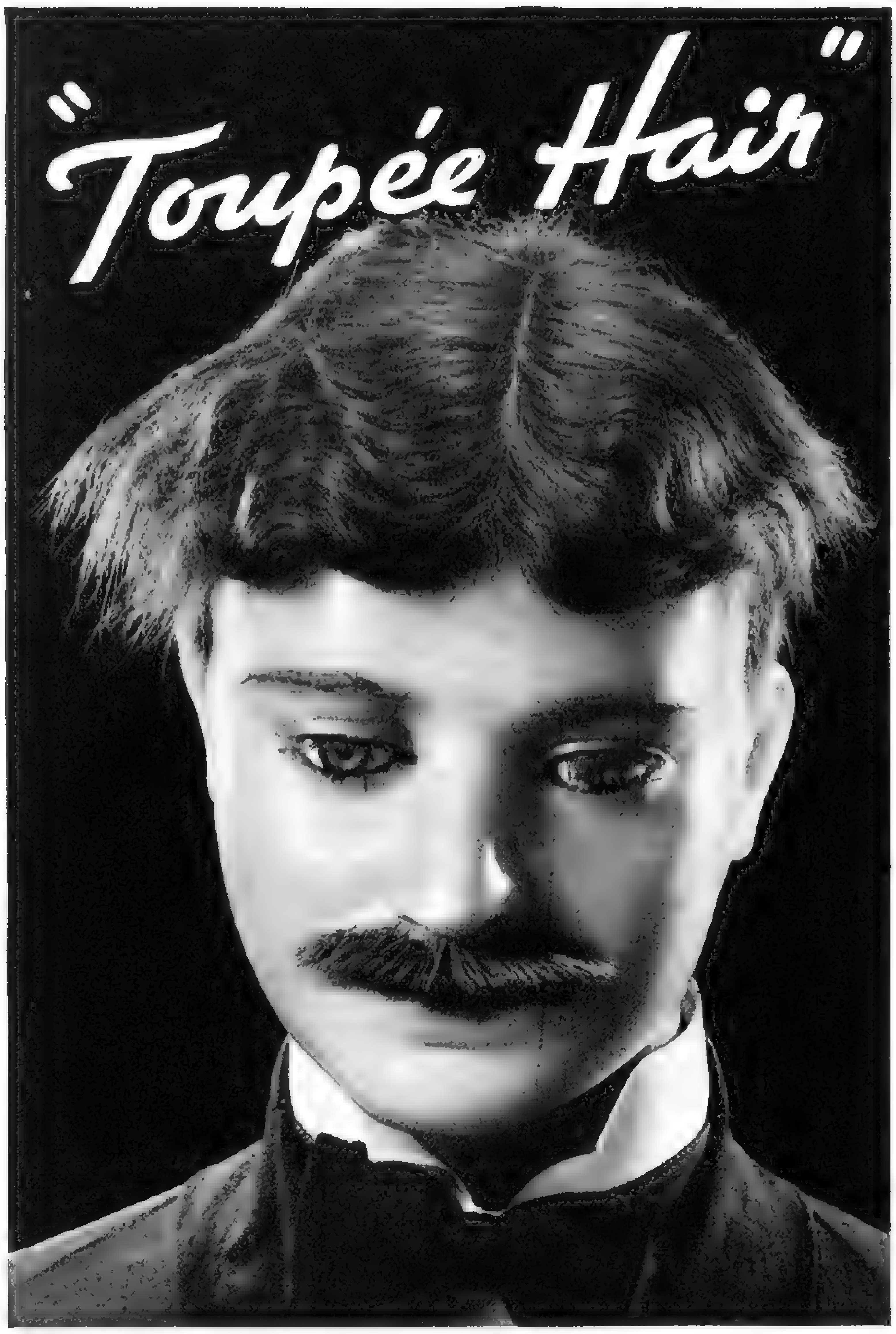

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 99

is entirely left out of the American film. If you remember your Dostoevsky, it is this second, and purposeless murder which tortures the mind of the student Raskolnikov. He can rationalize the killing of the spidery old pawnbroker, but it is his unpremeditated butchering of the mild, innocent sister, necessary when she happens upon the scene of his crime, that confuses his theories of crime and punishment.

This brings up the entire question of faithfulness to source. Reinhardt did Shakespeare a disservice by sticking to the letter of *Midsummer Night's Dream.* But you can take a job of filming a novel two ways: (1) Translation into the film medium. (2) Adaptation of a film from the novel.

The French version gives a faithful impression not only of the background of time and place, and of Dostoevsky's characters, but of the frenzied tone of Dostoevsky's novel. In the case of work so universally known, this seems to me to be the aesthetically justifiable method. In the recent rash of Dickens films, for instance, the quaint tone that pervades all of Dickens' writings was sought for. Parenthetically, the Christmas release of *Scrooge,* with a miraculous performance in the name role, achieved this tone.

But from the way Von Sternberg went at it, his name might have been plain Joe Stern again. And I would trust a Joe Stern before a Joseph Von Sternberg.

The story, in brutal simplicity, is of a brilliant student of crime who, on graduating from the university, finds himself broke. His sister is about to marry for money. "Money! Money! Money!" his needs scream on every side. So he murders and robs a pawnbroker. The rest is a man-hunt.

Granted that Joe Stern's picture is addressed to the sub-literary mass audience which might have an idea of Dickens, but would be unlikely to have an idea of Dostoevsky, he has an aesthetic right to adapt rather than translate *Crime and Punishment.* He starts out by saying "this might happen any time, anywhere." He presents his characters in present-day business suits instead of in the frock coats and high hats worn by Russian students of the period of the novel. By showing a Russian newspaper in one scene, and by other minor touches, he conveys the idea that this has a Russian background, but the emphasis on time and place is skillfully reduced.

So far, so good.

The early scenes are given to building up the motive. Raskolnikov is seen graduating, going forth with high hopes and ideals. Then poverty is developed. Joe Stern is even so daring as to present a chubby actor in the role of the hungry student; and Peter Lorre more or less gets away with this stunt. The landlady screams for money, the actor pounds the table and cries for money! money! money! and this idea is established much more elementally than in the French film, where a rickety bed in a barren garret conveys poverty.

For the sake of simplicity, then, Joe Stern omits the murder of the innocent sister. No philosophic complications, no atmospheric hair-splitting. This is a story of a man who needs money, kills someone to get it, and is finally caught by the cops.

Well, all right. But, so is *Show Them No Mercy,* so is *Mary Burns, Fugitive,* to cite some of the more excellent treatments of the recent versions of this most prolifically treated of themes. Joe Stern has simplified himself right down to the class of the Hollywood crime story. The only thing that distinguishes his film is the fact that the criminal is an intellectual instead of a mug.

Dostoevsky's novel is so rich that it would, of course, be impossible to simplify all value out of the story. The outline itself, as I remarked last month, is the perfect cops-and-robber scenario, and the chunks of actions that Joe Stern has retained out of this outline serve nobly. But with the over-simplification of the psychological factors, the film tosses away its chances at distinction.

In acting, Peter Lorre runs a fancy second to Pierre Blanchar of the French version. To begin with, Blanchar has all the advantages of appearance. He simply is Raskolnikov, on sight. Lorre gives a thought-out interpretation. To counteract his bulkiness, he introduces sudden, swoopy movements. Instead of suggesting collegiate age, they suggest boogy-man antics. As his is the only characterization allowed to retain any subtlety by the scenario, he has no one to play against, and his scenes with Edward Arnold are a confused series of rushes, during which the men seem to be trying to outshout each other. Arnold plays the detective straight. In the French version, Harry Bauer's detective is a wily, tantalizing old fox, and the cat-and-mouse scenes between Bauer and Blanchar are beautifully modulated.

One player, in the American version, seems worthy of the story. Tala Birell, as the sister.

My preference is, naturally, the French film. But granting every premise of simplification that Joe Stern took, and looking at the result in the light of what he tried to do, his *Crime and Punishment* is a healthier and more successful film than the products of his atmospheric era.

It does not, however, top such entirely indigenous portraits as *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang, Little Caesar,* and *Public Enemy* which dealt with the same theme. *The Informer* is a better picture, with the same in-

Continued on page 172

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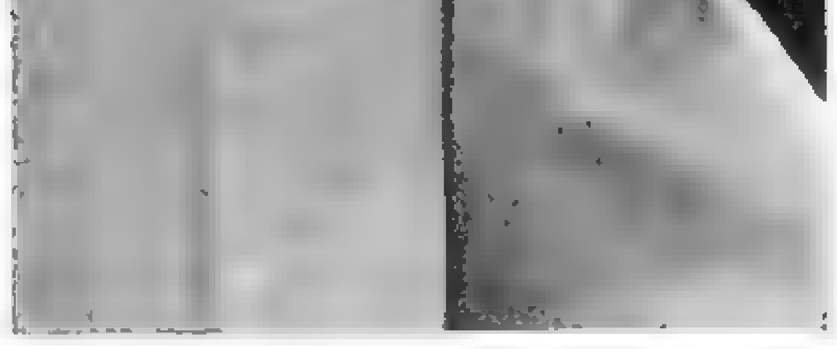

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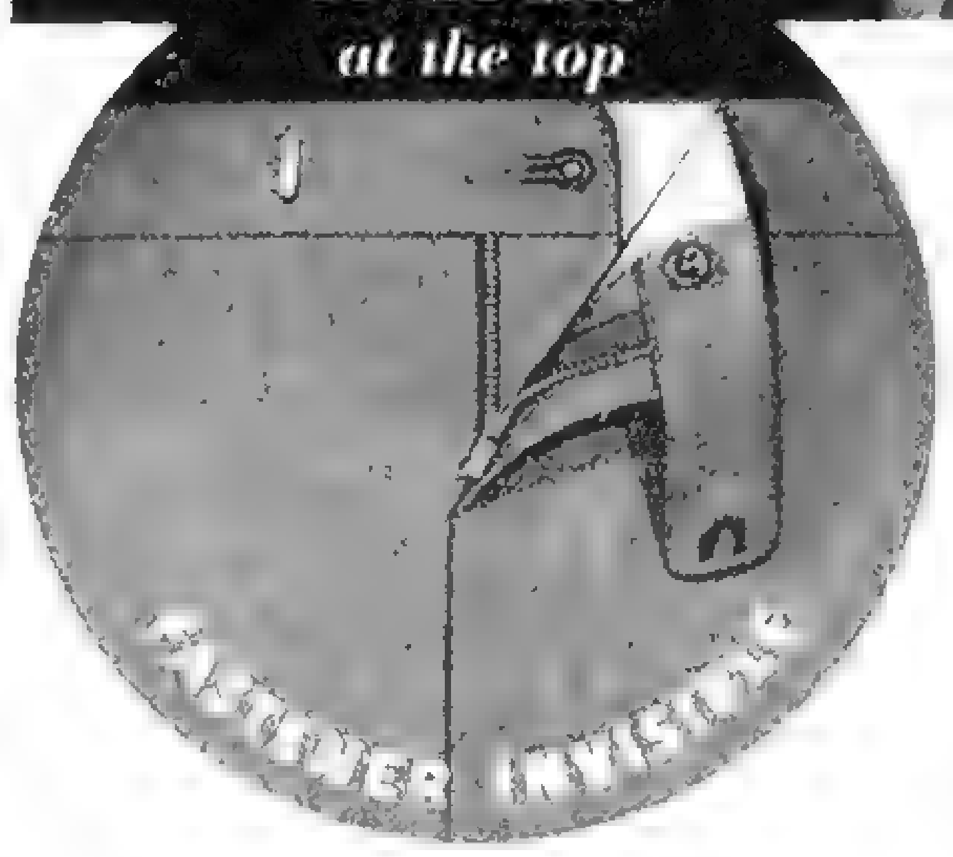

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 99-170

struments of suspense.

In spite of its pretentious presentation, the film is only an even bet against *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, for, while frankly a mere Hollywood picture, the latter contains some really valuable innovations in the cinema interpretation of the American scene. A new interpretation of a gangster, after all these years, is something that had been conceded as well-nigh impossible. Yet along comes a pleasant and handsome youth, Alan Baxter, who presents a sick-souled, small-voiced, love-mad Dillinger so convincingly that, after three weeks, his small tight voice is still drilling into my ears. The picture is deliberately underplayed, and derives an excruciating suspense through contrast with the usual machine gun gang and G-man epic. The scenes in the model jail for women, distinctly suggestive of New York's Eighth Street emporium, manage to bear down upon the spectator with the same smooth oppression with which such an institution smothers the spirits of its inmates. And for the light American touch there is a swell bit in the hospital, where Mary Burns and her blindfolded suitor hold a discussion as to the comparative character merit of Popeye and Wimpy. That's my notion of what movie characters ought to talk about.

Show Them No Mercy, another crime study, was once entitled *Snatched* and is a sheer study in suspense. If the kidnapping theme is going to be opened, I suggest that Joe Stern go back to an American tragedy that combines the intellectual fascination of *Crime and Punishment* with the detective fury of *Show Them No Mercy*. The theme is in the Loeb-Leopold case.

LACK OF DIRECTION

After all the hullabaloo about director Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the main trouble with the picture is lack of direction. The actors are turned loose, and a dizzier assortment of players never existed except in Shakespeare's imagination when he wrote that supreme satire on actors, *Pyramus and Thisbe*. There may be a paradoxical source of amusement in the fact that the clowns who play *Pyramus and Thisbe* in *Midsummer Night's Dream* offer the only unified approach to performance, while the grand actors are a disjointed bunch of amateurs. Dick Powell attacks the role of Lysander with the very fury which Shakespeare satirized in Bottom's eagerness to play every role in *Pyramus and Thisbe*. "I will roar you a Lysander! I will croon you a Lysander! Just let me undertake Lysander, and I will swashbuckle you, mug you, slang you, and slam you such a Lysander as never roamed the woods!" he says in every grimace and gesture. Ross Alexander skips through his Demetrius with the self-conscious ness of Flute, the Bellows-mender The rest of the cast attack their parts with fearful respect, and try to wring every ounce of meaning, triple-distilled, from the words of the Bard. They are out to prove that cinema actors can act Shakespeare, or break their necks trying. The girls adopt the traditional dramatic-school enunciation, so that Hermia and Helena, playing opposite the slangy Lysander and Demetrius achieve the incongruity sometimes encountered in a lax stage rehearsal, when a couple of actors are working and the others are just walking through. James Cagney is another soul who takes his Shakespeare to heart, and performs with trembling respect. Cagney is of course the most talented player in the cast, but all through the production he seems to be groping about, trying his hardest to find the right method, and begging for a little direction. His super-respect for Shakespeare leads him to claw at the meagre meaning of his lines, in search of philosophy. The shaking spells during his transformations from man to ass and ass to man, are the very illustration of over-acting.

To top these, there is the lack of performance of pretty Anita Louise. While some of the cast chose the traditional Shakespearean diction, in which every syllable is separately mouthed, and while others chose the modern racy diction, Anita Louise evolved a skillful mumble in which not one word was intelligible. Maybe it was her idea that mortals can't understand fairy-talk anyway.

Whether too much or too little direction ruined Mickey Rooney I don't know. When I saw him as Puck in the stage version, a year ago, he was absolutely perfect. Gay, swift, and natural. In the motion picture version he is acting painfully hard. The silly laugh has become a jarring affectation, the wink an excruciatingly ugly grimace. He, too, forces meaning into every word. He elocutes. Maybe the kid played the part so much, and got so much praise, that he began to get studious about the thing, and came to ruin. Good direction could have stopped this. Even good cutting could have helped it tremendously.

The film as a whole could be made much more acceptable by cutting. There are truly lovely places, and there is enough good stuff to make an unbroken photoplay, instead of an agglomeration of stunt scenes.

One more thought. This production was supposed to be a screen test for Shakespeare. It strikes me as an odd way to try out a writer. Saddle his story with a million and a half dollars and two and a half hours of production. If he can make good on that, he might be used again sometime. ♯

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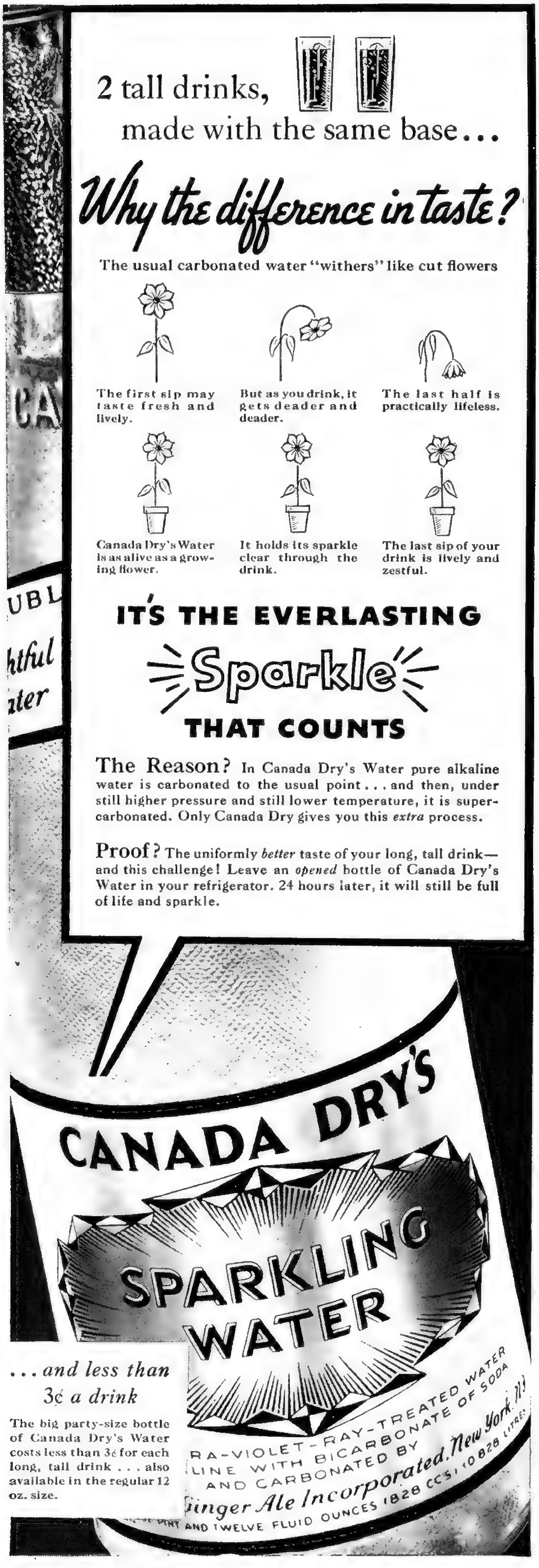
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The last half is practically lifeless.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 97

Rudolph Valentine is dead. I thought I should apply for his job." That, I think, is beautiful. That Stephens should have just heard that "Valentine" is dead and that Stephens, with his pan, should apply for Valentino's job. But take that joke the way Stephens meant it to be taken. Stephens knows what he looks like and he knows Valentino has been dead a long time. The subtleties of Stephens' mind should be the despair of gag-men. They won't be, though.

At the Werfel party, too, was T. S. Stribling. He is tall, gaunt, pale and diffident. He did not look as though he had any idea he had written a novel that will rank with Voltaire's *Candide* and Anatole France's *Penguin Island.* The novel is called *The Sound Wagon.* It is a book about you, and you, and you. When I read it I had the uncomfortable feeling that the book was almost entirely about me. I saw myself as the racketeer, the shyster lawyer, the tin-pot politician, as all the unsavory characters in the novel. Stribling knows our secret impulses.

After he had written the foregoing your correspondent toppled from his chair in sheer exhaustion and despair at having lifted, read, contemplated and sought words to describe so many new books, so many of which it is a great labor of the brain to find an adjective for that the post office would allow through the mails. It took him two days to revive. Now and again your professional reviewer suffers from a species of Quixotism something like that in the gag about the concert violinist. You remember the fiddler was sawing away during the rehearsal of a concerto but making such terrible faces that Stokowski (or supply the name of any orchestra leader) laid down his baton, stopped his gang and asked the cat-gut destroyer what in the name of Brahms was the matter. The great violinist replied, "I hate music." There comes a time or so in the life of every book critic when he feels like saying, "I hate books." Some reviewers give me the impression that hatred of books is a chronic state with them. Reviewers of this sort are never any good at their function.

They are rather like the Misses Helen McCarthy and Margaret I-forget-her-name in *The Nation* recently who tried to lift themselves by their garter snaps with a series of articles denouncing with an ingenious mendacity all New York book reviews and book reviewers whatever who had said a word in favor of any book published within the last ten years and who, conversely, had neglected to bawl their lungs out about Andre Gide's novel in praise of homosexuality, *The Counterfeiters.* It is all right for the two girls to think Gide is hot stuff. I myself think Gide dishes up well-garnished, somewhat odoriferous and highly indigestible tripe.

That opinion seems to prevail rather generally among the book buying public, of which a book reviewer is not a member because he gets his books free and so has to that extent an impartial attitude in his recommendations. Percy Hammond used to have among his correspondents in Chicago a destructive play critic, and when I say destructive play critic I mean a really destructive play critic. Producers are always saying that the criticism of men like Hammond and George Jean Nathan is destructive and not constructive. This correspondent of Hammonds' was an ardent playgoer but, unlike dramatic critics, he had to pay for his seats. He always took a large, well-sharpened jack-knife with him when he went to the theater. When he didn't like a play he didn't write a review about it; he carved up the upholstery of his seat. The repair bills in the Chicago theaters grew to be so enormous that maybe that is the reason theater owners there gave up the legitimate drama almost altogether and turned most of their theaters into cinema palaces.

I should hate to see that fellow get going on the book business. He might accidentally buy a copy of *The Counterfeiters* and carve up Alfred Knopf. At first blush that seems to me like a desirable eventuality; but on second thought I should like to see Knopf remain uncarved because he has the habit of publishing some awfully good books.

I have just read one, *Zaharoff: The Armaments King* ($2.75) by Robert Neumann, translated by R. T. Clark. This book like *The Quest of Corvo* is a fascinating piece of biographical detective work. Neumann has spent about eight years going through old police records, official files, interviewing friends and foes of the mystery-man of Europe and after all this research Zaharoff, whose origins cannot be absolutely established and who may or may not be still living, becomes in Neumann's biography largely a symbol of European trade, politics and intrigue. Zaharoff became reputedly the wealthiest man in Europe by exciting hostilities and preparedness among nations in order to sell them arms and munitions, submarines and battleships.

But he could not have done this if conditions were not ripe for his doing this, if nations were not venal, statesmen cupidinous, politicians corrupt, and financiers pulling the strings. Neumann was unable to establish many facts about the personal history of his subject but his investigations put him in possession of vastly incriminating evidence about the war for oil, the criminal greed of individuals, combines and corporations, the pathetic tragedy of European economics. He has spread the

Continued at top of page 176

COMING ATTRACTION

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 97-174

record out intriguingly.

Among the new books that are to varying degrees worth your attention are *The Asiatics* (Harper $2.50) by Frederick Prokosch, a stirring romantic novel of adventure in the Orient which gives one the feeling of authentic experience, fantastic and thrilling as much of it is; *Discovery* (Putnams, $3.75) by Admiral Byrd—I cannot figure out what purpose was served in much of this exploration but the parts of this book which were written by C. J. V. Murphy and signed with his initials are extremely entertaining, particularly the humorous accounts of the lunacies that developed among the Admiral's crew during the long winter night; *There's Always Tomorrow* (Farrar & Rinehart $3.50), by Margaret Harrison, the autobiography of an energetic Baltimore debutante who left the frivolous life for adventure as a foreign correspondent, became a spy during the war and gave evidence which resulted in the conviction of Robert Minor and now repents of that, went to Russia and got imprisoned there, went with Merian Cooper on the famous expedition in which *Grass* was filmed and in general has had an exciting time. *Fish On The Steeple* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) by Ed Bell, a first novel by a young Tennessee hilly-billy who has an excellent command of southern idiom and conspicuous talent in telling a story and portraying character; *War And The Private Investor* (Doubleday, Doran $4.50), by Eugene Staley, a scholarly, well-documented and yet entertaining presentation of just what any investment you make plays in international politics and war; *Archy Does His Part* (Doubleday, Doran $2) by Don Marquis—Archy the Cockroach comments upon domestic and world affairs in about the wisest and most amusing stuff since Mr. Dooley; and *So Red The Nose* (Farrar & Rinehart $1) by Sterling North and Carl Kroch, with superb caricatures by Roy Nelson. You may not want to drink any of these cocktails for which recipes are supplied by thirty eminent American authors but the caricatures and the comments are good fun. ⁂

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

VIRTUE'S GUARDIAN, ESKY

I enjoyed the *Autobiography of a Two Year Old*, in your last issue, very much and gloated over the fact that all of the information it contained was familiar to me for I am one of the fortunates who have a copy of each issue including the original "Quarterly."

Being a woman and a snoopy individual at heart, I couldn't let a magazine that promised to be such a sensation, appear without finding out what it was all about, even though it *was* listed as a magazine for men.

Your magazine serves many purposes in my bachelorette life. It is a decorative addition to my apartment and keeps me up on the latest of the best in style, clever quips, and colorful cartoons. Tells me what books I should read, what plays I shouldn't miss, and where to go, for what, when, and why. It has taught me the art of mixing drinks that men and myself enjoy and has coached me on the type of food that appeals most to masculine mastication.

I find that the sight of my large stack of ESQUIRES puts any male guest completely at ease. They make a wild dash at the forbidding pile, grab two or three samples, and settle down on the davenport with a satisfied sigh.

There is perhaps a hint of conspiracy in my prominent display of copies, for I have found they are the one thing that will keep a man's mind, and hands, occupied while I dash into the dressing room to change for our dinner date. Chaperons are out of date and my beeg brother lives miles away, so I employ "Esky" as my ever-present and most efficient body-guard. To him, and to you, I say "Thanks and Merry Christmas."

Los Angeles, Cal. ALICE STUART

P. S. Tell Petty I consider him an immoral agitator. His drawings make Esky's work very difficult.

ESQ IN WEBSTER

By all the immortal shades of Ponce de Leon this fountain of youth Evans' *Extract Of or-On Gonads* was a typical piece of free-lancing. It should enrich a few monkey grafters if not literature or homo saps. Have mucked through an increasing number of erotic blurbs in the past year of ESQUIRE and try to permit old Matthew Arnold to supply the answer.

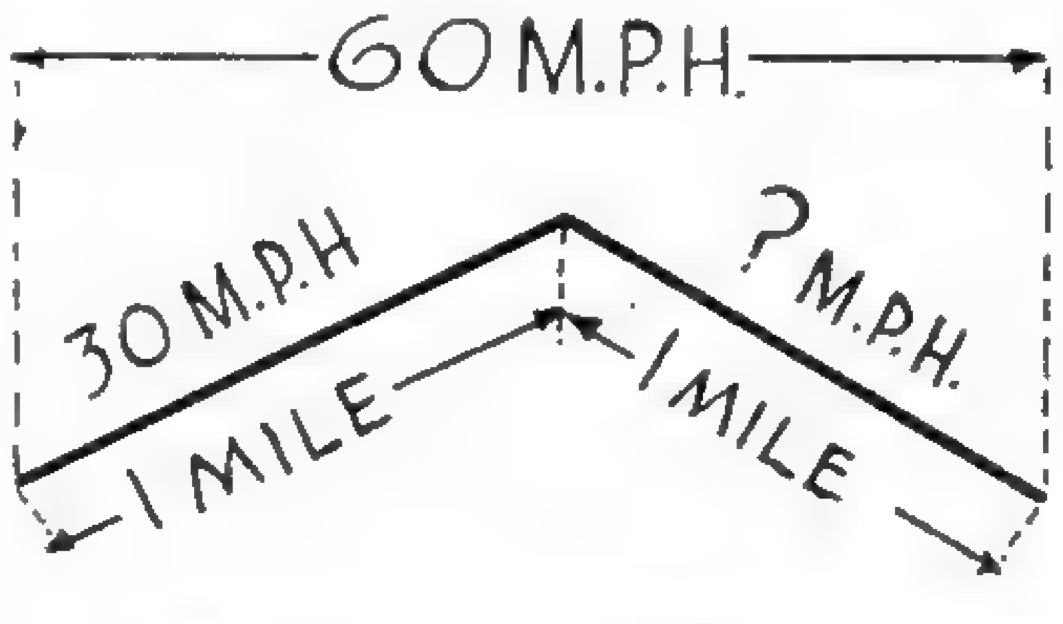
Quote: "It is the established custom with us in England if we write to people *supposed* to belong to the class of gentlemen of addressing them by the title of ESQUIRE, while we keep Mr. for people not supposed to belong to that class." Webster adds a delicate touch—"In the United States the title is given especially to lawyers and justices of the peace."

A few of us could do with a few less dastards, bastards and plaintards but pay no attention—we are not ESQUIRES.

Happy New Year,
Norwalk, Ohio DR. N. B. FURLONG

NOPE, NO CAN DO

After figuring how far a worm would go through a line of books and what horse power he'd use; puzzling who the hell had the red hat on among the three "king's yes men"—and now trying to keep up with some slide rule fiend who's got it all figured out how many foot pounds it would take to bash my fool brains out (who cares) I submit the following:



It seems there's a driving course (for autos not golfers) 2 miles long. A car driven at 30 miles per hour covers ½ of it. The story is—how fast must he go down the other side (one mile) in order to average 60 miles per hour over the whole course.

I know, do you?

Sincerely,
Boston, Mass. STANLEY FOSTER

AGAINST WAR & FASHION

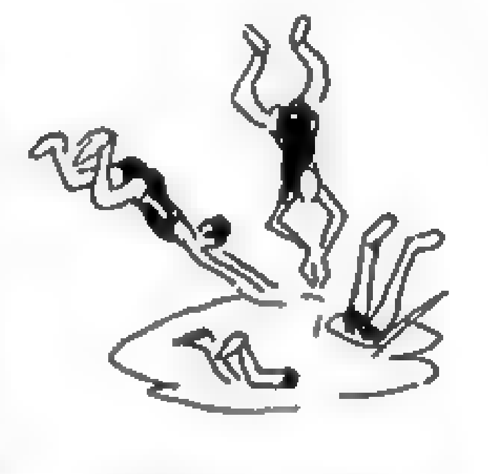
In response to your editorial in the November issue, please permit me to commend you in your persistence on the subject of impending war. It is the only method by which we can be brought to the realization that America must not be dragged into another conflict. And ESQUIRE is the logical one because wars are still being fought by men.

Now to become a little less serious may I suggest that you omitted some one in your late lamented "Enemies of Man" series. None other than Mr. L. Fellows. I shudder when I look at some of those appalling monstrosities which he tries to foist on his readers. If I undertook to wear some of the clothes he suggests I believe I would be laughed off the streets. As for that ulster on page 148 (November). Phew. It's positively outlandish. And that poor chap who is wearing it. He didn't get a stand up. She was there but luckily she saw him first and dashed out of sight. Quite sensibly too, she would rather miss seeing the game than be seen with him. You see, I was there and saw the whole thing.

Very truly yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. CHARLES DALVEN

UNWRITTEN HISTORY—I

I wonder how many ex-Navy men read *Navy Blue & Gold* in the December issue of "Eskie"; wondered who Hanson W. Baldwin was—but thanked God for him—and then having nothing better to do slipped off into browsing retrospect of instances mentioned by H. W. B., and some which were not—all being very good Navy history.



I for one, being here with an injured leg which I drew as my lot from an automobile accident—and which feels like a cross between a toothache and a Shanghai hangover—did.

As the leaven of Mr. Baldwin's article captured my fancy, I saw myself once again riding the bridge of the old *Tuscarora*. There was a craft, my lads, which has passed more lighthouses than your puddle jumpers have telephone poles, and I can still wring the salt water out of my socks as I think of it.

But wait! As I glance back at "Eskie," on page 126 I see Baldwin refers to my old ship as having seventeen decks and a glass bottom. That can't be! The *Tuscarora* had a straw bottom. I distinctly recall the morning I sent my "spick" below to milk the sea cows (eh yes, we always carried sea cows in the hold to supply fresh cream for the Captain's cereal). The "spick" excitedly reported back to me that the sea cows had entirely eaten the straw bottom out of old "Tusky," and apparently fled to natal pastures. There being nothing else to do about it we declared that henceforth that portion of our ship would be used as the natatorium (swimming pool to you); which was the case.

The "Tusky," however, is only one of the many famous ships in the Navy. As Baldwin abridges the ribald verse of *Zamboango*—and I shall do the same—I recall another verse dedicated to another famous galleon which I believe is still in commission.

Oh we're sailing back to "Frisco"
on the Chaumont,
Oh we're sailing back to "Frisco"
on the Chaumont,
They feed us beans and pickles and
the ship store takes our nickels,
Oh we're sailing back to "Frisco"
on the Chaumont.

The *Chaumont*, like "Dewey's" *Olympia*, became famous in Manila Bay—only, of course, under different circumstances. We had boarded her a week before at Taku Bar along the North China Coast, after an eighteen months tour of duty in Tientsin. She had just acquired a new "Skipper," who earnestly and dyspeptically held apoplectic dislike for all Marines.

Now I know from personal experience (I'm an ex-Marine) that "Leathernecks" are nothing but a hoard of scurvy bald bilge rats, created by satan to cause misery in the lives of good seamen, (or so it is generally believed). But in spite of this, the thousand or more Marines and Sailors with whom I've associated, both on liberty and duty seemed to blend as harmoniously as good Scotch and soda. Our new Skipper was an exception to this finding of course. He simply hated Marines and here he was with a whole boat load of them on his hands. Needless to say, we soon discovered our trip to Manila was not going to be a pleasure cruise.

We were no sooner under way when posts and guard mount were established. This being regular routine we thought nothing of it. But orders continued to come through sending bunches of men all over the ship with pails and soap solution to wash paint work. Other gangs were turned to holystoning decks, the Skipper even had Marines in the riggin' washing spars and line and not to mention a gang that was swung over the side in bo's'n saddles to wash hulk.

No don't get me wrong—this work is usually reserved for port—who ever heard of washing paint work aloft and over the side while underway? Furthermore, there was another gang detailed to remove hot fire brick from boilers just shut down and replace with new. In spite of all this—it would have been good clean healthy sport to the Marines were it not for the fact that many of us had all night watches to stand, orderly duty, clerical duty and if you've ever traveled transportwise under full equipment you'll know it requires a good deal of your time keeping that equipment presentable. But enough belly-achin' and on with the story.

A diligent bo's'n swung a can of white paint to the unfortunates over the side and ordered a lad who swung pendulumwise under the bow to whiten the lettering: U. S. S. CHAUMONT. It was this little act which made the *Chaumont* famous, as we shall see.

It was a beautiful Saturday morning that we steamed into the warm tropical waters of Manila Bay. Everything seemed rosy from our position on deck. The old tub fairly glistened and glowed as she proudly slipped past her big brothers—Men-O-War. The fleet was in under Admiral Whoziz; a much loved old Navy character—and in spite of ourselves we couldn't help feeling just a little proud.

The air seemed to rustle with informal off-hand greetings shouted from other ships and reaching us in faint crys of, "H'ya Mate! Fish! The Banana Boat's in again, Mom!" etc. We answered these greetings with waves and shouted remarks just as complimentary.

Then suddenly a shocking silence mantled the entire harbor. Other ship's crews just stared at us, but no one continued the bantering. Among ourselves we honestly felt that our reception committee had gone nuts.

We were eventually tied up to the pier. This being done the Skipper had himself piped over the side into his gig and was off to visit the Flagship and pay his respects to the Admiral.

Now this is the story as I got it from the Admiral's orderly:

The Skipper was piped aboard the Flagship and escorted to the Admiral's quarters. The Admiral greeted him in the highest good humor:

"Well, good morning Captain. Glad to see you again!"

"Good morning, Sir. It's a real pleasure to rub sides with the Fleet and to see you again, Sir," with many kowtows.

"Good sailing down from China, I hope, Captain."

"Quite as good as I expected, Sir; with my ship over-run with half the blasted Marine Corps."

"Oh now surely it wasn't as bad as that, Captain," the Admiral laughed.

Here I am sure the Captain felt was the opportune moment to speak a word in his own defense against any malicious gossip the Admiral might hear later on:

"Perhaps not," with a shrug of fat shoulders, and added, "but if I hadn't kept all hands busy 'til they squealed, with a resultant benefit to their morale and my ship and a credit to Navy discipline, it might have been."

The Admiral leaned back in his swivel chair and gazed through a port that opened toward the line of piers. His good humor seemed to have vanished.

"I see," he said simply, "You must have made it pretty tough to drive a man to such ingenuity."

"I don't understand! Surely you've had no complaints," the Skipper sputtered, shading to an ash green.

"Only one," the Admiral replied, "Take a look at it yourself, since the whole China Sea and the City of Manila has undoubtedly read it by this time."

The Captain swung to the open port and there not two hundred yards away, glistening like a highly polished old sea cow, stood his own ship.

Glaring back at him from the bow, in huge white lettering was this:

```
U  S  S   C  H  A  U  M  O  N  T
   H  U   H  E  L  S  A  N  A  R
   A  F   R  L  L     R     V  A
   L  F   I  P        I     A  N
   L  E   S           N     L  S
      R   T           E        P
                      S        O
                               R
                               T
                               S
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If you want to furnish "Esky-ites" with more unwritten Navy history let me know.

Best of luck,
C. E. Rittenhouse
Philadelphia, Pa.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY—II

It was a pleasure indeed to read Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin's Navy story in the December Esquire. Judging by the publicity of recent years I had feared that the Service had truly fallen upon evil days. Such has been the propaganda that one is led to the opinion that the Navy Department has been establishing prep schools, first at night and then in operation both day and night—probably with the aid of the YMCA. Such have been the propaganda releases from the Department that I gained the impression that every young man who was accepted by the recruiting office must of necessity have arrived with at least a certificate of good conduct and character signed by one of his local clergymen. The Navy, I feared, had become a place where mothers sent their male offspring to "keep them out of trouble." In short, it was no place I'd pick out for a son of mine.

However, it is apparent that the old traditions still hang on and that the publicity has been just what publicity usually is—hooey. I am glad, for Mr. Baldwin's article brought back a lot of treasured memories of my own cruise in the outfit—most of which I spent in the destroyer force.

If you'll pardon me, the yarn leaves a few things to be desired (as any such article must) and perhaps I can fill in a spot or two. First of course, there's the one about how some ship or other of the American Mediterranean fleet greeted the British squadron that steamed into the Bosphorous. As most everyone knows, signal flags and pennants have named such as A–Apple, B–Boy, etc., down to Zed for Z. At this particular time N, the checkerboard flag now known as "Negative," was called "Nan." It is said that someone in the bridge gang ran up a flag hoist of "Watch King George Jig Nan" and so precipitated a riot that night on the Galatea.

Then there's the one about the man (on the *Arizona*, I believe) who came back from Buckaroo at Guantanamo Bay with sufficient rum that he fell over the side just as the anchor was coming up. Not wanting to report him for the offense of being drunk on duty, the Chief Bo's'n's mate put him down for leaving the ship without permission.

And then there were the three officers from the Navy, Army, and Marine Corps standing reverently before the tomb of the unknown soldier. They were speculating as to who it might be. "It's barely possible that he was a a Navy man," said the Rear Admiral. "Oh, he probably was a soldier," said the colonel. "And he might have been a Marine," spoke up the representative of that branch. Snorted the Admiral, "Gentlemen, who the hell ever heard of an unknown Marine!"

And of the young junior lieutenant who had just been married and was completing a ten day honeymoon furlough in the West Indies. Not being content to return to his lot on the tenth day, he wired his commanding officer, "IT'S WONDERFUL DOWN HERE STOP REQUEST FIVE DAYS EXTENSION LEAVE." Came the reply, "IT'S WONDERFUL ANYWHERE STOP RETURN TO THE SHIP."

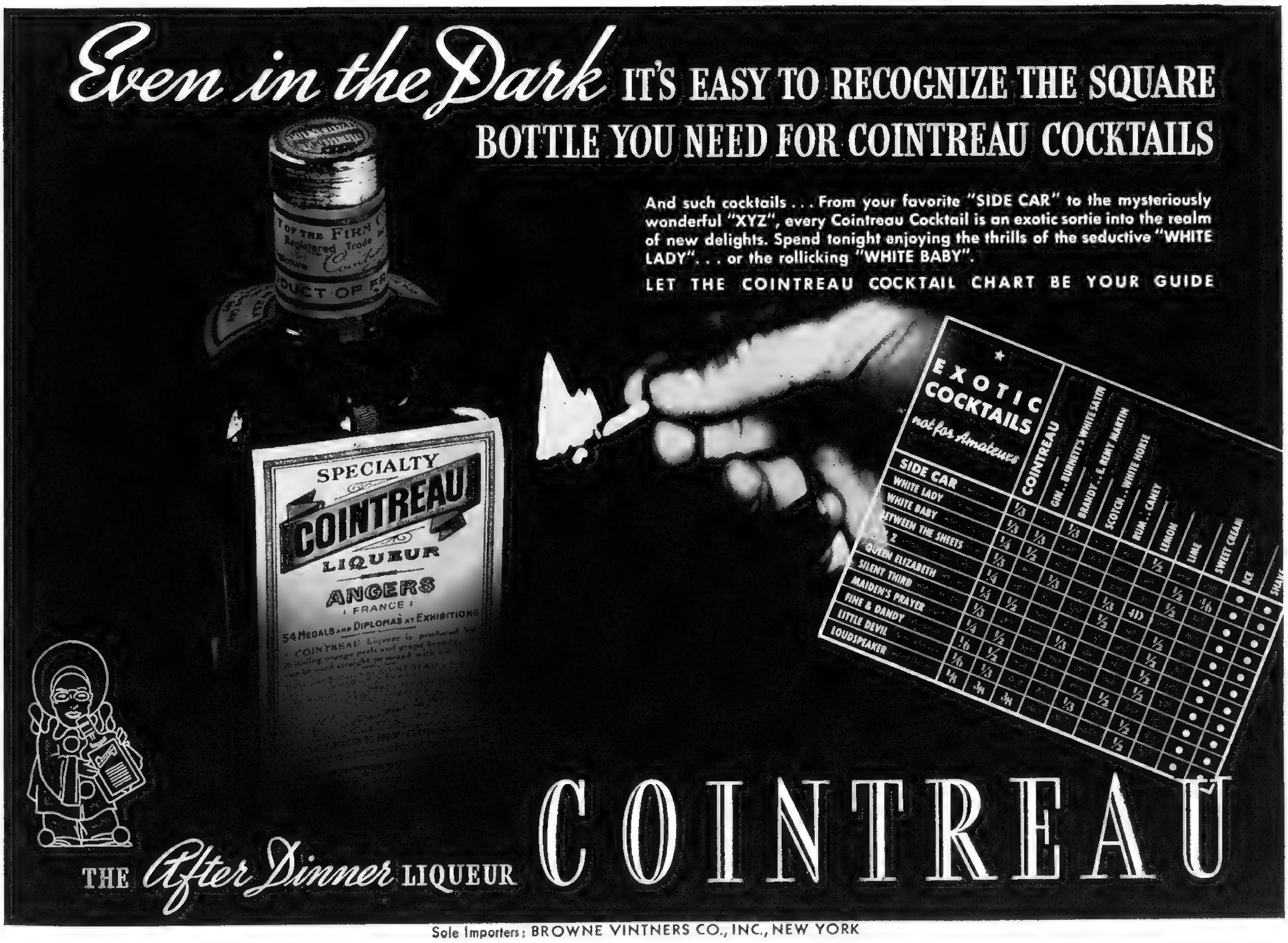
I was also very glad to be informed by Mr. Baldwin that someone finally got salt water soap to lather in salt water. I never could and I didn't know that it was on record that anyone else ever did.

Then there are some drawbacks. How about the people who joined the Navy (presumably to see the world) and find themselves serving out their whole enlistment swinging around a buoy in say, Charleston or maybe tied up at the Reserve dock in San Diego. Or the case of a friend of mine who went to considerable trouble and expense to get a swap from a destroyer to the *Buffalo* so that he might leave with the latter for the China station. All that happened was that he took the *Buffalo* to Vallejo where he helped take aboard several thousand rounds of ammunition and was then transferred back to his original ship.

And it might interest the Navy to know that I visited Villefranche a couple of years ago and found that the whole town is still talking longingly of the high pay and easy dough of the American squadron. A place called "Mother Seraphina's" remains in operation sadly catering to a few French conscripts and whenever possible to the Gallic Navy. But it isn't the same. And the Garden Bar still has a lot of talk and a picture of the *Pittsburgh* or the *St. Louis* on the wall. This last is a swell bar, by the way, and Alex Waugh devotes nearly a chapter to it in one of his books.

Again my congratulations to Esquire and Mr. Baldwin. I shall not soon again become alarmed about the morals of the Navy.

I am,
Sincerely,
(signed) Thomas Q. Lempertz
Cleveland, Ohio



Even in the Dark IT'S EASY TO RECOGNIZE THE SQUARE BOTTLE YOU NEED FOR COINTREAU COCKTAILS

And such cocktails . . . From your favorite "SIDE CAR" to the mysteriously wonderful "XYZ", every Cointreau Cocktail is an exotic sortie into the realm of new delights. Spend tonight enjoying the thrills of the seductive "WHITE LADY". . . or the rollicking "WHITE BABY".

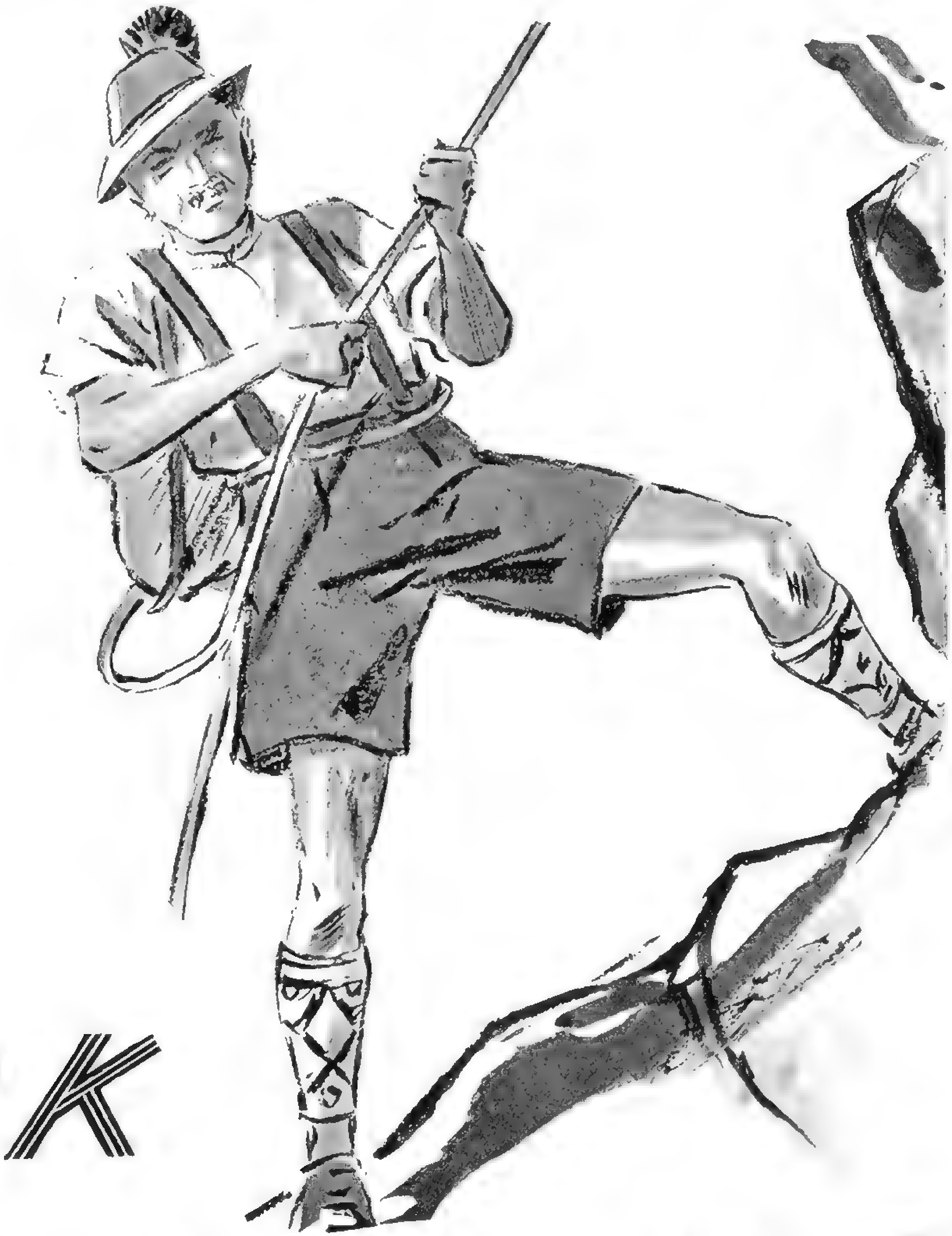
LET THE COINTREAU COCKTAIL CHART BE YOUR GUIDE

THE *After Dinner* LIQUEUR COINTREAU

Sole Importers: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK

New for Town Wear

COLORFUL BRACES INSPIRED BY THE GARB OF THE TYROLESE

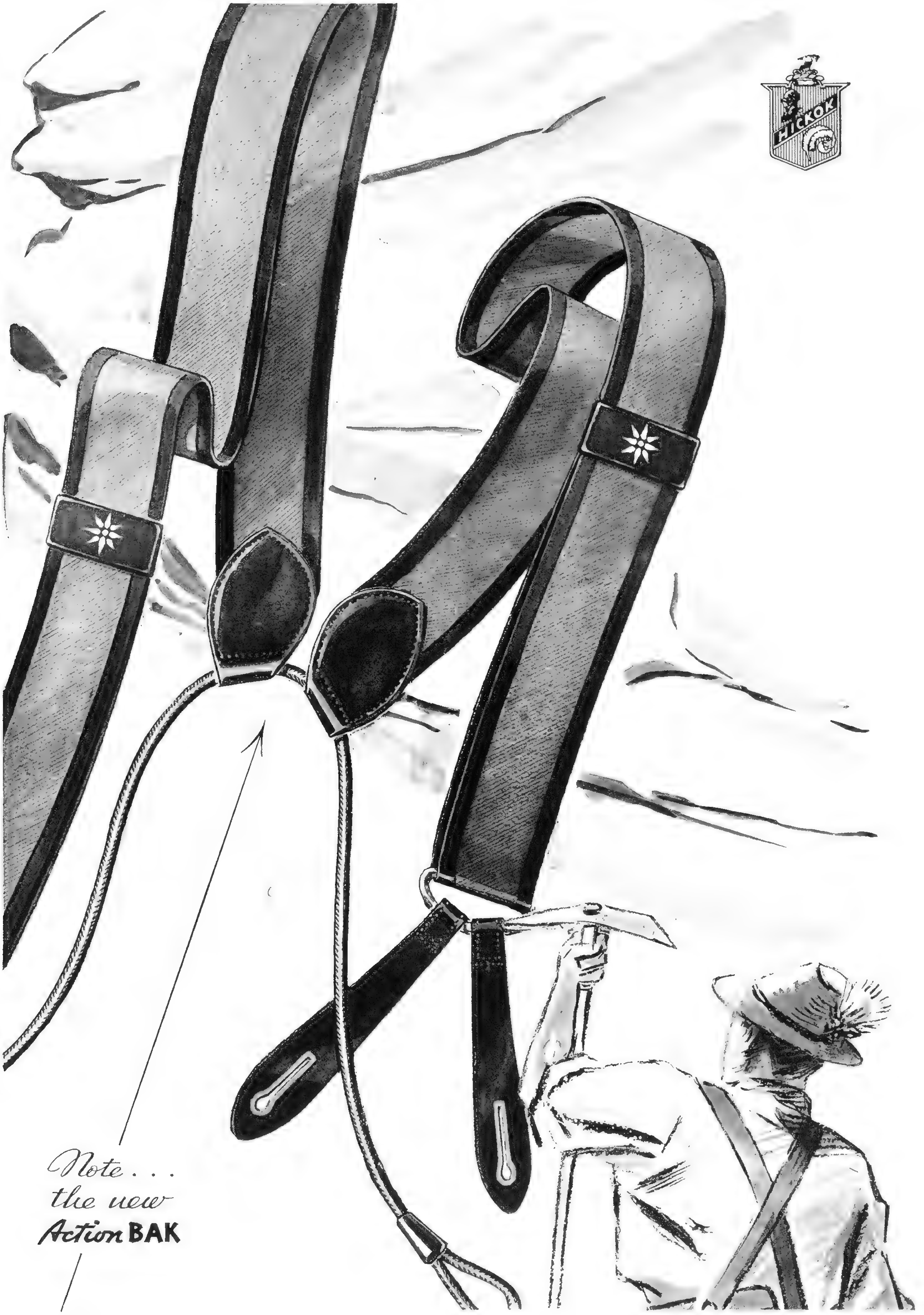


HICKOK TYROLIANS

Shades of Kitzbühel, Innsbruck and St. Anton! Hickok's gone native in a big Tyrolian way and the result is braces that are a veritable ten-strike in fashion. This smart idea takes its cue from the authentic colors of the Austrian Tyrol. Tyrolese Tans in heavy-weight gabardines neatly bordered with brilliant greens, reds and blues. Quaint Tyrolian peasant flower motifs decorate the slides, which repeat the border color. For wear in town and available in better stores everywhere.

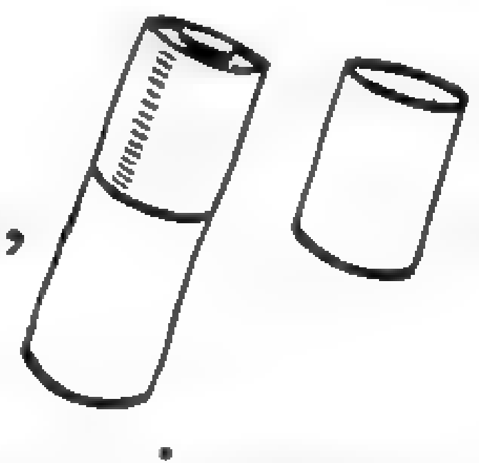
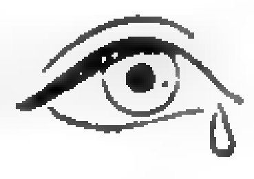
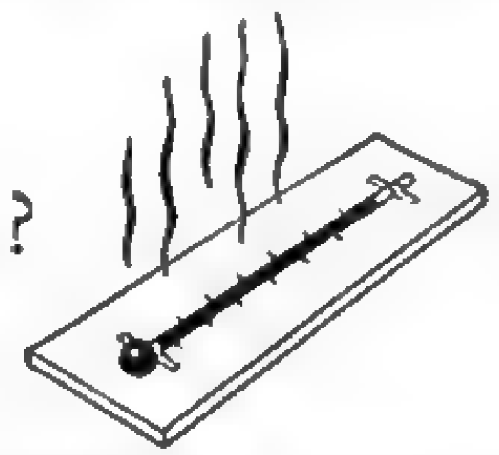
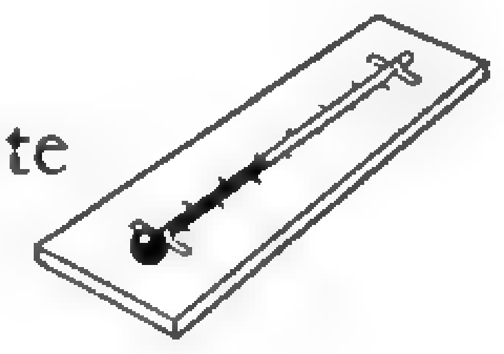
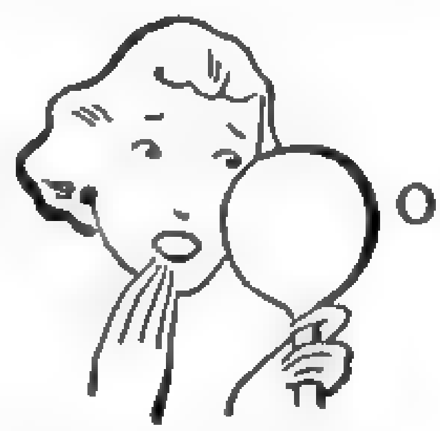
HICKOK

Style Leadership

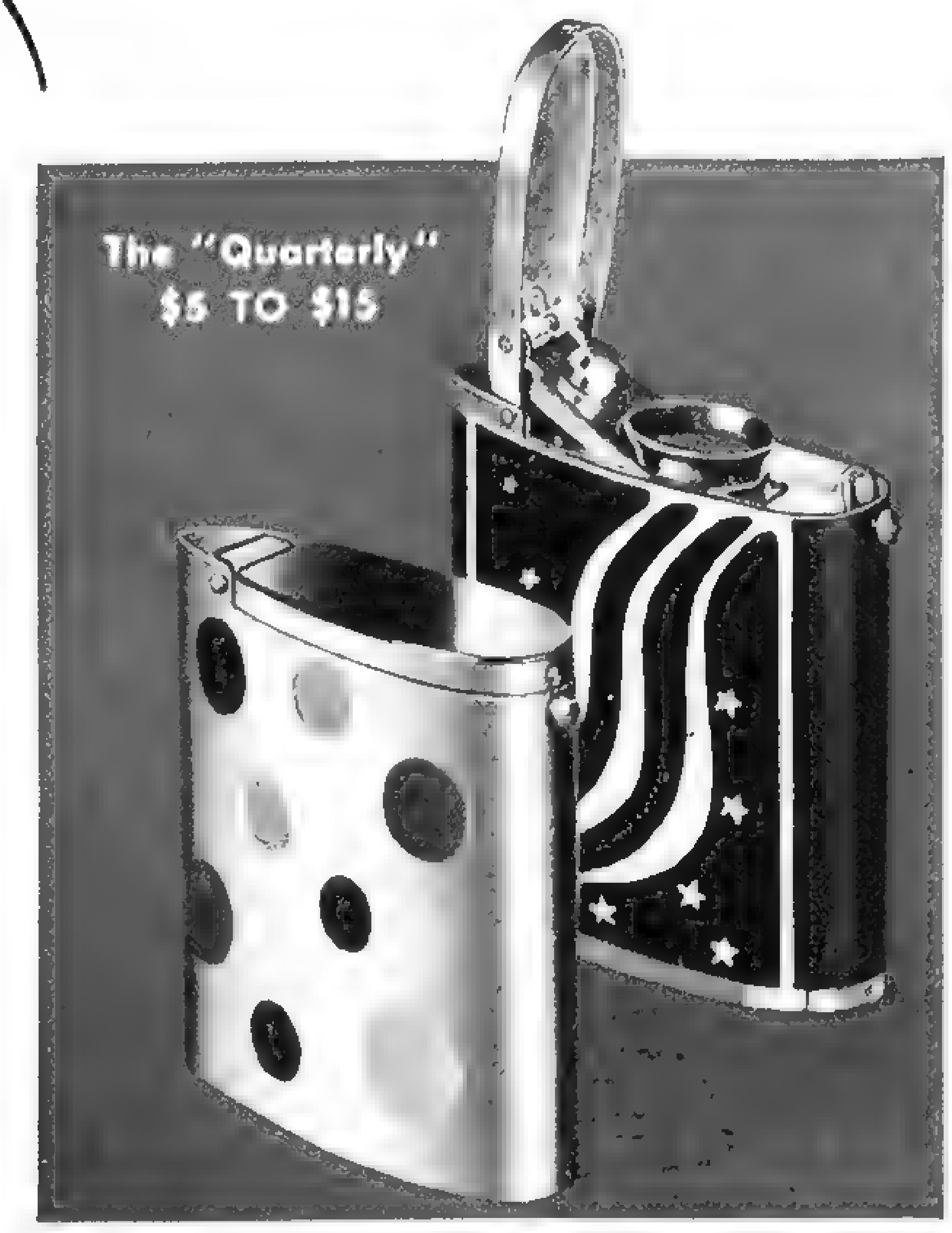

HICKOK
Note . . .
the new
Action BAK

SMART *SMOKERS* DON'T USE MATCHES

They've found that flameless lighting with Lektrolite eliminates the ugly stains and irritating sting caused by match lighting.

Did you ever take the nose bite test? It is sensational proof that the pleasant, fastidious and healthy way of smoking is to light cigarettes with Lektrolite,  not with old-fashioned flame lighters or sulphurous matches. Try this test yourself. Light your cigarette the old-fashioned way. Take a large mouthful of smoke, but do not inhale it. Instead, blow it through your nose. Boy, does it sting!  Even the teardrops come to your eyes. Why?  The flame, 1200 degrees hotter than the gentle glow of Lektrolite  has released from tobacco, high temperature insoluble tar dyes which exist not only in tobacco but in many products in daily use. That they are released is not the fault of tobacco but the way tobacco is lighted. You can prove this by simply taking a second cigarette and lighting this time with Lektrolite instead of flame. Blow the smoke through the nose as before. Marvel of marvels!—this time there is scarcely a trace of irritation. Because of cool lighting, tar products remain inert in tobacco—as they should. Consequently you get a cool, mellow smoke from start to finish. But that isn't 1/2 the story. Coal tar products also cause ugly yellow stains on teeth  on fingers and dainty evening gloves. Therefore, when you light with Lektrolite, those unsightly defects are eliminated.

★ *Lektrolites are the hit of London, Paris, and New York because of their smart design, their practical, foolproof action, and because they contribute to fastidious and healthier smoking. They come in a variety of types and colors, and can be seen at the better dealers'.*



U. S. PAT. 1899008
1937097 1937459
1963490

LEKTROLITES

Flameless Cigarette Lighters

See pages 172 and 189 for advertisements of other Lektrolite Models

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 521 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Too Much Neck

Continued from page 50

neck-man. Going after a gwe-duc's neck is a little like plunging your bare arm into a barrel of fresh livers, only worse. Squeamish persons never make good neck-men. I know one fellow who has been trying for five years. His approach is perfect. But he always lets go of the neck after he's followed it down.

"What the hell did you let go of it for?" his friends kindly inquire as he withdraws his arm.

"I am afraid he will bite me," he explains.

"Did you ever see a gwe-duc with teeth?" they ask.

"No, I never did," he admits.

"Did you ever hear of anyone digging up a gwe-duc that had teeth?" they persist.

"No," he replies, "but there always has to be a first one, and it would be my luck to tackle *him*."

Unethical hunters sometimes hook a fish line on a gwe-duc's neck and follow the line down. Others force a piece of stove-pipe down through the sand and later follow the pipe down. But both methods are strictly against the law, punishable in Washington, at least, by a jail sentence or a fine. In Washington, incidentally, a day's limit is three. Gwe-ducs are not available commercially.

"How should we dress?" people ask their host when invited to a gwe-duc hunt.

"You ought to look," they are advised, "as if you just dropped off a Northern Pacific freight train."

And that means the clothes you wear when you polish the automobile, plus a pair of hip boots if you want to be dressy. A few hardy professional out-of-doors men—the same obnoxious fellows who take cold showers in the morning—insist on wearing bathing suits. But good gwe-duc weather is cool weather, and minus tides occur at night during the winter and in the early morning during the summer. If you're hunting at night it isn't a bad idea to have a flashlight handy and a small amount of spirits, say a quart for each member of the party.

Getting your gwe-duc, however, is not the entire problem. After you've got him you've got to cook him. You might as well try to munch on the uppers of your last summer's oxfords as to bite into a gwe-duc's neck if the outer skin hasn't been removed. You might as well munch your oxfords even when the outer skin *has* been removed. The only practical way to utilize the inner portion of the neck is to grind it up for chowder, and by that I mean milk chowder.

Fry some bacon in the bottom of an iron kettle, add sliced onions and diced potatoes. Cook until the onions are brown, then add the minced neck and a little water. Let this mess simmer for ten or fifteen minutes, then pour in milk and thicken. You probably think it's ready to eat now. Well, it isn't! It's got to stand on the back of the stove for at least two hours to give that delicate gwe-duc flavor an opportunity to register. The flavor of the neck is faintly reminiscent of lobster and abalone, but hardly that of the common clam.

And the tenderloin! That's something else again. It tastes like chicken and should be dipped raw into a batter of bread crumbs and egg and fried in a sizzling hot pan, preferably right on the beach with the tang of salt air to season.

But after you have tasted your first gwe-duc, don't make the mistake of talking about it. Not unless you feel in the mood for argument. For it takes plenty of argument to convince most folk that there are clams with necks a yard long. ⧺

Personal Appearance

Continued from page 32

Tribune to a duel; they never really hung anything on him, but it broke his heart.

He wanted to make good in heman twofisted football season worldsseriesbronchbusting poker playing stockjuggling 100% Coolidge Prosperity America. Wasn't it enough to be a fair boxer and have a good seat on a horse, to love the desert like the sheik and always have a good tan from the sun of Palm Springs? He broke down in his suite in the hotel Ambassador in New York.

Gastric ulcer.

When the doctors cut him they found that peritonitis had begun. Abdominal cavity contained large amount of fluid and food particles. Viscera coated with a greenish grey film. A round hole a centimeter in diameter was seen in the anterior wall of the stomach. Tissue of the stomach for one and one half centimeters immediately surrounding the perforation was necrotic. Appendix inflamed and twisted against the small intestine.

When he came to from the ether the first thing he asked was, "Well did I behave like a pink powderpuff?"

His wellgroomed expensively massaged actor's body fought peritonitis for six days.

The switchboard at the hospital was swamped with calls, all the corridors were piled with flowers, crowds filled the street outside, noted filmstars who claimed they were his betrothed entrained for New York.

. . . Late in the afternoon a limousine drew up at the hospital door (where the grimyfingered newspapermen and photographers stood around bored tired hoteyed smoking too many cigarettes making trip after trip to the nearest speak exchanging wisecracks

Continued on page 182

FACTS ABOUT AIR TRAVEL

To serve as your guide to flying today

UNITED—FASTEST, SHORTEST

United is fastest, shortest from the East to most Pacific Coast cities. Look at the map and you'll see how United's route crosses the nation in a straight line, branches out to serve every city of 100,000 population on the Coast. (Ask about United's time and money-saving Circle Tours.)

THE MEANING OF 90 MILLION MILES OF EXPERIENCE

United's vast experience, its 90 million miles of flying and 10 years of operation, insures not only dependability but also every refinement of service. United's pilots (each plane carries two) are thoroughly experienced, with thousands of hours of flying to the credit of every man.

ABOUT UNITED'S PLANES

United flies 3-mile-a-minute twin-engined transports exclusively, all late type "ships," exceptionally fast and sturdy—each capable of climbing fully loaded to 11,000 feet on only one motor. These planes, equipped with controlled heat, and specially ventilated, offer you club car comfort with 3-mile-a-minute speed!

UNSURPASSED PASSENGER SERVICE

United offers many niceties of service passengers appreciate. On every plane is an attractive stewardess who makes your trip comfortable and interesting. Complimentary luncheons are served. And at every stop United maintains unexcelled station facilities. With United you are a "guest of the line."

HIGH SPOTS OF UNITED'S SCHEDULES

To **SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES**—An **OVERNIGHT** or **DAYLIGHT** flight from New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Washington, Chicago and the East. 3 fast coast-to-coast flights daily.

To **SEATTLE, PORTLAND—OVERNIGHT** and **DAYLIGHT** flights—from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and East. A fast afternoon flight from San Francisco-Los Angeles.

To **CHICAGO**—Only an **OVERNIGHT** flight from California, Portland or Seattle. Commute from New York in 5¼ hrs., from Cleveland in only 2⅙ hrs. 10 planes daily.

To **NEW YORK**—Remarkably fast service from California and Pacific Northwest via Salt Lake, Chicago and Mid-Western Cities. 4¼ hrs. from Chicago over shortest route.

UNITED AIR LINES

SUNSHINE FASHIONS*

WHAT will the male wear this year on the Coconut Coast? Predictions are plentiful. But any man who runs through his budget before arrival risks a dated wardrobe. Final styles appear during winter . . . Burdines' own and those of America's most famous makers (introduced exclusively at Burdines'). You can't see them until you're here, and you can't be sure of a 1936 wardrobe for 1936 until you do see them . . . at Burdines' Miami store and the new Burdine's-Lincoln Road, America's new sensation in resort shops.

Bring them empty

BURDINES MIAMI
& BURDINES-LINCOLN ROAD MIAMI BEACH

*© Burdine's, Inc.

Personal Appearance

Continued from pages 32-181

and deep dope waiting for him to die in time to make the morning papers) and a woman who said she was a maid employed by a dancer who was Valentino's first wife, alighted. She delivered to an attendant an envelope addressed to the filmstar and inscribed From Jean and a package.

The package contained a white counterpane with lace ruffles and the word Rudy embroidered in the four corners. This was accompanied by a pillowcover to match over a blue silk scented cushion. . . .

Rudolph Valentino was only thirtyone when he died.

His managers planned to make a big thing of his highly publicized funeral but the people in the streets were too crazy.

While he lay in state in a casket banked with roses, draped with cloth of gold, tens of thousands of men women and children packed the streets outside. Hundreds were trampled, had their feet crushed by police horses. In the muggy rain the cops lost control. Jammed masses stampeded under the clubs and the rearing hoofs of the horses. The funeral chapel was gutted, men and women fought over a flower, a shred of purple drape a piece of wallpaper a sliver of the broken plateglass window. All down the jammed street showwindows burst in. Parked cars were overturned and smashed. When finally the mounted police after repeated charges beat the crowd off Broadway where traffic was tied up for two hours they picked up twentyeight separate shoes, a truckload of umbrellas, papers, hats, coats, torn off sleeves. All the ambulances in that part of the city were busy carting off women who'd fainted, girls who'd been stepped on. Epileptics threw fits. Cops collected snivelling clusters of abandoned children.

The fascisti sent a guard of honor and the antifascists drove them off. More rioting, cracked skulls, trampled women. When the public was barred from the undertaking parlors hundreds of women groggy with headlines got in to view the poor body by claiming to be exdancingpartners, old playmates, relatives from the old country, filmstars; every few minutes a girl fainted in front of the bier and was revived by the newspapermen who put down her name and address and claim to notice in the public prints. Frank E. Campbell's undertakers and pallbearers, dignified wearers of black broadcloth and tackersup of crepe, were all on the verge of a nervous collapse. Even the boss had his fill of publicity. It was two days before the cops could clear the streets enough to let the flowerpieces from Hollywood be brought in and described in the evening papers.

The church service was more of a success. The police commissioner barred the public for four blocks round.

Many notables attended.

America's Sweetheart sobbing bitterly in a small black straw with a black band and a black bow behind, in black georgette over black with a white lace collar and white lace cuffs followed the coffin that was

covered by a blanket of pink roses

sent by a filmstar who appeared at the funeral heavily veiled and swooned in crepe in the presence of the reporters and had to be taken back to her suite at the Hotel Ambassador after she had shown the reporters a message allegedly written by one of the doctors alleging that Rudolph Valentino had spoken of her at the end

as his alleged bridetobe.

The papers were full of it for at least ten days.

A young woman committed suicide in London.

Relatives arriving from Europe were met by police reserves and Italian flags draped with crepe and sweating reporters and photographers with tired feet. Exchamp Jim Jeffries said, "Well he made good." The champion himself allowed himself to be quoted that the boy was fond of boxing and a great admirer of the champion.

The funeral train left for Hollywood.

In Chicago a few more people were hurt trying to see the coffin, but only made the inside pages.

The funeral train arrived in Hollywood on page 23 of the *New York Times.*

Rudolph Valentino was buried in Hollywood and would have been forgotten sooner if there had not been some lawsuits in connection with the will.

VALENTINO PASSES
WITH NO KIN
AT SIDE

Throngs in Streets

LUNATIC BLOWS UP PITTSBURGH BANK

Krishnamurti Here Says His Message Is World Happiness

AMERICAN MARINES LAND IN NICARAGUA TO PROTECT ALIENS

Pigwoman There, Other Says But Neither Can Identify Accused

FUNDS ACCUMULATE IN NEW YORK

the desire for profits and more profits kept on increasing and the quest for easy money became well nigh universal. All of this meant an attempt to appropriate the belongings of others without rendering a corresponding service

"Physician" Who Took Prominent Part in Valentino Funeral Exposed as Former Convict

NEVER SAW HIM SAYS MANAGER #

Swing, Mr. Charlie!

Continued from page 100

comedian, told me it was first used, positively, as an exit number by "Bilo" Russell from Memphis, Tennessee. It was about eleven years ago in a show called *The Borders of Mexico* with an entire Negro cast, that Russell had the happy thought of sliding off the stage with a rifle on his shoulder. The step had no name, just a shuffle or an ambling gait. The expression "Truck" was used around 1932 in Harlem when one of the bucks of the evening in bidding adieu to his friends, would say, "Well, boys, I think I'm gonna truck on home." My idea is that the association of porters with carrying bags on trucks, with Negroes pushing and shoving packages and heavy burdens could logically be followed: to haul one's self home—to shove on home—to "truck" on home. "Chunk" Robinson, however, tied the expression up with the dance and started it in New York at Small's Paradise, a cabaret. It was an instantaneous hit. All of the clubs throughout the length and breadth of Manhattan, including Broadway revues and clubs, are now featuring a "Truckin'" number, and one cannot tell just where it will end. But where it will end doesn't necessarily concern us. Where it started and where most of Harlem's dances reach their terpsichorean peak is the Savoy Ballroom on Lennox Avenue, the "Home of Happy Feet."

Outside, on street corners, awaiting the dance hall's opening, the boy who runs the elevator in your building, the boot-black, the errand-boy, all of them in ankle-length overcoats and sporting pearl-gray, almost brimless hats, are as actors awaiting their cue. Throughout the long, weary day they have been menials and domestics in downtown white New York, but at night, in Harlem, they throw off the garb of servility and don royal raiment. Harlem is in the ascendancy at night. ⧺

Fox Hunting Per Se

Continued from page 53

at hand the deep melodic tones of Bell rang out. There was a decidedly different timbre to her "mouth" this time. The sound was clear, excited, savage. In an instant every hound in the pack shifted and raced to her.

"He's jumped," shouted the crowd in unison for all the world as a race track crowd choruses "they're off."

Where there had been careless baying before there was now a continuous earnest barking, each hound sending out his own peculiar tone.

It was like a savage choir. All the hounds raced in one direction and the tones, ranging from the deep bass of some unseen canine to the hysterical yip of another, blended into one harmony.

It was a thrill I shall never forget, standing there in the frosty Carolina starlight, surrounded by men all intently listening to the roar of the pack as they swept toward us. Suddenly I found that my throat was hoarse from unconscious yelling. All about me the yells of the men, the high pitched "Hi-yi-i-i-i-i" that must have been the original of the famous Rebel yell, were blending with the savage cacophony of the pack.

Some members of the party struck off through the woods to be nearer the dogs, others, including myself, struck off at a dog trot down the road toward the ever changing course of the hounds as the desperate fox doubled and leaped on the trail. I do not have the slightest idea how far we ran following that baying chorus, but my lungs were sucking like a bellows when we came to a halt.

Then, as abruptly as it began, the harmony died away. First came a surprised yap or two, an occasional bark, then silence. At intervals a dog would break the silence and you could almost detect their chagrin at being so completely halted.

"He's foxed 'em," announced my host with a pleased grin. "That must be an old red fox, maybe the old grandad that they've been runnin' in these parts for years. They ain't got him yet. He's too slick."

We were presently joined by the rest of the party. A fire was built, bottles passed, sandwiches eaten, and a sense of contented relaxation permeated my tired body.

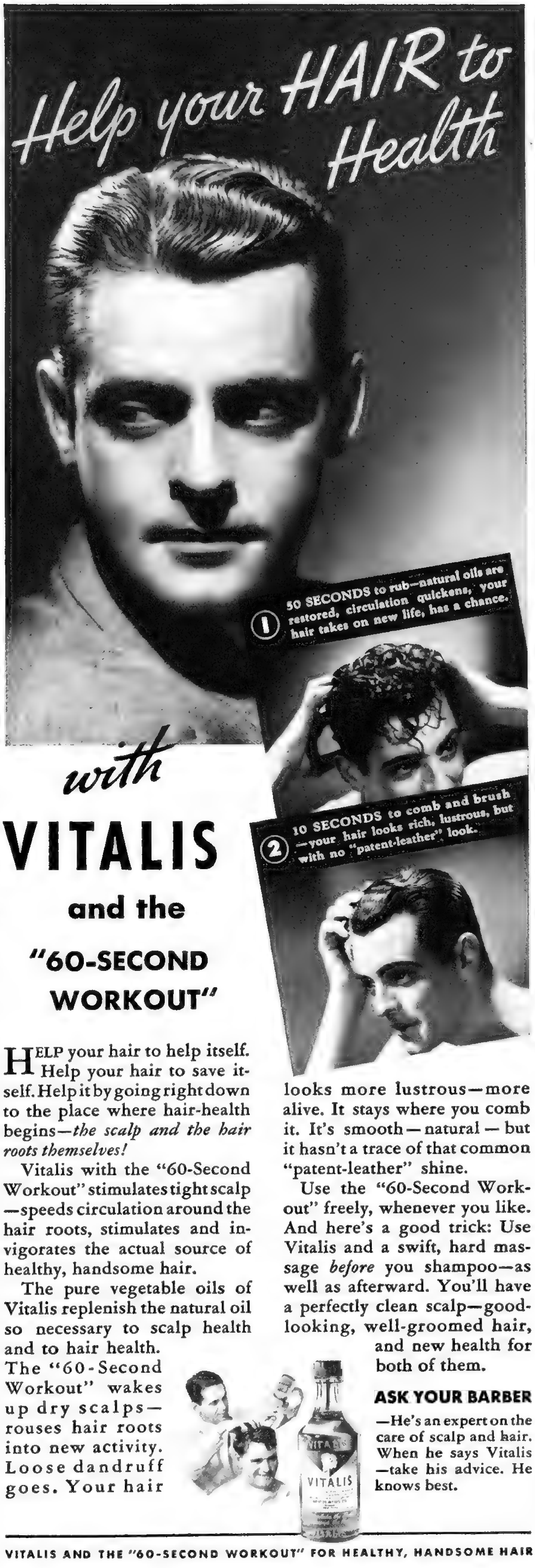
At intervals one of the men who had charge of the dogs would lift the long bone hunting horn to his lips and send the homing call echoing through the woods. One by one the hounds would come loping in to flop tiredly by the fire, to be lifted back into the trailer.

I was surprised to find that three hours had elapsed since we first struck the trail.

"I've knowed 'em to run for seven hours or more, till the hounds was so tired a th' kill that they jest laid down and we had to tote 'em to the cars," volunteered a countryman. "I hope they don't never ketch this'un though," he added.

That expressed the sentiment of the group. I could not help but wonder at the fate of that clever fox had he been forced to pit his cunning against a pack of hounds and mounted sportsmen in an open country with no chance to exercise all the wiles that have made him the symbol of cunning. As a sporting proposition I had to concede to the present company.

Continued on page 184



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② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.
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VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Fox Hunting Per Se

Continued from pages 53-183

Since that time I have been an ardent fox hunter, and I have been surprised at the extent of the sport. There is scarcely a community, especially in the South, that does not have at least a few ardent devotees of the sport. I have never yet failed to get in the fox-hunting crowd in any of the many states in which I have had the luck to be. As a sport it has a long and honorable history. Mention is made in many colonial documents of neighbors being invited to nearby plantations for "having a fox hunt and listening to the hounds."

Since the horse is not a part of this phase of the sport the natural interest centers in the dog. Keen interest has been taken in the breeding of hounds in many states, and in all that lie below the Mason-Dixon line, field trials are held by the various associations. At these trials hounds are entered from all parts of the country, both for the field trials and the bench shows. Of all classes of sporting dog, the foxhound is the one that best combines good bench form with field excellence. Only too often a bird dog may be a champion on the bench but a double barrelled bust in the field. Not so with the foxhound. A good bench dog is invariably a champion in the field also.

There are any number of magazines exclusively given over to information as to breeding, sales, trials, etc. of foxhounds.

For pure democracy I doubt if any sport in America exercises the leveling influence so much as fox hunting. A good foxhound is an open sesame to any bunch of fox hunters the country over, and even a talking interest in the sport will get you an invitation to the most select circle. Rich men with two or three dozen highly bred dogs rub elbows and talk shop with the poorest day laborer with his one "pot-liker" hound and the poor man will argue just as vehemently on the good points of his dog as the wealthy owner. Wealth and class alike fade before the democratic excitement of the hunt.

There is tremendous divergence of choice as to the best type of dog. Many prefer the Walker, a spotted, rather low, broadchested and doughty hound, long a favorite and still the hound usually seen at fashionable meets. For pure performance, however, the Walker has been largely displaced by the Trigg, a rangier, more powerful hound, but not possessing the broad spots. In the more wooded, swampy regions such as Florida the preference is for a type of dog known as the July, a squat, powerful animal that has a thick, rough coat admirably suited for plunging through briars and brambles.

And these dogs are game. Every one of them is a thoroughbred to the core. They will run till they drop, and often after a severe race one will find a hound who has charged against a barbed wire fence and laid a leg open from the shoulder to paw and down to the bone, and who has nevertheless refused to drop from the race.

The voice or "mouth" of the dog varies with the individual. Some have a rough, coarse mouth and others have what is known as a "squalling mouth," a high-pitched, resonant bark. The person assembling a crack pack wants as many different mouths as he can get so as to add variety to the harmony. To secure a really good hunt there should be as many as twelve dogs to the pack, and I have often seen as high as fifty or sixty.

The least part of the hunt is the kill. In fact the fox is often spared if it is in the hunter's power to do so, but, as the dogs usually corner the animal before the humans arrive, it is usually all up with master Reynard. The sport is in the sound of the dogs while on the run. It takes a person some time to realize that such a thing can be beautiful and indescribably beautiful, but it is true. Disbelievers will just have to undergo the same experience I did and see for themselves.

As to terrain, any place that affords shelter for the fox is ideal for the hunt. The best country is the rolling hills of the southern Piedmont. There the fox can dodge better and is not so apt to hole up as in the mountains, and the dogs, as they go up and down over the hills, with the harmony rising and falling as they climb a rise and disappear into the hollows, add variety to the chase.

In most communities you can always get into a hunt. The individuals that comprise it are often regarded by some of their friends and all their wives as men who have been dropped when children, for it certainly is a strange fascination that will make a man work all day and then pile out of bed at one or two in the morning with the thermometer playing around twenty and spend the rest of the night crossing creeks and ploughing through a dark swamp to hear a gang of dogs chasing a fox over ten miles of God-forsaken woods, but if you once go, and if you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins, you will fall a victim to the same spell. Once you are converted and own your own hound and gain the satisfaction of hearing him jump the fox ahead of the pack you will never again consider riding to the hounds any part of the sport of Fox Huntin'.

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Dubonnet Wine

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Warming the Inner Man

Continued from page 107

and costly. As I was going home for the holidays I thought it would be nice to take that bunch home. There was a girl that might walk under it, if my luck held. But as I was climbing the oak tree the bums, who had a quaint way with them, rode off to town. There was I with two huge bunches of mistletoe and seven miles to go. I strung the stuff on two ends of a pole and set out.

Then a strange thing happened. Reared on the inane flatness of Kansas prairies, I had never heard of a fox hunt, so of course had never seen one (the coal-and-wood yard or butcher shop calendars usually carried hunting scenes a bit more germane to the locality). Well there they were, pink coats, hounds yelping and horns blowing, the riders silhouetted against a fading roseate sky. The yokel in me must have been evident. A very beautiful girl stopped and asked me about the mistletoe. I told her the sad story of the handcar and the humorous friends. She beckoned to a man who was bringing up the rear in a little cart. I got in and rode to town. But that wasn't all. I stopped at their house, on the edge of town and there on a table set among tall candles was a silver bowl filled with some yellow custard. It was steaming hot. We all stood around and drank that custard. But it was nothing like the custard I had had at the weekly sociable of the Methodist Church. I don't know about you fellows but whenever I sip a cup of eggnog I think of a sixteen-year old kid seeing his first pink coats against a mauve and crimson sky, hearing for the first time the baying of beagles and the hunter's horn. Oh yes, the mistletoe got home and saw quite a lot of service.

"There was a Christmas custom we followed at Upper Withers On Thatchless Grange" my friend began. "Cook would take a noggin of rum and a noggin of brandy and pouring it over the suet pudding, set a taper to it. . . ."

I don't recall the rest of that custom. That reminded me of a day in Budapest. The air was sharp and the little feathers in the men's hats denoted the opening of the hunting season. I spoke Hungarian as fluently as I spoke other languages. The word, I believe, was *pusta*. Anyway I found a nice old general who was driving a 1914 taxi and we went scooting over the bridge into Buda (or is it Pest) and up the hills in second. As a matter of fact I don't believe that car had a high speed. We parked the car when the road ended and then took the trail up the wooded hill. There were still some flowers blooming in the grass and a few leaves clung to the trees. But the air had that sharp tang to it that stirs the blood. I didn't know where we were going but the taxi driver seemed to know. At the top he stopped. Before us, like a faded lavender ribbon, stretched the *beau Danube*. The other way lay the fertile plains.

"*Pusta*," I said proudly.

He grinned a magnificent smile and launched out into a stream of words. He waited for my answer but I had exhausted my vocabulary. Now and then we could see little puffs of blue smoke arising from the plain. He held his arms out, as if leveling a gun and made a little noise: "Boom."

I nodded and smiled. We were great friends. He shook my hand heartily. Again he said "boom, boom." We walked down the hill. It was chilly under the trees. We stopped at an inn with low, overhanging eaves. The bleached linen hung from the upper windows. A lazy dog rose to greet us and then went back to his mat by the door. Within the tavern a fire was blazing and in front of the fire was a stone jug. The landlord poured us out two glasses of mulled wine, a Hungarian claret with a stick of cinnamon and loaf sugar. Well I have had mulled wine many times since but never has it seemed so marvelous as that autumn day on the *pusta* while the far-off guns of the hunters went "boom, boom."

"After cook had touched a taper to the liquor on the suet pudding, we stood around. . . ."

"Did I tell you about how the *maître d'hôtel* of the Bristol stopped a very bad cold as it was coming on me in Vienna?"

"No, you didn't," my friend muttered, "but I don't see how anyone can stop you."

You see I'd forgotten about opera starting at seven and I'd been fooling around town looking at art shows. I got back to the hotel just before seven. The place was in an uproar. Every one connected with the joint seemed to have been upset because the American had purchased a seat for the opera and at five minutes to seven hadn't claimed it. I tried to be casual and said I could step across the street in a minute, after my dinner. After my dinner! You'd have thought I'd threatened to plant a bomb in the opera house. No one ate dinner before opera. So I was hustled into a dinner coat and off to the performance. To be honest about it, the opera was about third-grade Roxy in the days before the Radio City Music Hall. But between the acts you eat sausages and rolls and more sausages. Looks a bit queer, what with the dress clothes and fancy uniforms. Imagine Mrs. Auchincloss or Paul D. Cravath at the opera with a hot dog in their mitts. Guess I ate too many sausages. I didn't feel so good when I got back to the hotel. And a Cook's-tour couple from Nebraska at the next table, made an awful fuss because they couldn't get French fried potatoes and ham and eggs. I told my friend, the *maître*

Continued on page 186

"ENVY THE MAN WHO WEARS ONE"
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Chosen from a wide and varied selection of Bostonians featured exclusively at
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Warming the Inner Man

Continued from pages 107-185

d'hôtel, about how I felt. He looked at my eyes, told me to go to bed and he'd send something up. Well he did. Café Royal, he called it. Nothing but a cup of coffee, half cognac. But it cured me. Now I welcome a cold any time.

"The mater always recommended an ale flip. She had a special way of doing it. After it was mixed you threw it back and forth from one jug to another. . ."

Then of course I had to tell my friend about the Blue Blazer. You weren't a man-about-town in those days unless you had a Blue Blazer at the old Fifth Avenue. Or was it the Hoffman House. If you say one, there are sure to be a hundred letter writers telling you it was the other. Anyway, it is best to get one at a bar; it took a good deal of skill to throw that flaming liquid from one glass to another.

I managed to mention the little silver urns that were a part of every bar, after the first freeze in winter. The urn held the hot water for the Tom and Jerrys.

I don't know why my friend was impatient. But he said he had to run back to his diggings and as he left he said that next time he'd suggest I skip the grog and stick to a Martini. Grog, he felt, loosened the tongue and inflated the memory. At any rate, I remember . . .

BLUE BLAZER

1 Jigger scotch or rye
1 Lump sugar
Very hot water
Set liquid on fire and pour from one glass to another
Twist of lemon peel on top

APPLEJACK ALGONQUIN

1 Teaspoonful baked apple
1 Lump sugar
1 Jigger applejack
Fill glass with hot water

MULLED WINE

May be made with white or red wine, preferably red, such as claret or burgundy. Heat wine gently, if possible in stone jug or crock in front of fire. Add stick cinnamon and sugar to taste. Never let come to a boil and never use a fortified wine.

EGG NOGG (*For Solo Drinking*)

Open fresh egg into large glass. Add two teaspoonfuls powdered sugar. Add small amount of milk and fill glass with very hot rum. Mix well and add dash Angostura bitters.

CAFE GROG

Prepare in highball glass one to three lumps of sugar, a slice of lemon, small glass of rum and a demi-tasse of black coffee. Heat the mixture and add a few drops of brandy. Serve hot.

HOT MILK PUNCH

Prepare in a highball glass a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, a pony of curacao, a little orange juice and a small glass of rum. Fill glass with very hot milk and add a slice of orange and a few grains of nutmeg.

TALKING OR AMERICAIN GROG

Tumbler of hot water
One lump sugar
One slice lemon
One hefty jigger rum
(Repeat if necessary)

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUNCH

Take two bottles of good red wine, add one quart of strong tea, and the juice of one lemon and one orange. Heat thoroughly and just before serving, supporting on irons across the bowl two pounds of sugar soaked in rum. Light the rum and as the flame dies add the rest of the bottle.

NEGRITA GROG

¼ Brandy	¼ Sugar
¼ Rum	¼ Strong tea

Add a small glass curacao, mix well, then pour into a large glass until it is half full. Fill the glass with hot water, slice of lemon on top.

SANO GROG

Pour into highball glass a teaspoonful powdered sugar, a pony of whisky, a pony of curacao, a small glass of rum. Add three times the quantity of boiling water. Mix well. Add slice of lemon.

RUM AND BUTTER

Melt a lump of sugar in a little hot water. Add wineglassful of rum, a glassful of hot water and piece of butter size of a walnut. Mix gently and serve with few grains of nutmeg.

BALTIMORE EGG NOGG

1 Fresh egg
½ tablespoonful sugar
¼ glass of brandy
¼ glass rum
½ glass Madeira
½ pint fresh milk.
Shake well and strain into tumbler. Serve hot or cold.

ALE FLIP (*To Stop A Cold*)

Put one quart of ale in pan on the fire and let it come to a boil. Beat up separately the whites of two eggs and the yolks of four. Add eggs slowly to four tablespoonfuls of moist sugar and half a nutmeg, grated. Pour the boiling ale into this mixture slowly, beating all the while. When mixed pour rapidly from one jug to another until smooth.

RUM FLIP (*For British Sailors*)

1 egg
½ tablespoon powdered sugar
1 glass of rum, brandy, port wine, sherry or whisky. Heat well.

WHISKY PUNCH

One pint of whisky and two glasses of brandy are mixed with the juice and peel of one lemon. Then add one wineglass of boiling ale. Stir in one-half pound of powdered sugar and a quart of boiling water.

HOT MILK PUNCH

Half wineglass of rum
Half wineglass brandy
Add spoonful powdered sugar. Mix well and pour into large glass. Fill glass with very hot milk. Add few grains nutmeg.

GLOW WINE

To two bottles of red wine add one half pound granulated sugar, six cloves and the peel of half a lemon. Put in a saucepan and bring to the boiling point. Serve with slice of orange.

ARCHBISHOP PUNCH

Stick cloves into a good-sized orange and roast it in a warm oven. When the skin is brown cut into quarters, seed, put into a saucepan and cover with a bottle of claret. Add sugar and let it simmer on fire until hot.

HOT RUM PUNCH

Mix one pint Jamaica rum with half a pint of cognac, half a wine glass of kümmel and half a wine glass of Benedictine. Add the peel of one orange and one lemon. Sugar to taste and mix with three pints of boiling water.

REGENTS PUNCH

Take two glasses of white wine and add one glass of Madeira and a half glass of rum. Mix this with one pint of very hot tea.

OXFORD PUNCH

Rub the rinds of three lemons with loaf sugar. Cut the peel off two more lemons and oranges. Add six glasses of calf's foot jelly, put all into a large jug and stir together. Pour in two quarts of boiling hot water and set the jug in front of the fire for twenty minutes. Strain through a sieve into a large bowl and then add a bottle of capillaire, half a pint of sherry, a pint of cognac, a pint of Jamaica rum and a quart of orange shrub. Sugar to taste.

BRANDY PUNCH

Take the peel of two lemons, a pinch of cinnamon and a bit of nutmeg, mace and cloves. Add this to three quarters pound of sugar and a half pint of boiling water. Let it simmer on the fire and then strain. Now add a bottle of brandy and the juice of two lemons. Added effect is gained by setting on fire before serving.

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Bourbon and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

TOM & JERRY

Beat the whites of a dozen eggs to a stiff froth; then add one level teaspoon of sugar for each egg. Beat yolks till smooth and stir into whites. Add just a pinch of baking soda. (Add more sugar, to taste, if desired, when serving.)

Now, to serve—fill Tom & Jerry mug half full of batter. Then, very slowly, pour in one or more jiggers of good whisky, stirring constantly to avoid curdling. Add a dash of Jamaica rum if desired. Fill mug (slowly) with boiling water, stirring as you pour. Top it off with grated nutmeg. #

The Man Who Was Not Killed

Continued from page 29

and in a week he would be discharged or he would quit of his own accord. He went from packing house to packing house. He worked in stables. He even rented a piece of land, but it was no use. "I can't work," he said. "I can't keep my mind on one thing."

He would sit in the sun for days at a time, brooding, thinking of some mysterious thing. He would not talk.

Florence told all this to my mother. "Sister, I am afraid of him. I don't know what I am going to do. What is going to happen? He is insane? At nights he sits at the table and looks at the floor. He will not speak to me. He sits only and smiles. Sister," she cried, "I am afraid."

"Soos, soos," said my mother, "don't cry. It is nothing. It is the war. He will get over it."

"No, sister, no. He will never get over it. When he is awake he says nothing, but at nights when he is asleep, he shakes and jumps and cries. I am afraid."

She began to cry loudly and my mother tried to quiet her. "Why don't you have a child?" she said. "The child will make him forget."

"Even that is dead," she whispered. "He doesn't want me. They've killed the germ of life in him." She cried for a long time and suddenly arose, dried her eyes and departed. She looked more tired and aged as she went down the street.

One night while we were eating, there were the sounds of hasty feet on the steps. Someone knocked on the door and we could hear Florence's voice, "Come quick. Something has happened. Please come."

My father ran like mad from the house with the rest of us following. We could hear the man's voice far down the alley. When we entered the room, Albert was sitting on the bed. His mouth was bleeding. Everywhere, on the wall, on the sheets was blood and Albert was coughing.

"Why did you do this, God?" he was crying. "Why did you do this to me?" He began to curse violently, his face distorted with hate. "At nights I can't sleep, I lie awake, listening for shots. The green gas may come creeping over the land. In the silence I might hear their feet." A fit of coughing seized him and he had to bend low and spit blood. "When we were in the village, sitting near the wall, waiting for the shelling to pass, in the darkness each of us was alone. Only when the shells burst could we see one another and in the light our faces were the faces of the dead. All around me I can see the dead. We are all dead, we are rotting. Our souls are rotting. God, I curse you, why did you do this?"

"Don't curse," Florence was saying. "Don't cry. . . ."

A doctor was called and when he came, Albert was still cursing, raising his fists to God and shouting. The doctor gave him some medicine to quiet him. "He'll live," he said. "He'll be all right, only he must rest."

"Let me die," he was shouting. "Why am I living? I want to die." He became unconscious and fell back, twisting in his sleep and groaning and rubbing his hands to his eyes. Once he shouted, in pain, and began to gasp.

"Albert," cried Florence, shaking his arm, but he was dreaming, lost in the horror of his dreams, living the war again, seeing the flashes and the men running off the face of the earth into eternity.

We went home. In a month he was well again. Once more he was quiet, smiling. Florence continued to work at the packing house, earning their living. She packed figs. Then she packed raisins. He could not collect himself. He was as someone lost.

To us, my brother and I, he was the man who was not killed in the war. From what he had said, everyone had died. Only he was alive and he was dead too, more dead than the ones who had died.

This frightened us and for a time we did not play war. It was not glorious nor heroic: it was rotten. Then we forgot about Albert, somehow. We began to play soldier again, in the garden. One day I was dead thirty times. And then it was my turn and I raised my gun and shot my brother. #

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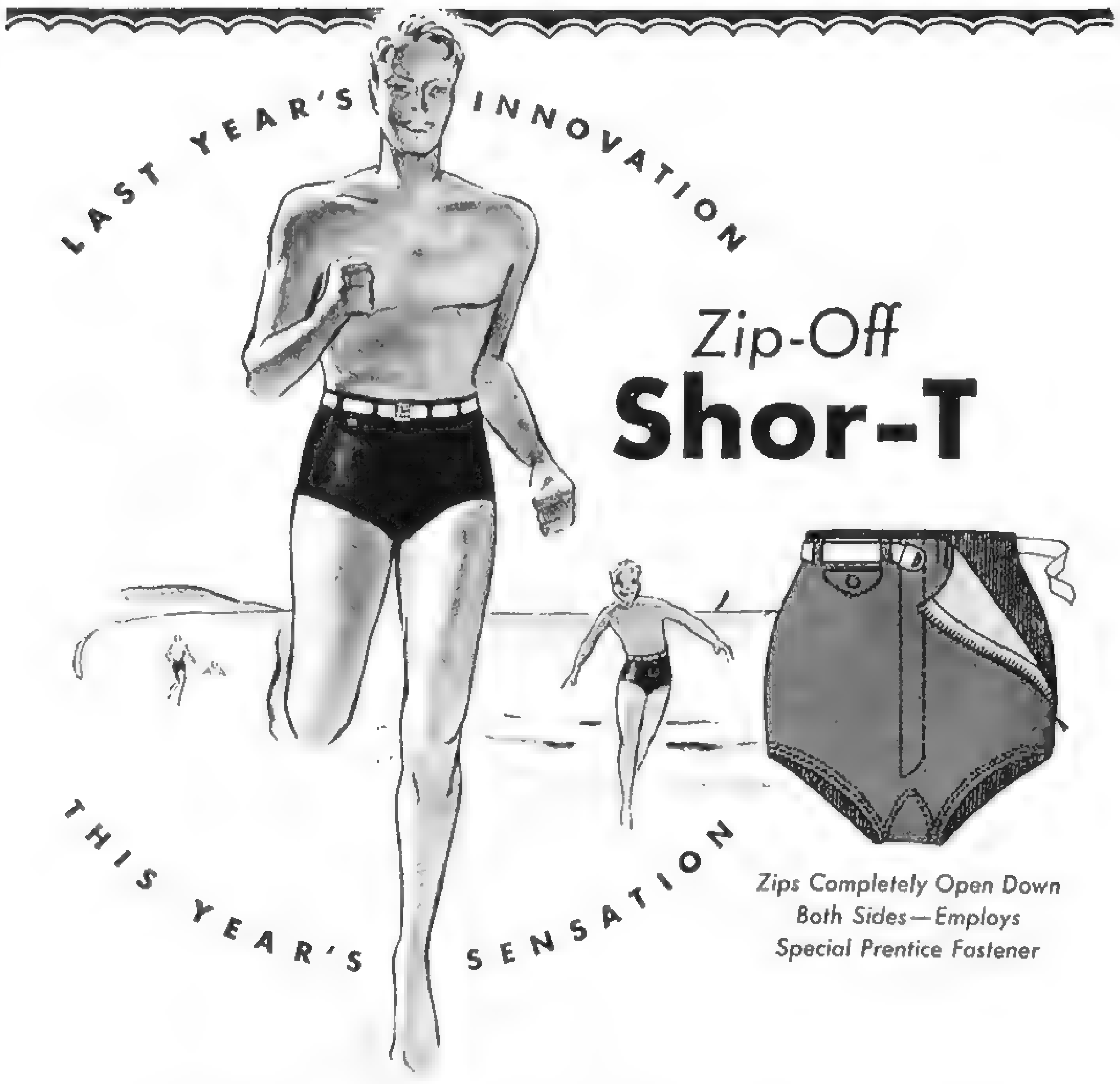
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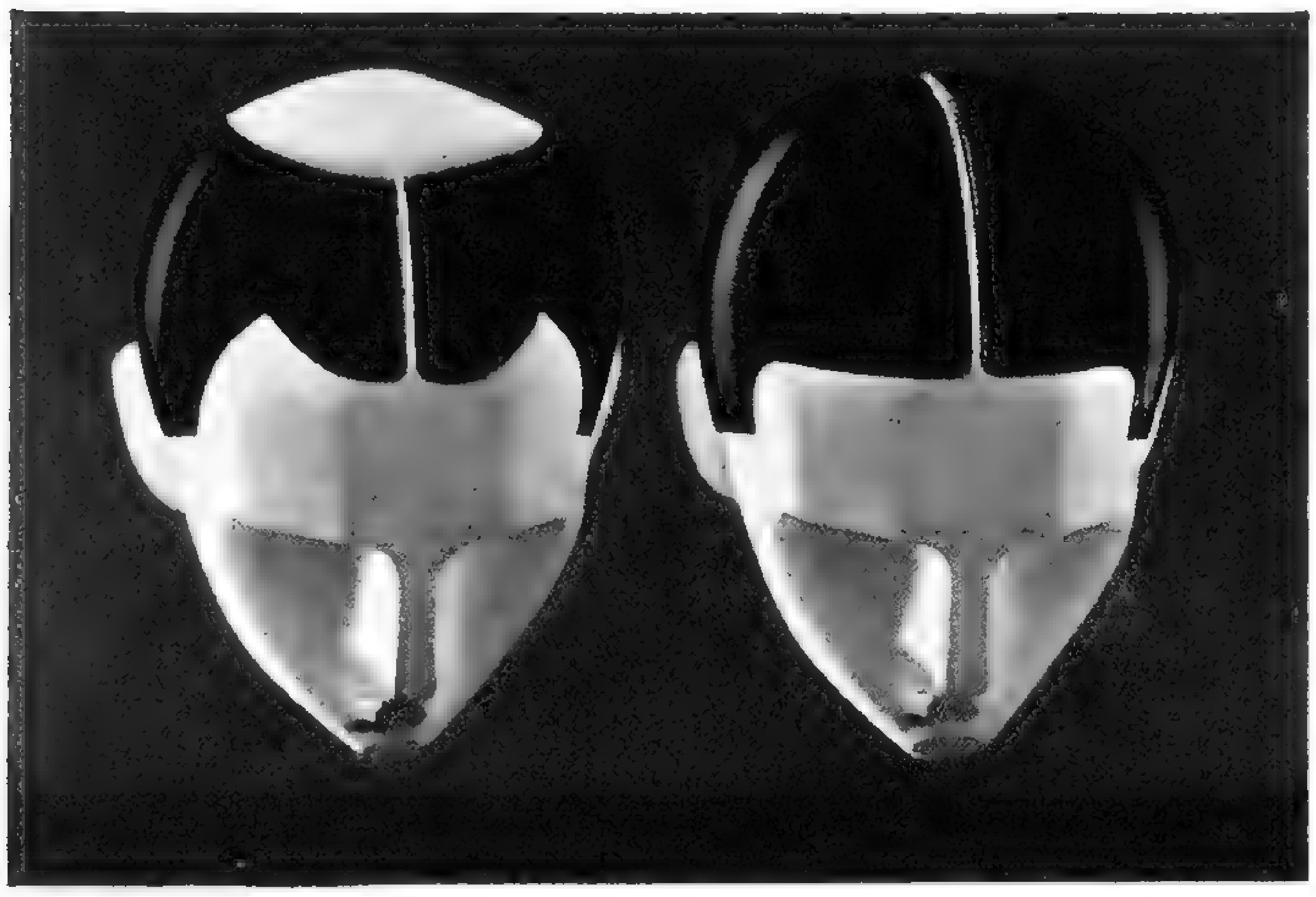

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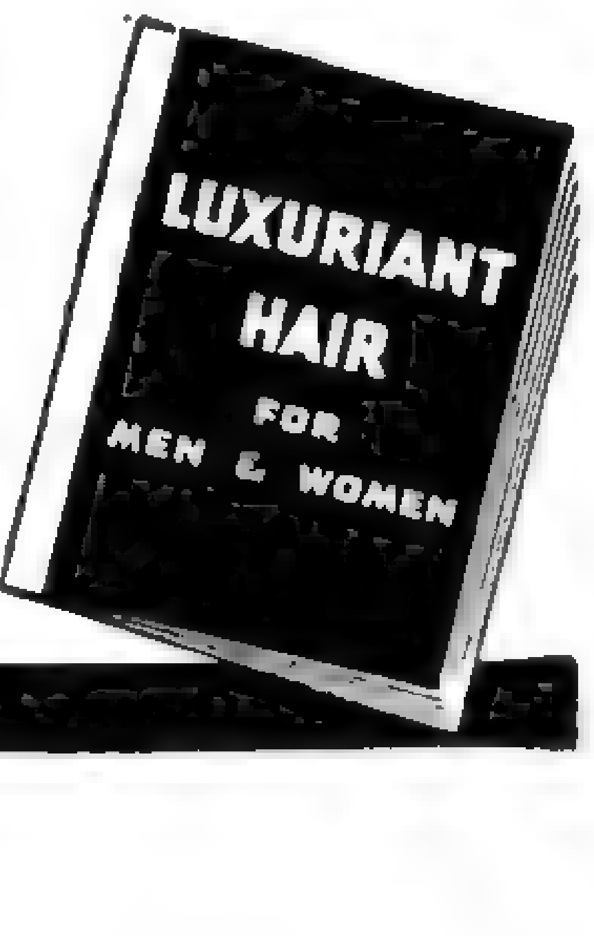

There's Something About a Soldier

Continued from page 55

asking: "I suppose he's to have dinner with us, too?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "I'll ask him."

She expected the soldier to come out of his room after he rid himself of his field effects. But he showed no signs of emerging. When their servant began to lay the table, Mary returned to the room. She knocked on the door and heard a sleepy, patient, "Come in," from the other side. Opening the door, she stepped onto the threshold.

The soldier was lying on the bed. His heavy shoes were off, exhibiting thick brown socks on his feet. His tunic was unbuttoned. He had been asleep. At the sight of Mary he started to button his tunic, hide his feet, and get up all at the same time. Abashed and perplexed, he succeeded in none of these efforts before Mary spoke.

"Don't get up," she told him. When he protested, and began his movements again, she went directly to the bed and pushed him down gently. He lay there, troubled but quiescent, looking up at her shyly. Mary thought he was like a little boy with his mother. "Where will you have your dinner?" she asked.

"They gave us money to eat," he said.

She knew, by the way he said it that he would be more comfortable going out, probably to the dog-wagon, but perversely, as if she wished to rule him, she wanted him to stay. She asked him to have dinner with them.

He regarded her for a moment before he said he didn't want to trouble them.

"It won't be any trouble," she assured him. She made her invitation more forceful. "We'd like to have you."

He looked at her more deeply, not understanding why they would like to have him, but sensing the friendliness in her voice. As if it wouldn't be polite to refuse, he said: "Thank you."

She left him, then, to seek out the servant and tell her to lay another place. As an after-thought she told the woman to take her husband's old slippers to the soldier with the message to wear them instead of his great shoes.

Dinner was difficult. The soldier appeared not in the slippers, but again in his rough army footgear. Not at ease, he sat upon the edge of his chair. Tensely he was there, not knowing what to make of strangers, unable to enjoy his food, answering questions in low monosyllables.

Peter was mostly silent, pecking at his food, and not looking at their guest. Mary, after some coaxing, managed to elicit from the soldier that his full name was Wayne Dickson and that he came from a farm. It was nice on the farm, but remote. He was seventeen, and had never been away from home before. This was the first time, brought about by his enlistment in the Citizens' Military Training Camp. Once or twice a month he went to town. But that was all. He spoke as if he were still on the farm. After each admission he went back to regarding them with shy incomprehension, an ingenuous boy with no equipment for facing such a large, new problem as staying overnight with strangers.

Mary was glad when they went into the living-room for coffee and Peter turned on the radio, making conversation less necessary. The soldier held his cup of coffee with difficulty in big, capable hands. He gulped the liquid and afterward accepted, like a fine, dumb animal brought to sustenance, a highball. Then, with a cigarette stiffly between his fingers, he sat back and listened to the radio.

From the machine there came, suddenly, an appropriate song. A woman's voice sang:

"There's something about a
 soldier,
There's something about a
 soldier,
There's something about a
 soldier
That is fine, fine, fine!"

The words filled the room, their lilt thrilling. As the song went on, praising almost hysterically, the fineness of a soldier, the soldier sat up further in his chair as if hearing himself, personally, being glorified. A light came to his eyes and he was proud again, as though re-discovering himself.

Peter listened cynically. The song reached a crescendo, building up the repetition of its first line to a high pitch. Suddenly, before it ended, Peter reached over with one hand and snapped off the radio. "That's one of your reasons for war," he said caustically. "Songs like that."

The soldier stared at him, startled. One minute he was enjoying himself, for the first time; the next minute he was shocked and puzzled by the abrupt shutting off of the song.

"Everything romanticizing war ought to be outlawed," Peter stormed. "All martial music, national anthems, flags, and uniforms. History that makes it glorious. Medals, insignia, anything that's a trapping giving people pride in it. And it goes without saying that there should be no armies or navies or armaments and a system of international police substituted."

The soldier's round eyes were wide, as if trying to become large enough to take all this in.

"Why are you training for war?" Peter asked him bluntly. "Why are you a soldier?"

The boy regarded him with astonishment. When he spoke it was not righteously, but simply and humbly. His cheeks became even redder than they were naturally as he said: "I guess I've always wanted to be a soldier."

"But why? Why?" Peter demanded.

"Well, I don't know. My uncle was in the A.E.F. He got a Congressional Medal for cleaning out a German machine-gun nest. He showed it to me."

"And you want to be like him. Is that it?"

"Well, you ought to be patriotic, too." He rested his dark eyes full on Peter when he said this, but it was doubtful if his statement was meant as a reproach.

"Rot!" Peter said. "What do you think you'd be fighting for? What do you think your uncle fought for?"

He answered for his uncle, as if an ideal was threatened. "Why, for his country."

"He fought to make other people rich." Peter launched into the protestation Mary had heard so many times, arguing against the real reasons why wars were waged, offering his solution for the outrage. "If you and I, and everybody else," he concluded, "refused to fight, and the people in other countries did the same, there wouldn't be any wars, would there?"

The soldier nodded his head politely, agreeing, and saying, "No, sir," as if to a severe elder. But that didn't mean he really agreed, or comprehended the vast things Peter pointed out. He turned to Mary, and addressed her, as if he could speak with her alone, and said that everybody ought to be ready to defend his country.

Peter snorted with disgust. "I wouldn't fight for my country," he said. "I wouldn't put on a uniform, or let myself be put into one. Under no circumstances."

The soldier thought that over, bewildered. Slowly there came to him his single idea, drummed into him, it was evident, somewhere on the journey of wearing his uniform. "But if any enemy invaded your country," he asked, "wouldn't you go then?"

"I would not!" Peter told him emphatically. "That's the usual cry. That, and the one about any man not a mouse being ready to fight in a righteous war. There isn't any such thing in humanity as a righteous war, invasion or no invasion. I tell you I would let my country down even then. Why? Because my country, as a part of civilization, had let me down first by not being able to avert a condition of war. In other words," he went on, "civilization would have failed me. And I see no reason why I should sacrifice my life for something that had betrayed me." He looked at the young soldier keenly. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't think," Peter instructed "that if war actually broke out I would do any differently. The propaganda wouldn't get me as it would most people. I know how it works and it would have the opposite effect on me. I'm not underestimating it and I'm counting that in." The way he said it, quietly, sure, almost ominously, made it certain he could rely on himself to keep to his resolves and his beliefs. "Do you understand that, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think I am a coward?"

"No, sir."

"I am not a coward because it takes greater courage to refuse to go to war than to go to it. It takes greater intelligence, though God knows it's little enough. The trouble is that most people haven't even got that much." Peter smiled wryly. "Unfortunately, I have. My wife has. She thinks none the less of me for my beliefs. Do you, Mary?"

Mary started, as if from a daydream, hearing her husband's question for the first time a moment after it had been asked. "Of course not, Peter," she said hastily. "You know I think it's fine."

With Peter then, she looked at the soldier, as if they had proved their case and waited for what he had to say.

The soldier looked more uncomfortable and bewildered than ever. He fidgeted. He blushed. He mumbled something. He didn't know much about that. He only knew that you ought to be patriotic and fight for your country.

Peter uttered an exclamation of contempt. With that he gave up, concerned himself no longer, not even cynically, with this limited mind. He spoke no more, or little, with the soldier. Mary carried the conversation, not mentioning the things her husband had brought up, but asking more about the farm.

He told her about it, how he had been able to enlist for the month in the training camp because they weren't working all of the farm any more. When he spoke of the farm he brought out the sight of fields shining with grain, the atmosphere of rich earth steaming with gestation, the warm feel of a cow's udder to the hand. Mary, watching and listening to him, saw that no matter what his enthusiasm for being a soldier, he had also a deep nostalgia, that could be easily stirred, for home.

When it was time for bed, she enjoyed the soldier's confusion at going and at saying good-night. He stood morosely, and for a moment there was embarrassment all around. As if he had to do something, but couldn't do it with words, he shook their hands, hesitating briefly before taking Peter's, then taking it and dropping it hurriedly.

Abashed, he clattered away to the security of his room, like a child escaping from adults whose comments have made it self-conscious.

The touch of his hand, tremu-

Continued on page 190

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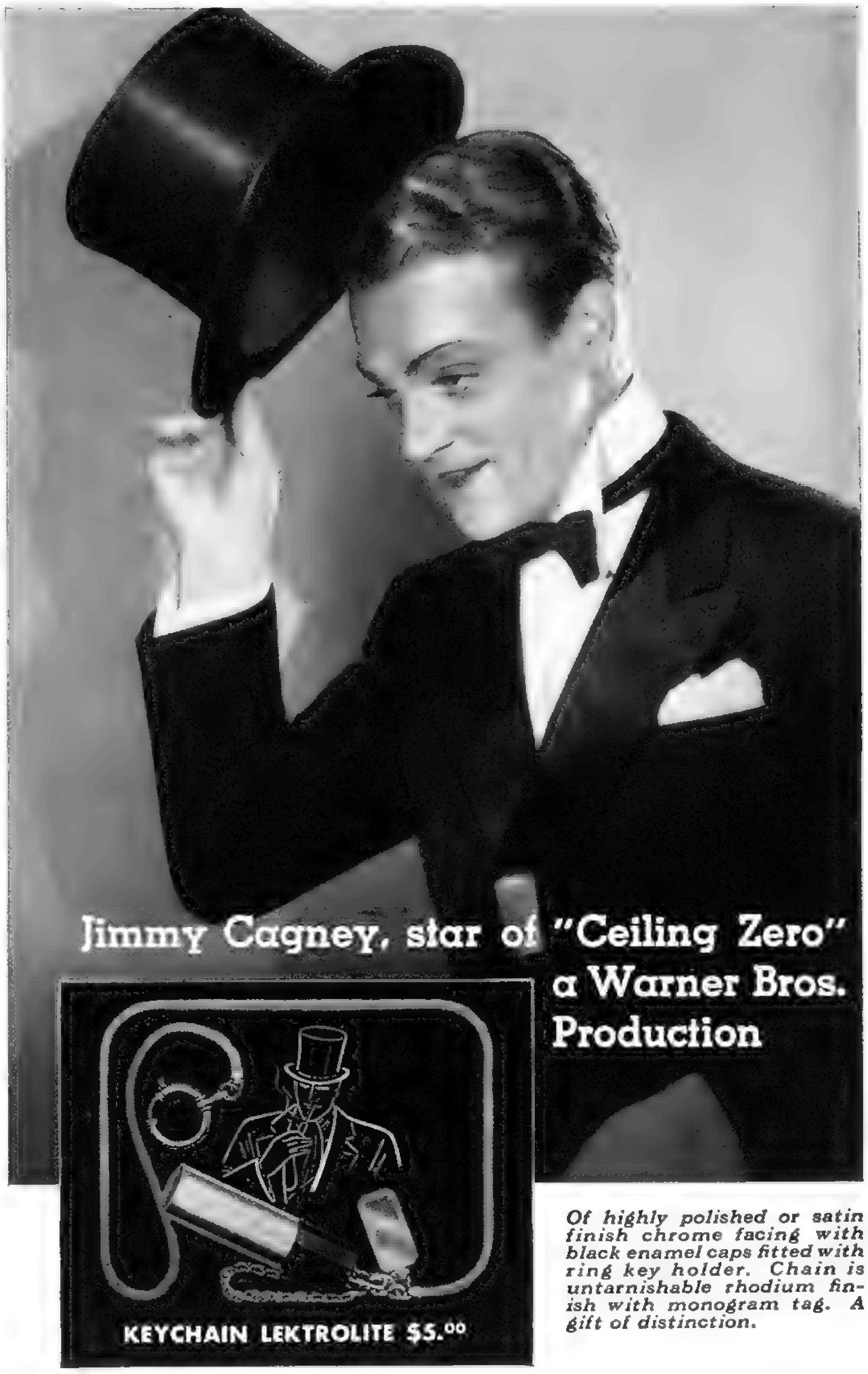
is off to Flameless Lighting



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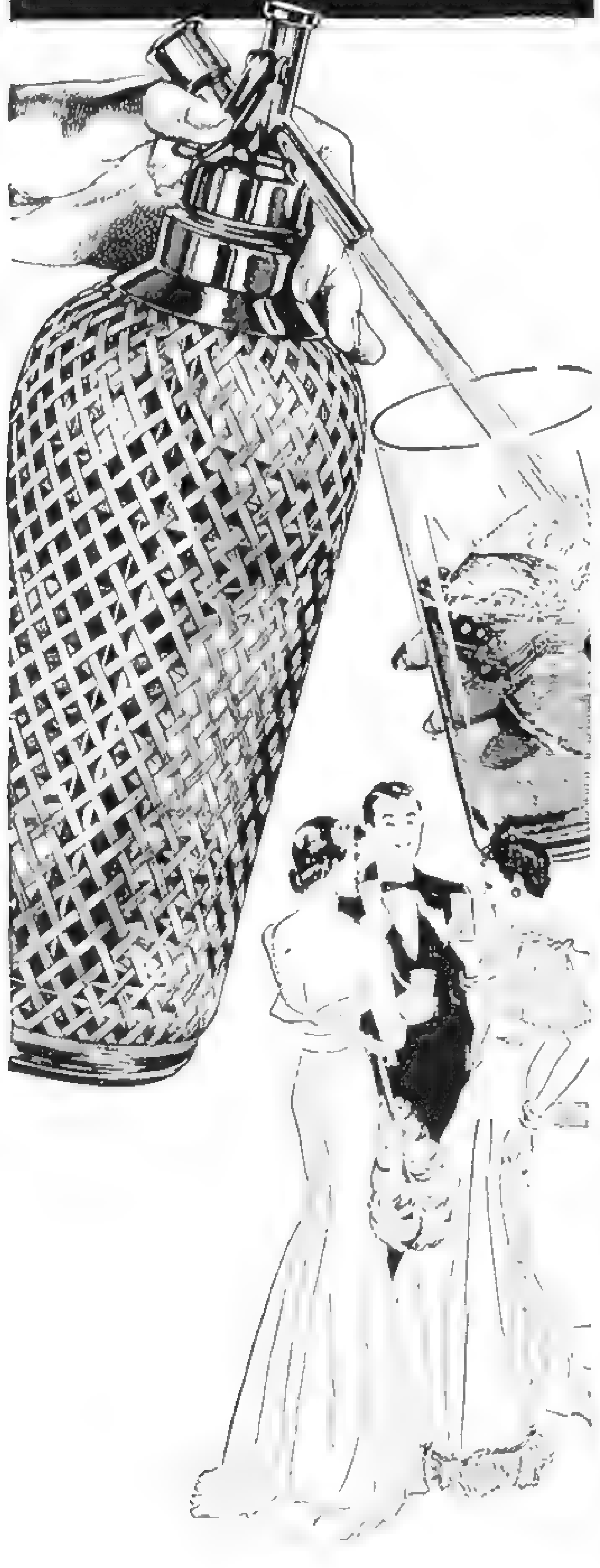

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There's Something About a Soldier

Continued from pages 55-189

lous and warm, remained with Mary when she accompanied her husband to their room. She could feel it still tingling on her flesh as her husband got into bed and there came the sounds of the soldier moving about in the next room.

Peter was talking as she pulled off her clothes. He did not see her as she stood, straight and slim, facing the wall which shut off the soldier. She could not fathom why she did this. Her lack of conscious motive made her ashamed. Dropping back to her more usual posture, she slipped her nightgown over her head hastily. The silk showered deliciously about her and she recalled, with startled chagrin, that it had not felt like that in a very long time.

Putting out the light, she got into bed beside Peter. They did not touch each other as they lay there in the darkness. He was still talking, reaching out for her with words. "He can't get beyond the one idea, what he's supposed to do," Peter said. "Like all the others, he can't think for himself. Sheep, that's all they are."

Mary hardly listened. All these things she believed in along with her husband had been gone over so many times that they had lost their novelty and almost their point. Of course he was right. Especially was he right when he said that human beings each had an individual right, beyond peoples and beyond nations, to live in peace, and no one should have the power to take that away from them. The other idea was medieval. It was primitive, past, not modern, and embued with the childish romanticism of impossibly chivalrous knights carrying the colors of their ladies in battle.

Certainly, Mary told herself, she didn't want her husband to go to war. She loved him, and she wanted him whole, not maimed and twisted and incapable. He was no coward and he was right in saying she thought no less of him for being right. No matter if she had heard his stand on war so many times it was no longer very impressive. No matter if there seemed to be a need for something else than simply working it out logically and irrefutably. No matter if, at times, out of the talk of war, she had wondered which, in an actual test, she would choose between Peter in a uniform and not in a uniform. She felt guilty and wrong when she put this question to herself, and could never answer it altogether satisfactorily, for she had never faced a test of any kind.

She didn't know when she fell asleep, but she was immediately aware of the moment she awakened. She sensed that it must be hours later. Peter had droned himself out and breathed uneasily, his brain momentarily dead at her side. For an instant she couldn't understand why she had come back to consciousness. Then, all at once, she knew. From the other room were coming the convulsive, gulping sounds of heartbroken weeping.

Lying there, unable not to listen, the soft noises rushed to her. They seeped through the wall, as if held back and partially smothered before they were released. But once through, they darted to her swiftly, little rapier thrusts that pricked her sharply from head to foot. Her flesh crawled under them.

She understood at once what caused them, how things had piled up to confuse the young soldier in the night like this. She had sensed his homesickness, temporary in his soldiering, but none the less acute. Probably he hadn't been able to show it before his fellows. But here, alone, all the pent-up force of it had come to the surface. Then there was what Peter had said to him, fearful and new and disturbing. There was his inarticulateness in answering this and his slowness at taking it in. Only now, later, was he fully realizing its import, the commentary it made on him. All these things combined to shake him in his belief of self.

Before Mary's open eyes, which should have been sightless in the darkness, there swam the two rooms and the man in each of them. They went toward each other as if each, rocked in a cradle, moved to a central point and would merge. A wild and insane thought flooded her mind: If the two men by this crazy optical illusion, actually merged, she would have a complete man. Why he would be complete she couldn't fathom, except that then he could go, in spirit, gloriously to war, and at the same time remain, in body, safely behind. The idea was so enviable that it frightened her, and she fought to keep it from continuing, could not have stood it if the men became one, wanting them to be separate, not indivisible. But the nightmare persisted, shuttling back and forth torturously in her mind until she could have screamed.

Peter stirred. Jerking up his head a little, he saw that she was awake. He sat up and listened.

Mary, as if from a cold, dizzy void outside of herself, watched him. She felt that if he spoke she would be released from her nightmare. If he spoke cynically she would have no control over the impulse that was visiting her. She would get up and go into the next room to the boy suffering in the night. With all her compassion she would take him to her breast and soothe him and change him into something bright and happy and right. By her action she would desert her husband and their entire fraternity together, all that she believed in common with him. She would break, openly, the bond of their sympathy and understanding.

She waited, frozen, hoping in one series of seconds that he

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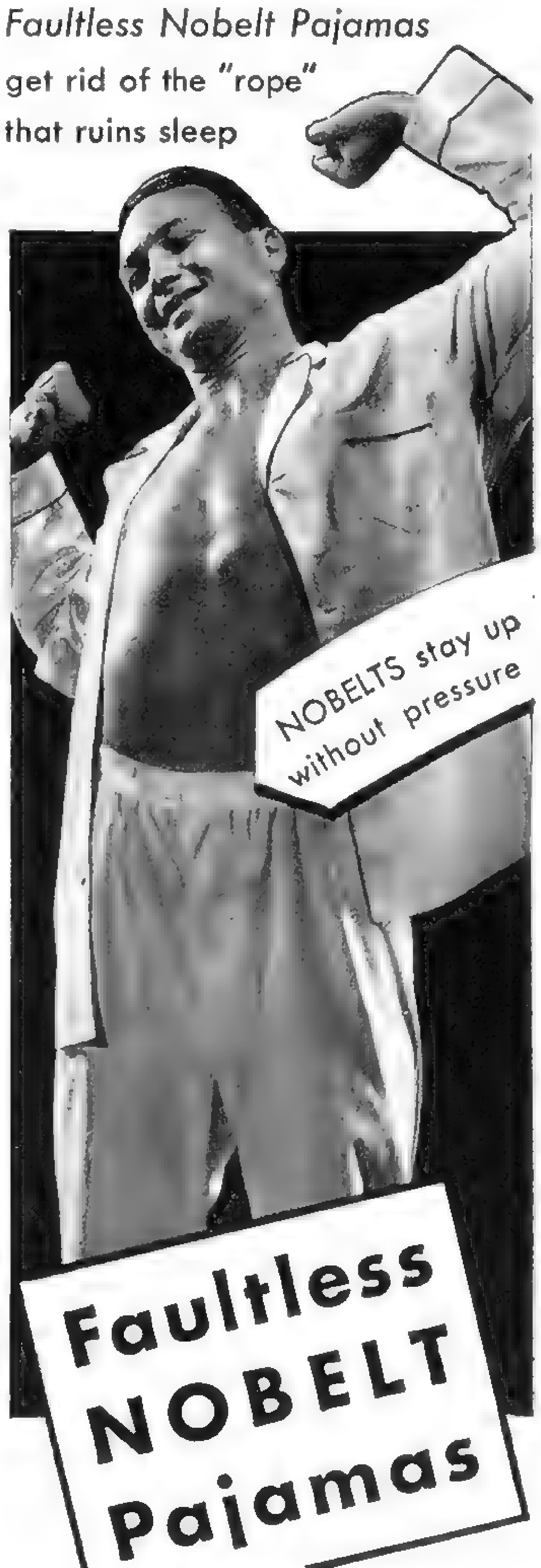

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would speak, fearing during the next seconds that he would.

He said nothing. With a slight, inexplicable sigh he lay prone again. She should have known he would have the decency to do that. No matter what he would say about it later he lay now, side by side with her, while they had the power only to say nothing to each other, were able to exchange no recognition of the inescapable command to hear something quite out of the ordinary.

After awhile, when the noises in the next room became inaudible, though she knew they were still going on, Mary quieted a little. She was shocked to find herself bathed in perspiration and moved slightly away from the body of her husband so that he might not feel it. But like the man in bed with her and the other man beyond the wall who was just as intimate, she did not sleep.

Shortly after dawn, with shaken hours behind her, she rose and dressed. Before she left the room she told Peter she wanted to see that their visitor had breakfast. In the tone that he expected from her, connotating the opposite meaning of her words, she said: "We've got to show our patriotism."

Peter's eyes remained closed before her little joke. After a moment he said: "Yes."

She greeted the soldier brightly when he appeared and gave nothing away through her manner. But it wouldn't have mattered if she had clearly decided what her thoughts and feelings were after the night, and written them all on her face, for he kept his eyes cast down. He was even more troubled than the night before, humbly grateful for orange juice, coffee and toast, and an egg, which, though he politely refused at first, he finally consumed with relish.

Afterward, when she stood out in the road with him, his gaze was still cast down as he mumbled his thanks. Mary, looking at him, felt she could not let him go this way, hurt and unsure. She was impelled to do something for him, to return to him, in some way, his confidence and his courage.

Softly, a quivering in her voice making the words and notes stirring, she sang to him:

"There's something about a soldier,
There's something about a soldier,
There's something about a soldier
That is fine, fine, fine!" ⧺

That Bum Weathermore

Continued from page 37

There was a lot of talk up and down but Weathermore held firm. He would not have a new suit, nor a hat, nor shoes nor anything at all.

In fact he thought everything he was wearing was just alright. Only one thing; if Boswell would wait about ten minutes he would go to his room and brush up a bit and shave himself and then he would be ready to drive out with him to Oak Hill!

And that is how it had to be. While he was shaving Boswell went to the telephone booth and depositing thirty-five cents called up Edna and told her the sad news.

"I am bringing him out tonight. I can't help it. He doesn't want to get a new suit. I tried my best. Yes, I was tactful, but he insists. Can't understand it. Pride or something. Yes, he looks terrible; all in rags, but it will be dark when we get to Oak Hill and I will take the back street so nobody will see us. We will start right away. Have supper for seven and call up the Blakes in case they thought of dropping in tonight and say . . . Tonight is not a good night. Well, you know what to say. Good-bye darling."

As soon as Edna hung up the receiver she called the Blakes and had a pleasant chat and let them understand that she and "Bozzie" were not at home to callers that evening. Then she went out to the kitchen and spoke to the colored cook Hanna.

"We will be three for supper tonight. Mr. Weathermore is quite eccentric but he is an old friend. In fact he is a millionaire but he dresses like an ordinary working man and sometimes even worse."

This was necessary she thought, for Hanna had a sister who worked for one of the oldest families in Oak Hill and there might be talk about the Boswells and a certain bum called Weathermore. And soon, in the dark, through a back street Boswell arrived with their friend Weathermore.

It was very nice to be able to show him their home in Oak Hill and they were very proud. They wanted him to realize that they were comfortable and fairly secure and lived among good people in a better community such as Oak Hill.

They would gladly have paid fifty dollars to buy him shoes and a suit and other things so that Weathermore might stay with them and they could remind him that he was their guest because they had good hearts and in these hearts loyalties were not overlooked. Yes, fifty was cheap. They would have made it a hundred. Wasn't it worth it?

But Weathermore was not interested very much in the house. He did not care if the upstairs porch had copper screens or not. Nor did he care to see the bedrooms or other things but he was glad to see the Boswells and would rather have their conversation than anything else. He made himself comfortable in the living room and waited for a cocktail.

Boswell proposed a toast: "Here's to old times and happy days."

Edna frowned for she thought it was bad taste to remind Weathermore of old times.

Continued on page 192

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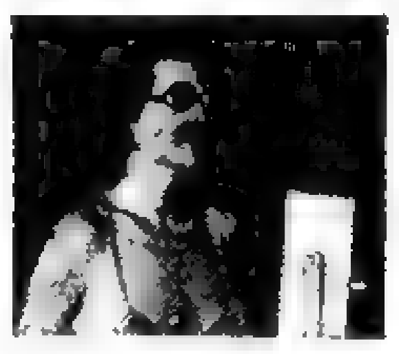

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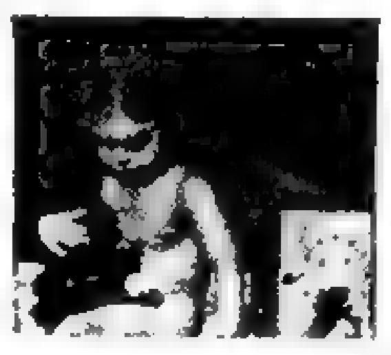

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That Bum Weathermore

Continued from pages 37-191

But Weathermore only bowed politely and repeated: "Here's to old times."

"It is too bad," Edna remarked, "you won't stay with us for a week or two. The country air would do you a world of good."

"Impossible my dear. Just impossible."

"Now, really, you haven't so much to do these days."

"No, quite true. But it's only a frame of mind my dear. And that makes it impossible."

"I understand," she said, but she really didn't.

During supper the Boswells realized that it was all no good and the bum was not in the least impressed with their fine home, nor the Turkish rugs, nor the brown school oil paintings, nor Oak Hill and the whole business. And all their pride and eagerness to impress him was just wasted. In fact the whole thing was a mistake.

Edna was boiling with anger. And she thought she would not let the bum get away with so much disdain. And so they started sticking pins into each other.

"I hope you won't mind my saying so but we are sorry to find you down on your luck."

"Well," replied the bum, "I've had a good run for my money."

"That's been your whole trouble Weathermore," joined in Mr. Boswell. "You spent your money like a drunken sailor. Why that apartment you furnished . . . you could have had a whole house out here in Oak Hill and it would have been yours for life."

"But what a life, Bozzie," said the bum.

"Well, not so bad, I don't think."

Then Edna stuck in her pin: "It's as good as a Bowery lodging house anyway."

"It might be to you but not to me," said the bum.

In this way one word led to another and as soon as the dinner was over Weathermore bowed politely and said: "It has been a great pleasure and I did enjoy your dinner but I think I had better start back to the city; it's a long ride. . . . Are you driving me in, Bozzie?"

"Well, well," stammered Boswell. "I did not . . ."

"We could drive you to the station," Edna joined in. "We could even drive you down to the next station—Fairview."

"Yes, then nobody in Oak Hill would see that you are entertaining a bum. Oh! I know you very well. You are just the ordinary variety. But you see I must explain to you that I haven't the fare to ride on a train and I know you would rather buy me a ticket than drive at night all that distance but I couldn't accept it from you. Besides you have had your fun and I think the least you can do is to deliver me back to the Paradise Lodging Rooms."

"Paradise!" cried Edna with mockery.

"Well, I must insist on it," said the bum.

"Insist!" cried Boswell. "Really my good man you are carrying it too far!"

"I am not your good man," replied the bum. "I do insist on it and if you like you may call the police!"

Now there was a long silence. This was a challenge.

Boswell was silent and Edna had to sit down to think. The bum asks for the police!

"It would go bad with you," said Boswell.

"Why?"

"Because of your condition."

"Not at all. We would have the reporters around and I would tell the police the simple fact that you take so much pleasure in the misfortune of your friends that you rake them out of Bowery lodging houses and drive them out to Oak Hill and then refuse to drive them back. Well, you won't put me on the train as though I were a discharged servant. No, my dears. You have had a wonderful time showing me your cheap, middle-class, tawdry, over-stuffed house. You have had the vulgarity to take a destitute man and exhibit your horse-hair mattresses and other bourgeois comforts. You have had the crass to want to dress me up in some cheap reach-me-downs and exhibit me as the object of your pity. You only are anxious to show off. Oh yes I can see right through you. And if you refuse to return me to the Paradise Lodging Rooms I will myself call for the police."

The Boswells did not like this speech and for the sake of peace they agreed to drive Weathermore back. Edna accompanied them so that Bozzie would have someone to drive back with him. But she tried to stick no more pins in that bum Weathermore.

On their way to the city the conversation was more pleasant and not quite so sharp. Only once it threatened to break out when Edna said in an appealing voice: "Now Mr. Weathermore you don't really mean that Oak Hill is as bad as all that."

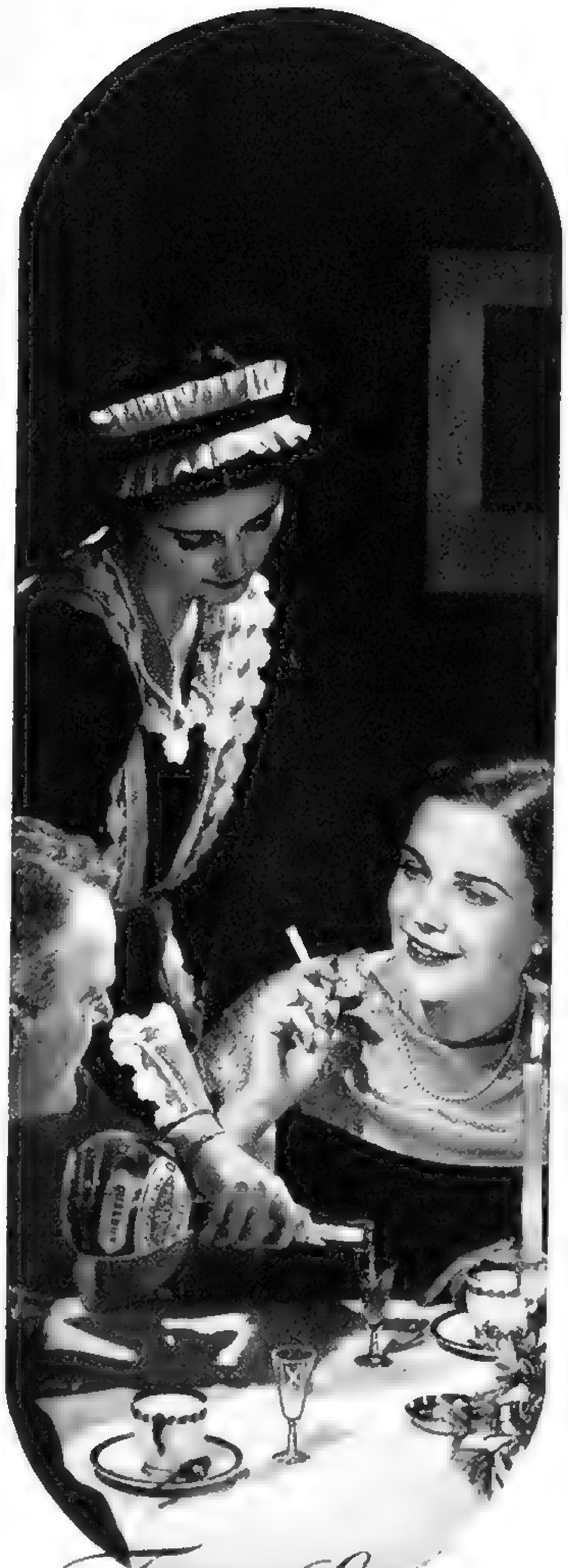
"Well, madame, even in my present condition—rags and bones—still I would not want to be found dead in such a place."

And that seemed conclusive. When they reached the Paradise Lodging Rooms on the Bowery Weathermore got out, thanked them heartily and said: "By the by. If you hear of someone who would like to buy a Picasso painting let me know. I still have two left. Many thanks for the pleasant evening. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," they replied and waved to him and swung the car around and started back to Oak Hill.

Boswell was cursing under his breath and with great indignation said: "That bum Weathermore!"

And Edna repeated it and added: "What a bum!" #



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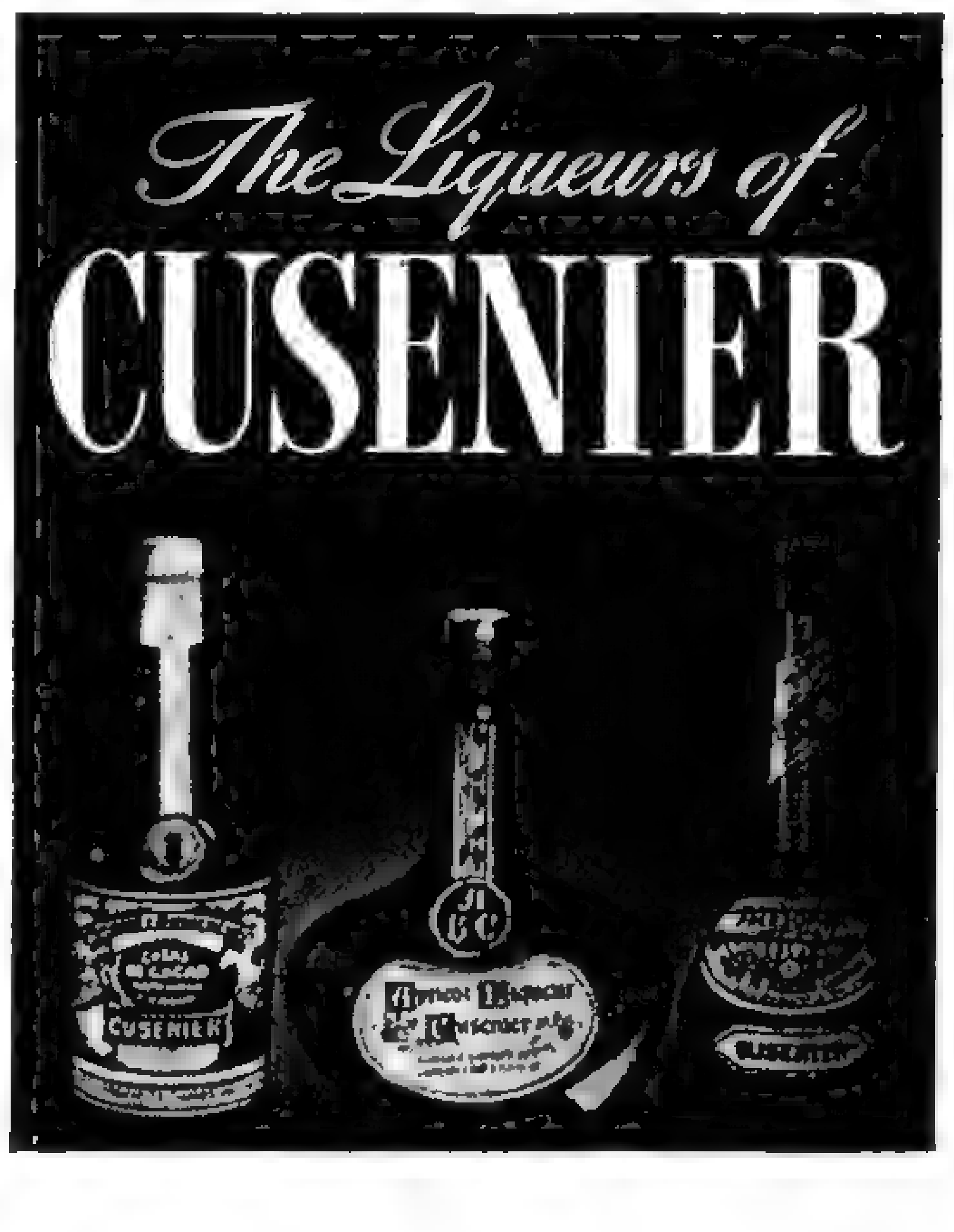


The Tradesman's Return

Continued from page 27

"Why they want to shoot?" the man answered.

"I want a doctor," the nigger told him.

"What's a doctor going to do that I aint done for you?"

"Doctor going to cure me."

"You'll have a doctor tonight when the boat comes out."

"I don't want to wait for no boat."

"All right," the man said. "We're going to dump this liquor now."

He started to dump it and it was hard work one handed. A sack of liquor only weighs about forty pounds but he had not dumped very many of them before he became dizzy again. He sat down in the cockpit and then he lay down.

"You going to kill yourself," the nigger said.

The man lay quietly in the cockpit with his head against one of the sacks.

The branches of the mangroves had come into the cockpit and they made a shadow over him where he lay. He could hear the wind above the mangroves and looking out at the high, cold sky see the thin blown clouds of the norther.

"Nobody going to come out with this breeze," he thought. "They won't look for us to have started with this blowing."

"You think they'll come out?" the nigger asked.

"Sure," the man said. "Why not?"

"It's blowing too hard."

"They're looking for us."

"Not with it like this. What you want to lie to me for?" The nigger was talking with his mouth almost against a sack.

"Take it easy, Wesley," the man told him.

"Take it easy, the man says," the nigger went on, "Take it easy. Take what easy? Take dyin like a dog easy? You got me here. Get me out."

"Take it easy," the man

"Dump this liquor," the man told him. "Can't you put over what you can reach, Wesley?"

The nigger tried to move to reach a sack, then groaned and lay back.

"Do you hurt that bad, Wesley?"

"Oh God," the nigger said.

"You don't think once you moved it it wouldn't hurt so bad?"

"I'm shot," the nigger said. "I aint going to move. The man wants me to go to dumpin liquor when I'm shot."

"Take it easy."

"You say that once more I go crazy."

"Take it easy," the man said quietly.

The nigger made a howling noise and shuffling with his hands on the deck picked up the whetstone from under the coaming.

"I'll kill you," he said. "I'll cut your heart out."

"Not with no whetstone," the man said. "Take it easy, Wesley."

The nigger blubbered with his face against a sack. The man went on slowly lifting the sacked packages of liquor and dropping them over the side.

While he was dumping the liquor he heard the sound of a motor and looking he saw a boat headed toward them coming down the channel around the end of the key. It was a white boat with a buff painted house and a wind shield.

"Boat coming," he said. "Come on Wesley."

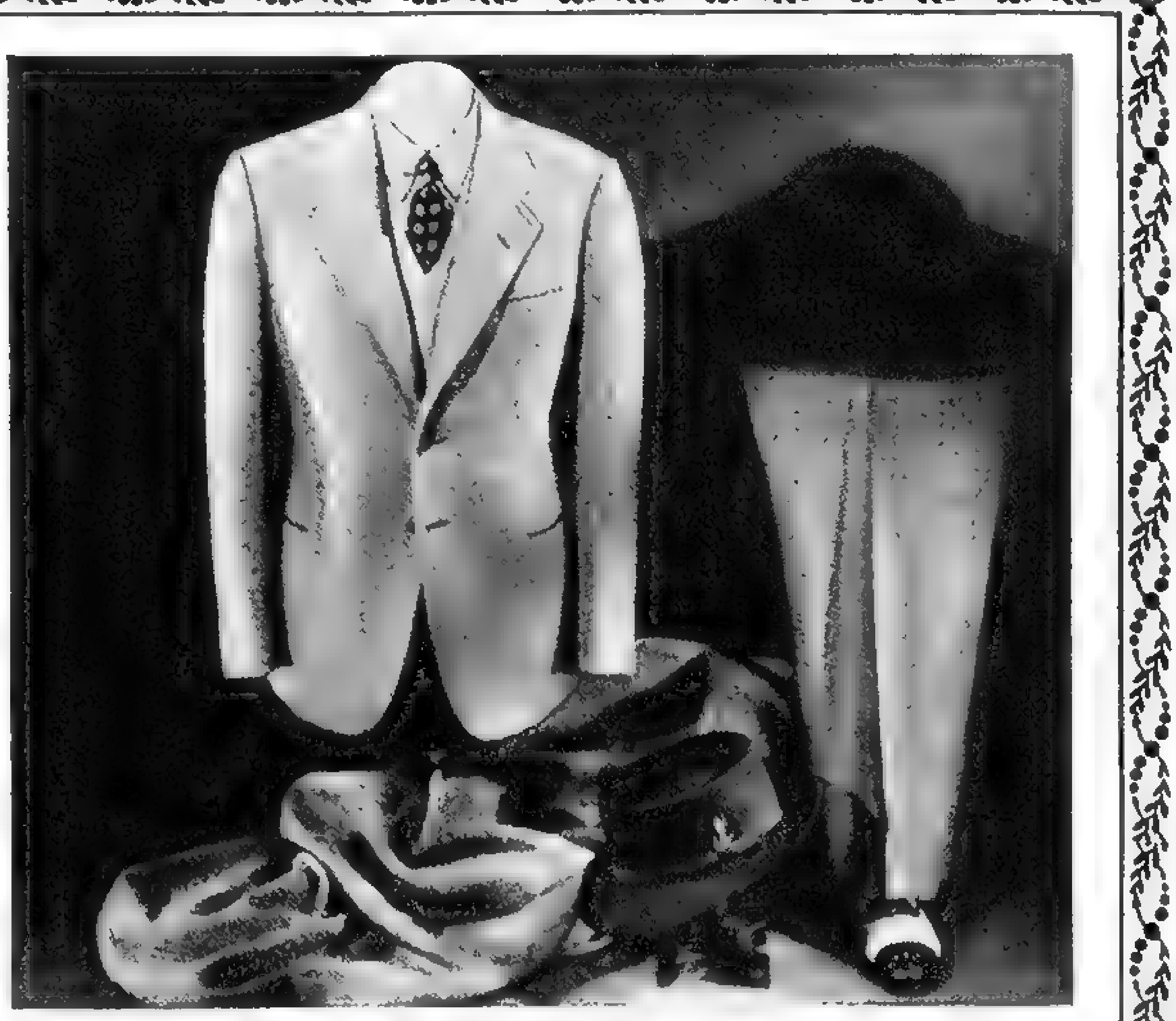
"I can't."

"I'm remembering from now on," the man said. "Before was different."

"Go ahead an remember," the nigger told him. "I aint forgot nothing either."

Working fast now, the sweat running down his face, not stopping to watch the boat coming slowly down the channel, the man picked up the sacked packages of liquor with his good arm and dropped them over the side.

"Roll over," he reached for the



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The Tradesman's Return

Continued from pages 27-193

came up with a blanket. "Let me cover you up."

"Bout time you cover me up. They couldn't help but see that liquor. What we goin to do?"

"Willie's a good skate," the man said. "He'll tell them in town we're out here. Those fellows fishing aint going to bother us. What they care about us?"

He felt very shaky now and he sat down on the steering seat and held his right arm tight between his thighs. His knees were shaking and with the shaking he could feel the ends of the bone in his upper arm grate. He opened his knees, lifted his arm out, and let it hang by his side. He was sitting there, his arm hanging, when the boat passed them coming back up the channel. The two men in the fishing chairs were talking. They had put up their rods and one of them was looking at him through a pair of glasses. They were too far out for him to hear what they were saying. It would not have helped him if he had heard it.

On board the charter boat *South Florida*, trolling down the Woman Key channel because it was too rough to go out to the reef, Captain Willie Adams was thinking, so Harry crossed last night. That boy's got *cojones*. He must have got that whole blow. She's a sea boat all right. How you suppose he smashed his windshield? Damned if I'd cross a night like last night. Damned if I'd ever run liquor from Cuba. They bring it all from Mariel now. Just go in and out. It's supposed to be wide open. "What's that you say, Cap?"

"What boat is that?" asked one of the men in the fishing chairs.

"That boat?"

"Yes, that boat."

"Oh that's a Key West boat."

"What I said was, whose boat is it?"

"I wouldn't know that, Cap."

"Is the owner a fisherman?"

"Well some say he is."

"What do you mean?"

"He does a little of everything."

"You don't know his name?"

"No sir."

"You called him Harry."

"Not me."

"I heard you call him Harry."

Captain Willie Adams took a good look at the man who was speaking to him. He saw a high cheekboned, thin-lipped, slightly pudgy face with deep set grey eyes and a contemptuous mouth looking at him from under a white canvas hat. There was no way that Captain Willie Adams could know that this man was regarded as irresistibly handsome by a great many women in Washington.

"I must have called him that by mistake," Captain Willie said.

"You can see that the man is wounded, Doctor," the other man said, handing the glasses to his companion.

"I can see that without glasses," the man addressed as Doctor said. "Who is that man?"

"I wouldn't know," said Captain Willie.

"Well you will know," the man with the contemptuous mouth said. "Write down the numbers on the bow."

"I have them, Doctor."

"We'll go over and have a look," the Doctor said.

"Are you a doctor?" Captain Willie asked.

"Not of medicine," the grey eyed man told him.

"If you're not a medical doctor I wouldn't go over there."

"Why not?"

"If he wanted us he would have signalled us. If he don't want us it's none of our business. Down here everybody aims to mind their own business."

"All right. Suppose you mind yours then. Take us over to that boat."

Captain Willie continued on his way up the channel, the two cylinder Palmer coughing steadily.

"Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes sir."

"Why don't you obey my order?"

"Who the hell you think you are?" asked Captain Willie.

"That's not the question. Do as I tell you."

"Who do you think you are?" Captain Willie asked again.

"All right. For your information I'm one of the three most important men in the United States today."

"What the hell you doing in Key West then?"

The other man leaned forward. "He's ....," he said impressively.

"I never heard of him," said Captain Willie.

"Well you will," said the man called Doctor. "And so will everyone in this stinking jerkwater little town if I have to grub it out by the roots."

"You're a nice fellow," said Captain Willie. "How did you get so important?"

"He's the most intimate friend and closest adviser of ....," said the other man.

"Nuts," said Captain Willie. "If he's all that what's he doing in Key West?"

"He's just here for a rest," the secretary explained. "He's going to be ...."

"That's enough Harris," the man called Doctor said. "Now will you take us over to that boat," he said smiling. He had a smile which was reserved for such occasions.

"No sir."

"Listen you half-witted fisherman. I'll make life so miserable for you—"

"Yes," said Captain Willie.

"You don't know who I am."

"None of it don't mean anything to me," said Captain Willie. "And you don't know where you are."

"That man is a bootlegger isn't he?"

"What do *you* think?"

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"There's probably a reward for him."

"I doubt that."

"He's a lawbreaker."

"He's got a family and he's got to eat and feed them. Who the hell do you eat off of with people working here in Key West for the Government for six dollars and a half a week?"

"He's wounded. That means he's been in trouble."

"Unless he shot hisself for fun"

"You can save that sarcasm. You're going over to that boat and we're going to take that man and that boat into custody."

"Into where?"

"Into Key West."

"Are you an officer?"

"I've told you who he is," the secretary said.

"All right," said Captain Willie. He pushed the tiller hard over and turned the boat, coming so close to the edge of the channel that the propeller threw up a circling cloud of marl.

He chugged down the channel toward where the other boat lay against the mangroves.

"Have you a gun aboard?" the man called the Doctor asked Captain Willie.

"No sir."

The two men in flannels were standing up now watching the booze boat.

"This is better fun than fishing, eh Doctor?" the secretary said.

"Fishing is nonsense," said the Doctor. "If you catch a sailfish what do you do with it? You can't eat it. This is really interesting. I'm glad to see this at first hand. Wounded as he is that man cannot escape. It's too rough at sea. We know his boat."

"You're really capturing him single handed," said the secretary admiringly.

"And unarmed too," said the doctor.

"With no G-men nonsense," said the secretary.

"Edgar Hoover exaggerates his publicity," said the Doctor. "I feel we've given him about enough rope." Then, "Pull alongside," he said to Captain Willie.

Captain Willie threw out his clutch and the boat drifted.

"Hey," Captain Willie called to the other boat. "Keep your heads down."

"What's that?" the Doctor said angrily.

"Shut up," said Captain Willie. "Hey," he called over to the other boat. "Listen. Get on into town and take it easy. Never mind the boat. They'll take the boat. Dump your load and get into town. I got a guy here on board some kind of a stool from Washington. Not a G-man. Just a stool. One of the heads of the alphabet. More important than the President he says. He wants to pinch you. He thinks you're a bootlegger. He's got the numbers of the boat. I aint never seen you so I don't know who you are. I couldn't identify you—"

The boats had drifted apart. Captain Willie went on shouting, "I don't know where this place is where I seen you. I wouldn't know how to get back here."

"O. K.," came a shout from the booze boat.

"I'm taking this big alphabet man fishing until dark," Captain Willie shouted.

"O. K."

"He loves to fish," Captain Willie yelled, his voice almost breaking. "But the son of a bitch claims you can't eat 'em."

"Thanks brother," came the voice of Harry.

"That chap your brother?" asked the Doctor his face very red but his love for information still unappeased.

"No sir," said Captain Willie. "Most everybody goes in boats calls each other brother."

"We'll go into Key West," the Doctor said; but he said it without great conviction.

"No sir," said Captain Willie. "You gentlemen chartered me for a day. I'm going to see you get your money's worth. You called me a halfwit but I'll see you get a full day's charter."

"He's an old man," said the Doctor to his secretary." Should we rush him?"

"Don't you try it," said Captain Willie. "I'd hit you right over the head with this."

He showed them a length of iron pipe that he used for clubbing shark.

"Why don't you gentlemen just put your lines out and enjoy yourselves? You didn't come down here to get in no trouble. You come down here for a rest. You say you can't eat sailfish but you won't catch no sailfish in these channels. You'd be lucky to catch a grouper."

"What do you think?" asked the Doctor.

"Better leave him alone," the secretary eyed the iron pipe.

"Besides you made another mistake," Captain Willie went on. "Sailfish is just as good eating as kingfish. When we used to sell them to Rios for the Havana market we got ten cents a pound same as kings."

"Oh *shut* up," said the Doctor.

"I thought you'd be interested in these things as a Government man. Aint you mixed up in the prices of things that we eat or something? Aint that it? Making them more costly or something. Making the grits dearer and the

Continued at top of page 196

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The Tradesman's Return

Continued from pages 27-193-195

grunts cheaper. Fish goin' down in price all the time."

"Oh shut up," said the Doctor.

On the booze boat Harry had the last sack over.

"Get me the fish knife," he said to the nigger.

"It's gone."

Harry pressed the self starters and started the two engines. He got the hatchet and with his left hand chopped the anchor rope through against the bit. It'll sink and they'll grapple it when they pick up the load, he thought. I'll run her up into the Garrison Bight and if they're going to take her they'll take her. I got to get to a Doctor. I don't want to lose my arm and the boat both. The load is worth as much as the boat. There wasn't too much of it smashed. A little smashed can smell plenty.

He shoved the port clutch in and swung out away from the mangroves with the tide. The engines ran smoothly. Captain Willie's boat was two miles away now headed for Boca Grande. I guess the tide's high enough to go through the lakes now, Harry thought. He shoved in his starboard clutch and the engines roared as he pushed up the throttle. He could feel her bow rise and the green mangroves coasted swiftly alongside as the boat sucked the water away from their roots. I hope they don't take her, he thought. I hope they can fix my arm. How was we to know they'd shoot at us in Mariel after we could go and come there open for six months? That's Cubans for you. Somebody didn't pay somebody so we got the shooting. That's Cubans all right.

"Hey Wesley," he said, looking back into the cockpit where the nigger lay with the blanket over him. "How you feeling, Boogie?"

"God," said Wesley. "I couldn't feel no worse."

"You'll feel worse when the old doctor probes for it," Harry told him.

"You aint human," the nigger said. "You aint got human feelings."

That old Willie is a good skate, Harry was thinking. There's a good skate that old Willie. We done better to come in than to wait. It was foolish to wait. I felt so dizzy and sicklike I lost my judgment.

Ahead now he could see the white of the La Concha hotel, the wireless masts, and the houses of town. He could see the car ferries lying at the Trumbo dock where he would go around to head up for the Garrison Bight. That old Willie, he thought. He was giving them Hell. Wonder who those buzzards was? Damn if I don't feel plenty bad right now. I feel plenty dizzy. We done right to come in. We done right not to wait.

"Mr. Harry," said the nigger. "I'm sorry I couldn't help dump that stuff."

"Hell," said Harry. "Aint no nigger any good when he's shot. You're a all right nigger, Wesley."

Above the roar of the motors and the high, slapping, rush of the boat through the water he felt a strange hollow singing in his heart. He always felt this way coming home at the end of a trip. I hope they can fix that arm, he thought. I got a lot of use for that arm. #

Olympic Hoopla

Continued from page 49

general principles there.

"My next thought was what to do with the ball when you get it. I decided that we should permit passing in any direction. I then thought about the goals. I considered goals such as are used in soccer and lacrosse. I realized, however, that a horizontal goal like that would bring driving play which would be too hard for an indoor game. I remembered playing duck-on-rock as a boy, and in that game we found it better to use a lob throw with an arch or parabola. That sort of play required softening up. First I thought of a circle on the floor to try to drop the ball into. Then I saw that the defense would crowd around it, making scoring impossible. Next came the idea of elevating the goal.

"I asked the janitor if he had a couple of boxes about eighteen inches square. 'No,' he replied, 'but I've got a couple of old peach baskets'."

There, then, was the origin of basketball. From the very first it caught on. Within two weeks large crowds were watching the games, in which as many as fifty players took part. At first there were only thirteen rules, which were first printed in *The Triangle*, the "Y" school paper, of which young Naismith was one of the editors. To start the game the ball was tossed in from one end of the court, causing a melee as the players all rushed for it. Two years later the ball was tossed up in the middle of the court and had to be touched by the center-man to put it in play, as at present. But it is curious that today there is a movement to abolish the center jump, because of its emphasis on "giraffe" centers, in favor of the original system of putting the ball in play from the sidelines.

A score was made when the ball was thrown into and stayed in the basket, which was fastened ten feet from the floor on the wall or gallery, and for a number of years after the net and ring had supplanted the peach basket as goal the nets were closed at the bottom and time out had to be taken to poke the ball up out of the net with a pole every time a goal was scored. In the early days three consecutive fouls awarded a goal to the opponents, provided they

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had not made a foul themselves in the meantime. After a while, instead of the three foul rule, free throws were awarded for tackling or holding an opponent. For years it was a foul to hug the ball against the body, and it was only since the war that the foul was dropped for the minor offense of travelling with the ball.

It soon became obvious that too many players hindered teamwork, so very soon the number of players on a team was reduced, according to the size of the playing floor—first to nine, then to seven, and finally to the present quintet. From the first, the length of the halves was twenty minutes as at present, and the ball went to the first man touching it out-of-bounds, the same as now. For a considerable period in some buildings the courts were encased in nets, like baseball batting cages, and the ball was always in play, permitting continuous action.

The history of sport contains no example of more rapid rise of a game than that shown by basketball, even the spread of baseball right after the Civil War ranking second. The speed with which the game spread all over the world was due to two things—first, the general need for a vigorous indoor game that would arouse the deep muscles and basic nerve centers, and secondly the game was developed at an institution that sent its students to all parts of the earth. Duncan Patton, a "Y" graduate, took the game to India in 1894. Emil Thies, another graduate of the school, implanted the sport in his native France in 1895. Ishakawa, another "Y" student, took the game to Japan, his native land, in 1900, and there the game has flourished as luxuriantly as baseball. Robert Galey, a former Princeton football center; Dr. Max J. Exner, Dr. Charles Siler, a Kansas grid star, and J. Robertson established the sport in China in 1904. United States soldiers started the game in the Philippines during their campaign for Aguinaldo. Tournaments with China and the Philippines are now held every year in Japan drawing crowds of 10,000. The Japs win these tournaments consistently. They are quick little passers with good footwork, although not much on defense. They are somewhat wild with their passing, and follow a difficult style of jumping into the air, then making a two-hand shot.

C. Harek, another Springfield "Y" man, took basketball to Persia as far back as 1901, and Chester N. Tobin translated the rules for the Turks. Louis W. Riess started the sport in Greece, and it was introduced into Germany by Dr. Schmidt who saw the game played in the Olympic Games at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

Naturally enough since the game was developed in a training school for Y.M.C.A. physical directors, it spread very rapidly among the members of this organization, and colleges and schools followed closely. Yale was the first university to form a representative team in the winter of 1892-93, and Cornell and the University of Chicago had varsity fives in 1893-94. Smith College first adapted the game for girls, dividing the court into three areas with two cross-court restraining lines to eliminate some of the running. In 1901 the Eastern Intercollegiate League was organized with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Cornell entering, and in 1905 the Big Ten took up the sport officially.

From the beginning basketball has been a democratic game with universal attractions. The sight of that ring with net appendant up there on the backboard has an irresistible fascination for everyone to attempt to pitch the ball through it. One sees today the "hoops" tacked up on barns and coal sheds of rural districts; every country school has its outdoor court. I have seen the baskets on poles in the lonely mountain hamlets of Mexico.

Lacking the uniform playing grounds of other sports, basketball has been played under a greater variety of "realistic" conditions than any other game. It has been played in cement cellars by lamp light in temperatures so low that the water was freezing around the drain-pipes; it has been played in garages on oily greasy concrete floors with cars roped off along the sidelines; it has been played in hay barns with dirt floors, the spectators dangling their legs from the hay mow; it has been played in fraternity lodge rooms, in old abandoned town halls, in emptied swimming pools, on skating rinks covered with black chalk which flew up in eddies of black cloud covering the players until the game resembled charges and counter-charges of Ethiopian warriors. Many of the early courts were on the stages of small town theaters, or in the "orchestra" where a number of rows of front seats had been removed leaving the floor with a decided slope. A winter indoor sport, many of these primitive courts were equipped with red-hot stoves or radiators or steam pipes, and it was not beyond the strategy of the game to attempt to maneuver the enemy into one of these "hot spots." Other courts were in long corridors underneath buildings where the stanchions cluttered up the floor with natural barriers which the teams used as screens for their maneuvers on attack or defense. Dance halls, as well as old abandoned churches, came in for their share of the game's encroachment. The dance floors were usually very slick, and before the game rosin would be scattered over the court. Then it was a part of the strategy for the home team to soak their rubber-soled shoes in coal oil all night before the game to soften the rubber so that they could keep their feet while the opponents were slipping, sliding and sprawling. On these slick courts the forwards often used the trick of skidding right past their guards and then boosting the ball up into the net.

Continued on page 198

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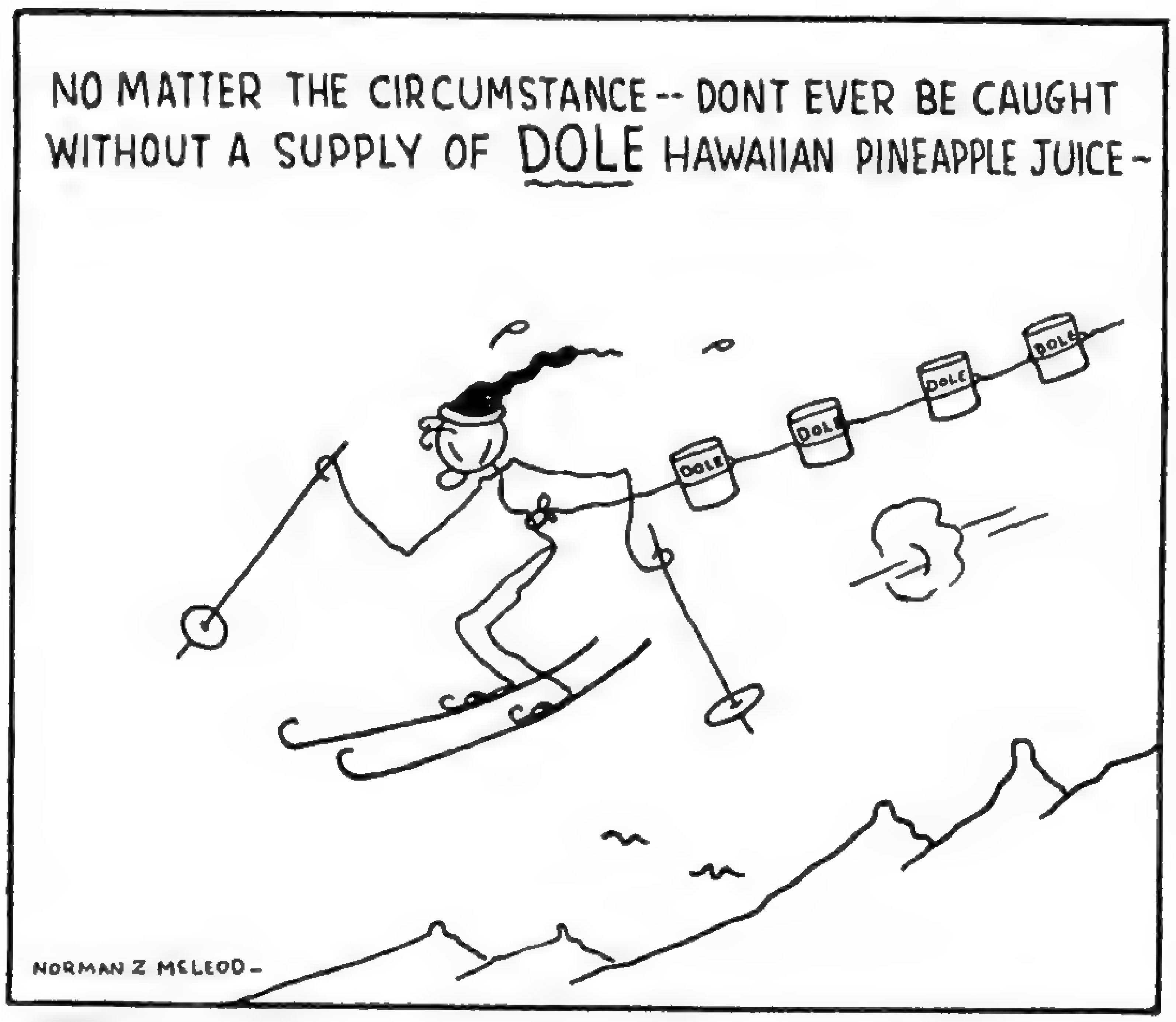
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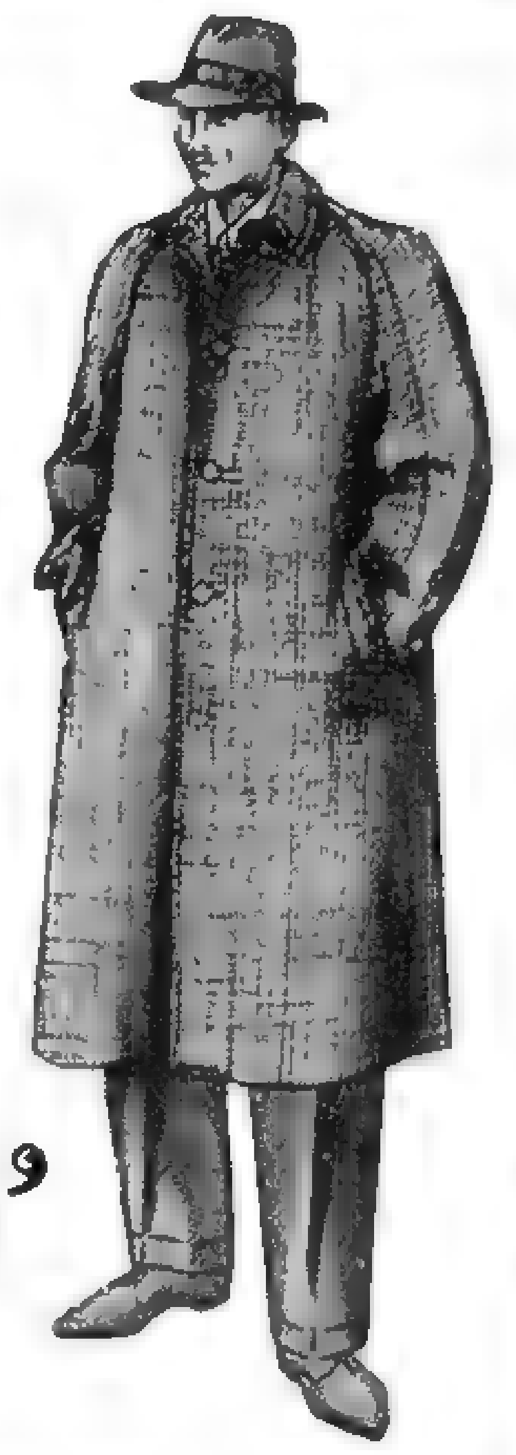

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Olympic Hoopla

Continued from pages 49-197

Other "local color" strategy included pasting gold stars on the ceiling, or smudging designs on the side walls to help chart the basket tosses or team passing, and many a home team could fathom its way to victory by these landmarks like an old sea skipper pulling up under the Southern Cross. Provisions were not made for spectators at these crude courts, and often they stood along the sidelines extemporaneously participating in the game by tripping or shoving the opposing players, poking them in the ribs and at the same time raising a raucous cheer for their home boys to "Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" Trickery was not unknown, and some of the games were not always on the level because of the stunt of surreptitiously raising the opponent's basket from four to six inches to throw off their shots.

Besides these many varieties of impromptu indoor courts, the game was also played extensively outdoors on courts of clay, cinders, sand, dust and mud, with bunkers and hazards in the form of snooping tree roots and ditches from running water. Baskets were mere barrel hoops nailed precariously to a tree or a pole, or to the side of some barn or shed. With the development of the backboard, came chicken-wire banks on some of these outdoor courts because these would not warp like wood in the weather. Indoors the smooth banks evolved from wood to glass and enameled steel.

With the improvement in special playing courts came a rapid improvement in the science of the play. Over the years the game has seen a continual ebbing and yawing of the defense and offense, clashing and then dovetailing into each other. For a long time basketball was principally offensive, which is natural since the big thrill of the game is to pitch the ball through the ring. The guards in the early years had only one function — protecting their own goal. The center was called "the rover" because he aided the forwards, the main scorers, and the guards also whenever necessary.

The first defensive play was man-to-man as the players of a team would pick-up their nearest opponent just as soon as they lost the ball. But then there would be confusion as two defensive men occasionally played the same opponent, leaving another man free for a shot. The earliest organized defense found the defensive team lining up in a straight line across the middle of the court, and then each man would pick up an opponent as he came along. But sometimes a very fast man would break through this line and dash in to the goal. So the next move was to place four men across the middle, with a big backguard protecting the basket. From this formation evolved the 3-2 formation, then the 2-1-2, the 2-3 and the other complicated and interlocking styles of combination shifting man-to-man and zone. The zone came in early when a player would draw his guard out of position, leaving an open area through which a mate could spurt unimpeded.

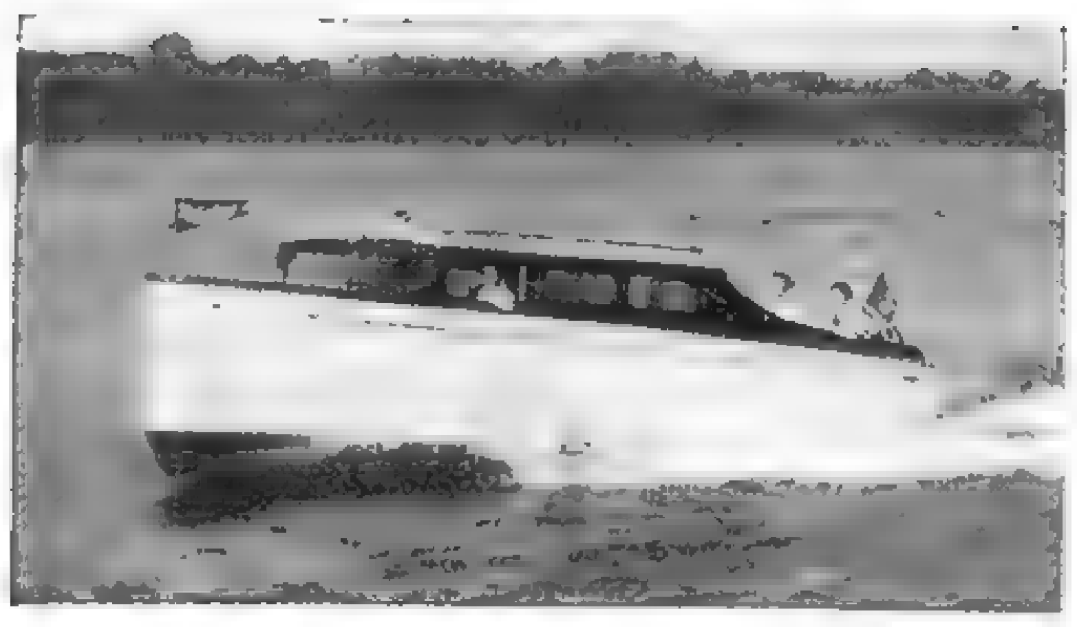
Dr. L. J. Cooke of Minnesota has been credited with working out the five-man defense, which in turn brought in the five-man offense, but he himself says that he is sure he did not invent it and that it was used in different parts of the country some time before he brought it into prominence at Minnesota. One of the most systematic of the coaches was Dr. Meanwell, who early began using the mass defense of big men, having observed the value of the style while coaching two settlement house teams in Baltimore back in 1909 when his boys' teams won 62 games and lost only one in two years.

Dr. Meanwell brought the 3-2, which he calls the "two line defense" into the Big Ten in 1911, and Wisconsin quintets have had a notable defensive record ever since, reaching their high with their championship 1921 five of Rollie Williams, Gus Tebell, Warren Taylor, Duke Caeser and George Gibson. The Badgers have had the best defensive record in the country, working on the theory expressed by Meanwell in the old Scotch saying of "a penny saved is a penny made." The Meanwell defense, however, ran into its greatest difficulties with the arrival of the fast dribblers.

Dr. Meanwell also was a pioneer in the development of scientific offense, early developing the criss-cross, the pivot and the short pass. He figured his attack by mathematics, upsetting the old theorem that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line by visualizing a deceptive, criss-cross drive towards the goal in which the defense found it excruciating to spot the man doubling in his tracks instead of coming straight down the floor. Blocks on an angle were natural outgrowths of the criss-cross, and were used in basketball long before the spinner play of football.

Meanwell's men would dribble down the floor until they met resistance, then stop and pivot and hand the ball back to a trailer. This maneuver would take place all over the court until it was observed that his teams had "five quarterbacks" from the way they passed back the ball like a quarterback working a split buck. At other times they would work a single block, and the man getting the ball would drive straight on through as his guard was screened off from him. The block system developed a wide vogue, but brought up once more the old primal problem of contact in basketball.

Offense today is divided into two general styles—the fast break



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of the old pell-mell game, and the slow break with its set plays. Included in the first style is "percentage" basketball in which the teams shoot as many times as possible on the theory that the more shots taken, the more chance of some going through. This is long shot basketball with the follow-up, and is quite effective for a tall team of good shots. The fast break game also includes the ancient "basket-hanger" play which Purdue under Ward Lambert, one of the greatest of the offensive coaches, still works successfully. In this play a long fast pass from the backguard who recovers the ball from the backboard, is picked up on the dead run by a speedy man like Johnny Woodin who dribbles in under the basket.

In recent years one of the most prevalent and successful types of offense has been built around the pivot line play, which according to an apocryphal tale, originated in a bit of clowning during a barnstorming tour of the famous New York Celtics. In a small Pennsylvania town where the Celtics were playing an exhibition, the local five was no match at all for them; so in order to entertain the fans the Celts threw in a few extras. In the midst of the burlesque, "Dutch" Dehnert, famous center of the Celtics, went to the free-throw line and assumed the pose of a baseball catcher ready for the pitch. One of his mates, Tom Barry, quickly catching the idea, went through an elaborate wind-up out in mid-court and whipped the ball like a bullet to Dehnert who caught the ball and then flipped it to a mate charging in past him for an easy goal. The fans howled with glee, little realizing that they were witnessing the birth of a new phase of basketball attack. The Celtics, quick to realize the value of the play, soon devised variations of the play, and in time it became a basic fundamental of many of the offensive systems. Defense against it usually brings contact and fouling. One method of combating the play was for the guard to wave his hands back and forth in front of the pivot-man's eyes, thus blotting out his sight on the basket as he pivoted away for a hook shot.

The pivot play will be further handicapped by the new rules this year which allow a man to stay in the completed circle surrounding the foul line for only three seconds. This rule was intended to reduce the jostling and contact of the pivot-line play. As a result of this change, many teams this year probably will develop two pivot men who will dash in and out of the legislated zone.

Another change in the rules this year brings under-basket held-balls to the center of the free-throw circle, with all hands except the jumpers restrained around the circle. With massed jumbling thus prevented it is likely that some nifty set plays will be worked off these jump balls.

A third rule change this year puts the ball in play out-of-bounds under the basket after a free throw has been made. This is a concession in the direction of getting away from too much emphasis on the center jump.

Because of the Olympic stimulus, this winter finds basketball on its greatest boom, especially in this country with the eliminations being conducted by the Y.M.C.A., the A.A.U. and the colleges to select the fourteen players for the United States Olympic team. One champion team from the winner of the annual Y.M.C.A tournament, along with the winner and runner-up of the annual A.A.U. championships will compete in a final tournament with five champion college teams from five zones of the country. The American team then will be made up of seven men from the team winning the final tournament, five from the runner-up and one each from the third and fourth place teams.

This team very likely will turn out to be the Olympic winner, since the game is not developed so scientifically in the foreign countries. Particularly they are weak on defense and the feinting, faking maneuvers of top-rank American basketball. Other teams, like the Japanese, for instance, are handicapped by lack of stature. American baseball teams touring in Japan frequently make up quintets that trounce the Japs, while Ed Krause, famous All-American center at Notre Dame, went to Europe last summer with a group of American-Lithuanians who won games from Lithuanian teams by scores of 39 to 2 and 49 to 5, for which they were hailed as "geniuses, artists and masters of the game."

Foreign teams also are not so much on team-work as American fives, as this story told by the late Knute Rockne illustrates. When Rockne was in Paris for the Olympic Games in 1924 he billeted in a club similar to an American Y.M.C.A. Two French teams were playing basketball in the gym. One team had four Frenchmen and an American in the lineup. The other team was purely nationalistic.

Every time one of the Frenchmen got the ball, regardless of his position or the distance to the goal, he would fire the ball toward the net. The American was the only player on the floor who ever passed the ball to a team-mate.

Rockne watched the game for a while, and then stepped onto the floor and started talking to one of the Frenchmen. "Why is it you always shoot instead of passing to a man in a better position?" he asked.

The Frenchman looked at "Rock" in surprise. "*Sacre Fleu!*" he yelled. "I give it to Jean, Jean shoot! I give it to Pierre, Pierre shoot! I give it to myself, I shoot! *Voila! Vive la France!* Everybody shoot!"

And that's about the whole trouble over there in Europe, not just alone in basketball. All the time everybody wants to shoot! ###

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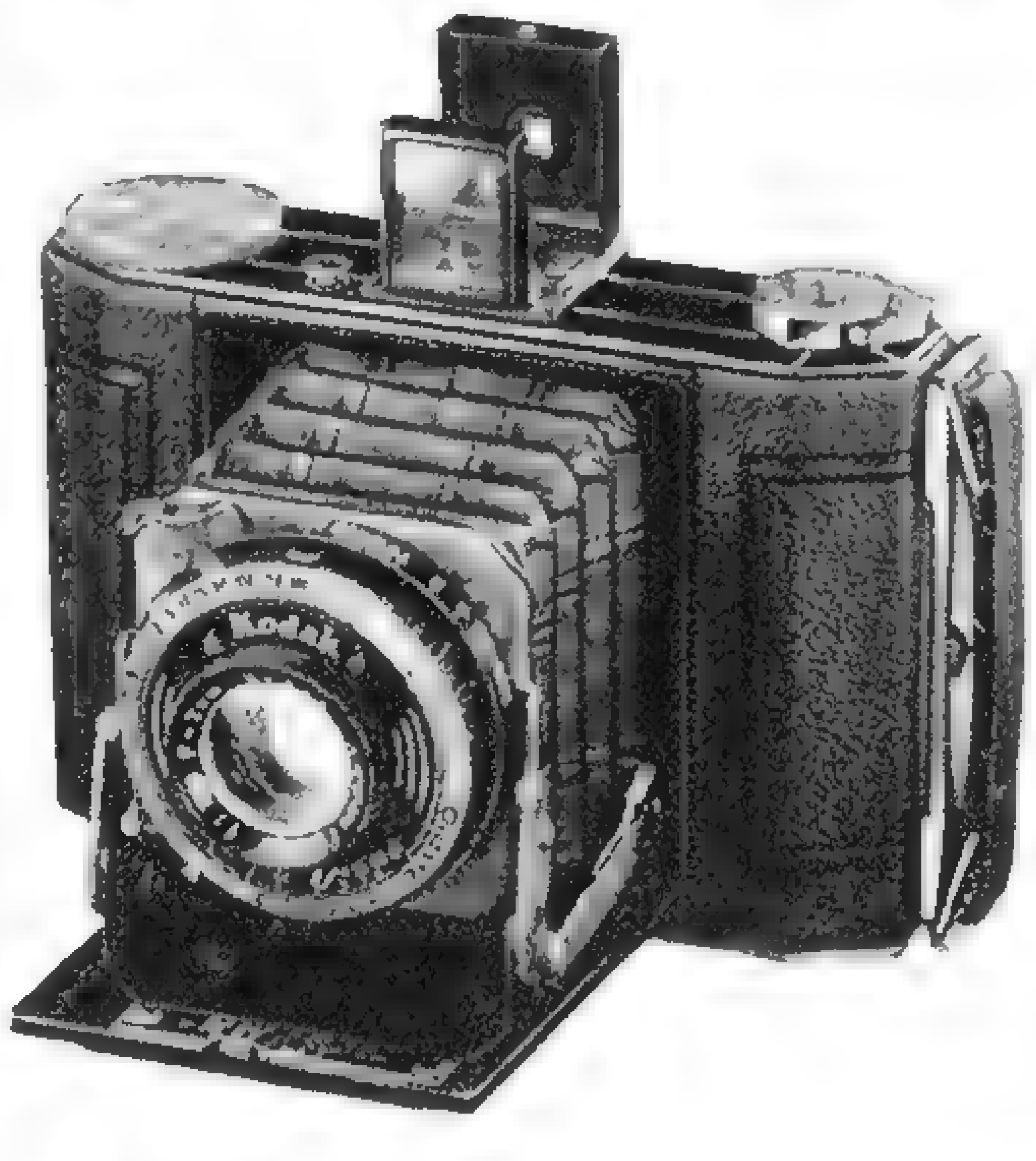

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No Screamers Need Apply

Continued from page 47

Night of Love was more or less an accident, that there are so many variables entering into the making of any film that no one can predict its success. Movie producers, in common with other theatrical speculators, must gamble on the success of their output. They have found no touchstone for a fickle public's taste.

Grace Moore had already two movie failures to her discredit: *A Lady's Morals*—dealing with the life of Jenny Lind—and *The Soul Kiss*. Her singing had not improved; in fact, her voice really had diminished in substance and in quality, for she had lost weight. Sound recording had improved: the quality of reproduction was better, and the audience was not annoyed by a fearfully exposed epiglottis, as it had been when Miss Moore made *New Moon* with Lawrence Tibbett.

All this helped, but not enough to make the show a success unparalleled in the history of musical films. Or to sky-rocket Grace Moore's concert fee from $100 to $3000! Eight months before the release of *One Night of Love*, in January, 1934, her manager couldn't book her for recitals at any price. She was out of the Metropolitan Opera, forgotten by Broadway and musical comedy. She couldn't get a radio engagement and the major producing companies wouldn't have any more of her movies. Today she is radio's and the screen's highest paid female vocalist. Hers is the "bust" success story!

And why?

In my opinion, chiefly the Cinderella-like plot, a story the public enjoyed and wanted to believe! A friend of mine went back six times, hoping to witness a night of love. That he never saw it mattered little. He, and millions of others, gave Hollywood a formula for all its subsequent attempts to introduce operatic music.

* * *

And so we have had the same damn thing over and over again: heart-aches and sob-stuff at the beginning, singers walking around shouting and gesticulating in the streets, and finally a grand success at the opera house, coupled with a chaste romance.

Miss Moore repeated a second times. In *Love Me Forever*, she climbed the same golden ladder to a Metropolitan contract, discovering in the end that she loved her man. It worked. The yokels came to hear grand opera—not so often as before, but in sufficient numbers. And they didn't mind watching her, dressed in sports clothes, yodeling Arditi's *Il Bacio* to a group of merry makers at Lake Placid. No one found it so absurd or improbable as it was. Most fans didn't know that Miss Moore sang both the roles of Musetta and Mimi from *La Bohème* (not an incredible circumstance in the opera house, but an unusual one) . . . . . . or that, since the same set was borrowed from the previous film, the curtains at the Metropolitan Opera House were again drawn back incorrectly . . . or that Beethoven, who wrote only one opera, which hasn't been performed at the Metropolitan in a generation, was chosen to be framed conspicuously in the office of the operatic director-general, who was made up to resemble Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

They didn't realize that the tenor, dressed as Des Grieux in *Manon* sang "Rigoletto" in an Italian that would have had to be translated to be understood in Rome. They may have noticed that the "Rigoletto" quartet was expanded à la Hollywood into a chorus of forty voices. Before the picture was released, some hireling pointed out the exaggeration and words of explanation were inserted. In spite of that, however, Miss Moore was so prominently featured as to mislead an ignorant New York moving picture reviewer into calling the "quartet," an *aria* from "Rigoletto."

These are sordid details, not worth mentioning, perhaps. But they are curious inconsistencies in so successful and so highly touted an art-film. To go into screen's more recent incubations would fill a book.

* * *

Progress in Hollywood has always been slow. It takes movie satraps a year to get an idea, another year to develop it, and ten years to get rid of it. So it looks as if we're in for a long siege of films featuring operatic bores. "Pre-hears" will continue to take precedence over previews on the West Coast. Failure doesn't seem to daunt the celluloid barons.

According to *Variety*, the Tibbett and Martini pictures had "miserable pickings" at the box-office. Gladys Swarthout's *Rose of the Rancho* was taken back to the studio after a few showings, ostensibly to give it some California atmosphere. As a matter of fact, the five months used in filming it were all spent *in California*.

In spite of the fact that recent operatic films have not succeeded in ringing cash registers, more than a dozen melody-makers are now under contract. Among the ladies, Helen Jepson, Gladys Swarthout, Marion Talley, Lily Pons, Maria Jeritza, and Schumann-Heink have all trod the Metropolitan's sacred boards. Prominent males include Lawrence Tibbett, Nino Martini, Nelson Eddy, James Melton, Richard Bonelli, and Jan Kiepura.

The rub comes in finding a story, especially one that is convincing and plausible when woven around an opera singer. Scenarios cannot go on repeating themselves indefinitely. And film big-wigs

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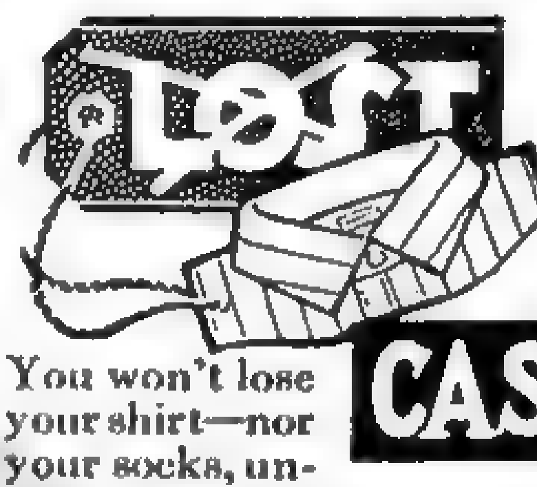

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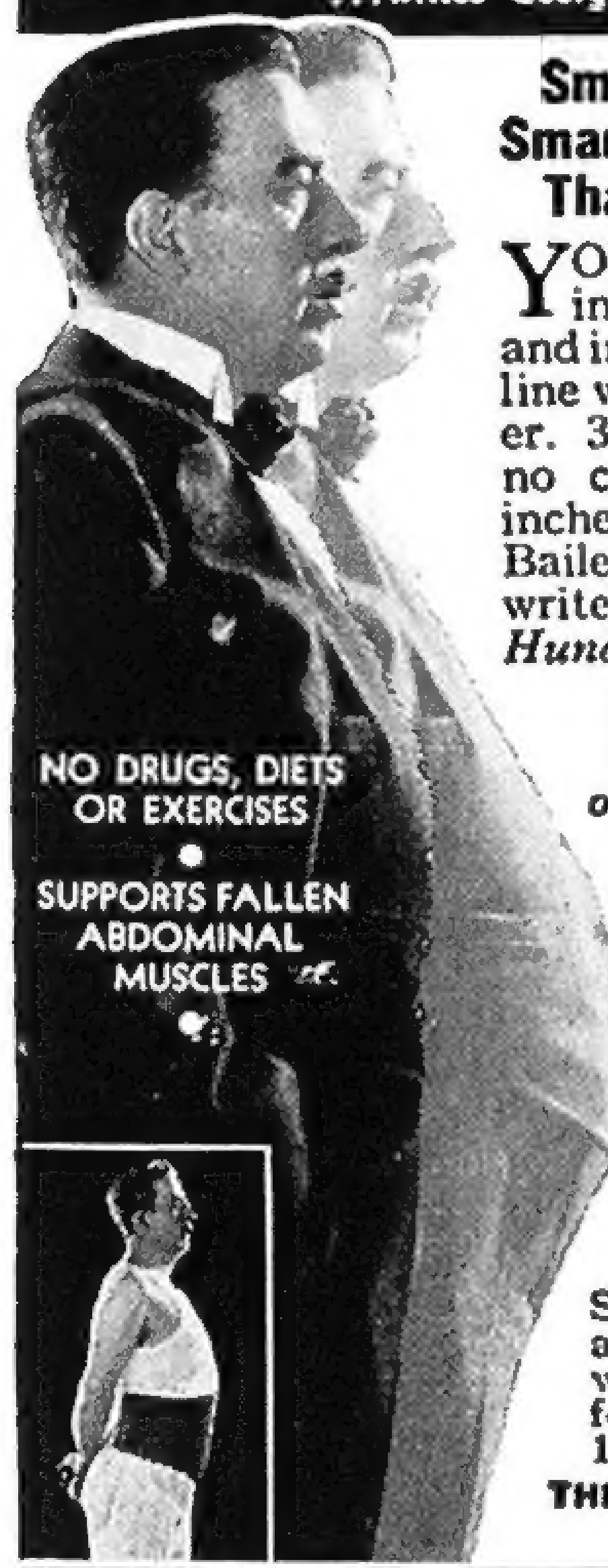
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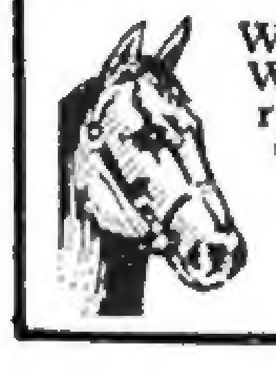

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will get it through their heads, eventually, that the "ancient scenario writer from Stratford-upon-Avon," as Will Hays familiarly calls him, was right. *The play's the thing.*

Failure to realize this caused most of Lawrence Tibbett's glorious singing in *Metropolitan* to go unappreciated. Originally titled *The Golden Horseshoe*, it was renamed because press agents said the public would think it a horse-racing picture. Many wished it had been. It was only another proof that no amount of good music or good singing will take the place of a good narrative.

The public has not changed, essentially, since John McCormack made his only picture, *Song of my Heart.* He was the best living teller of stories in song, and the most popular. His film was practically a song recital, as the music was introduced casually with only a pretense of being part of a story. The picture, therefore, was a complete failure.

Movie audiences are still primarily interested in action. They expect excitement and movement. And they don't give a damn about a ten-minute aria, no matter how beautiful, if the action and the story are interrupted.

Sound is an added resource of the film, but essentially a subsidiary one. Audiences have demonstrated that they like and have no difficulty in appreciating the more tuneful and familiar operatic arias. But they will accept them only as a natural and convincing outgrowth of a moving drama. They want the music to help tell the story rather than to show off a singing voice.

* * *

While the movie moguls are busy finding plots, it is real fun to watch their efforts to become music-wise. They'll never differentiate between Verdi, Puccini and Donizetti. One of them insists that Shakespeare wrote the music for the opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, and casting directors still get tenors and baritones mixed. Nelson Eddy, blue-eyed, blond, six feet tall, and built like a football player, had been waiting years for his chance at stardom when Hollywood sahibs decided upon the Victor Herbert operetta, *Naughty Marietta.* He was considered the logical man for the role of Captain Warrington, but eventually some flunky discovered that the part was written for a tenor and that Mr. Eddy was a baritone.

"But surely," said the director, "if he can sing baritone, he can sing anything!"

Since Lawrence Tibbett was the first operatic "big shot" to visit Hollywood, a baritone is still top there. Executives were damn mad, however, when Tibbett flatly refused to sing "Vesti La Giubba" for *Metropolitan.* They are still hunting for the guy who convinced him that the clown song was written for a tenor. What the hell difference does it make? And who'd know the difference, anyway?

They were peeved also when they found, after composer Korngold had been on the payroll a few months, that he was only *arranging* Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* They'd overlooked Mendelssohn, and thought Korngold was writing completely new music. As it happens, it was probably better that he wasn't.

There is no need to exaggerate the Hollywood impresario's ignorance of things musical, or, perhaps, of things in general. He gives himself away continuously. Giovanni Martinelli's name was brushed aside with, "Oh, we're fed up with women singers."

A prominent screen diva entertained her boss for dinner, and, as guests were late in arriving, she sang Strauss's *Morgen* for him. During the awkward silence thereafter, she turned to the great man, "Would you enjoy more *lieder* before going to dinner?" He gave a start of surprise and pleasure, and responded briskly, "Why, yes, thanks! I had a couple just before coming here, but I could stand another."

And then, there's the old gag, about the thief who actually got onto a certain studio lot early in the morning, though artists, if ever they come ahead of time, must wait outside the gate. Before he could get away, he heard footsteps and hid behind a screen. Shortly work began. Until ten, the soprano sang. For two hours after that, the tenor. And when at noon they began on duets, the thief staggered out from behind the screen. "For God's sake, arrest me," he said, "and get me out of this mad-house."

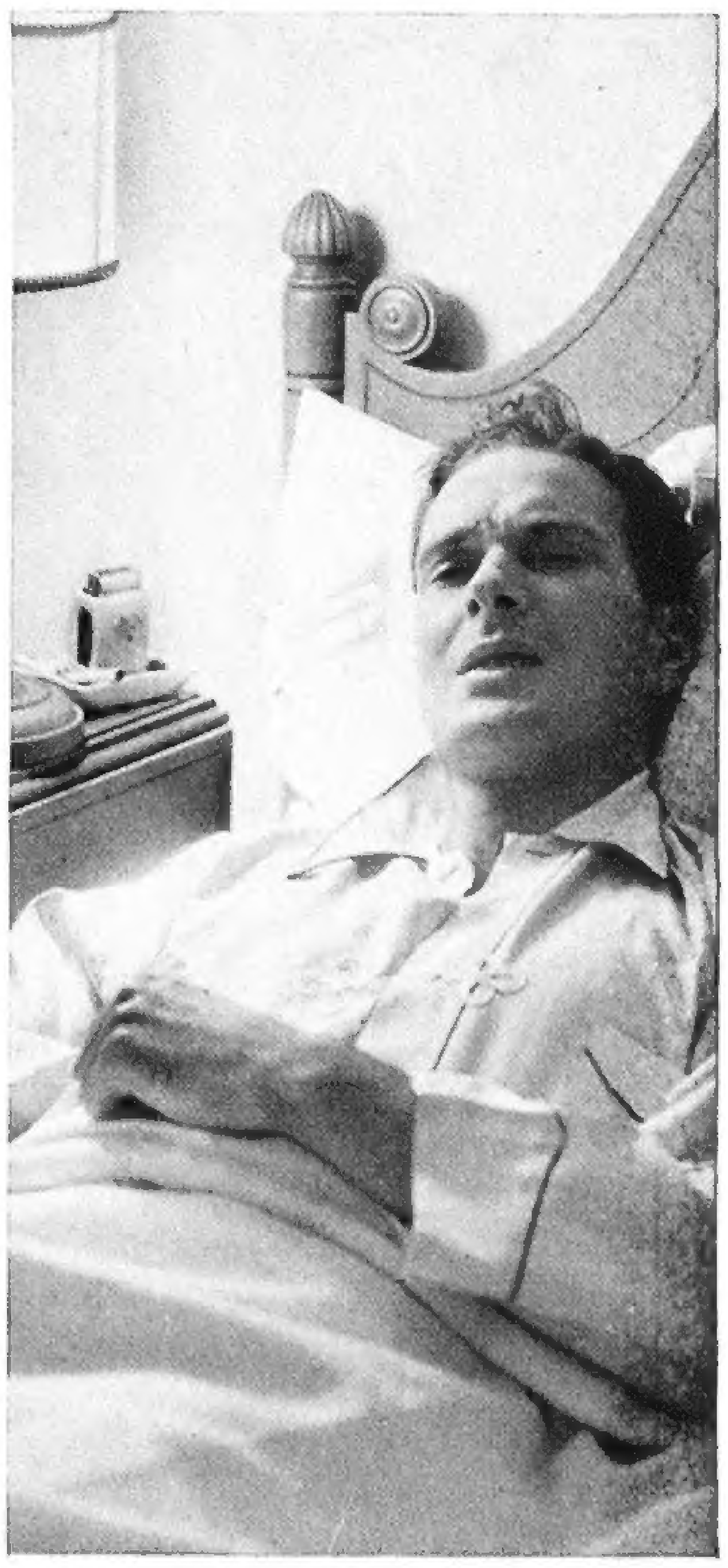
The thief felt about the same as many of us do if we go to the movies now, and find they are not a safe place to sleep. When Martini began singing, "I Carry You in My Pocket in a Locket of Gold," during *Here's to Romance*, the dowager who bounced in and sat down loudly next to me, leaned over to inquire: "In what language is it, please?" And the girl on the other side of me, who chewed gum, also sang.

As long as movie audiences are as they are, there's no point in filming opera, and Hollywood will use horse-sense if it keeps the operatic scores that it has had arranged to fit modern scripts, in cold storage. Produced now, they would only be flops. It is much better to find a plausible story, with ordinary men and women, set in 1936 surroundings, and cast in it only such operatic darlings as can *act* the parts.

Hollywood's advance-man, Will Hays (who is supposed to hold a position somewhat analogous to the position that God has in heaven) persists in saying that the cinema will take over opera. "Indeed," he says, "all human achievement now delivers its lasting message to and sits for its enduring portrait in celluloid."

Is it any wonder so many films accidentally catch fire? ⧻

HIS LEGS ACHED SO HE COULDN'T SLEEP



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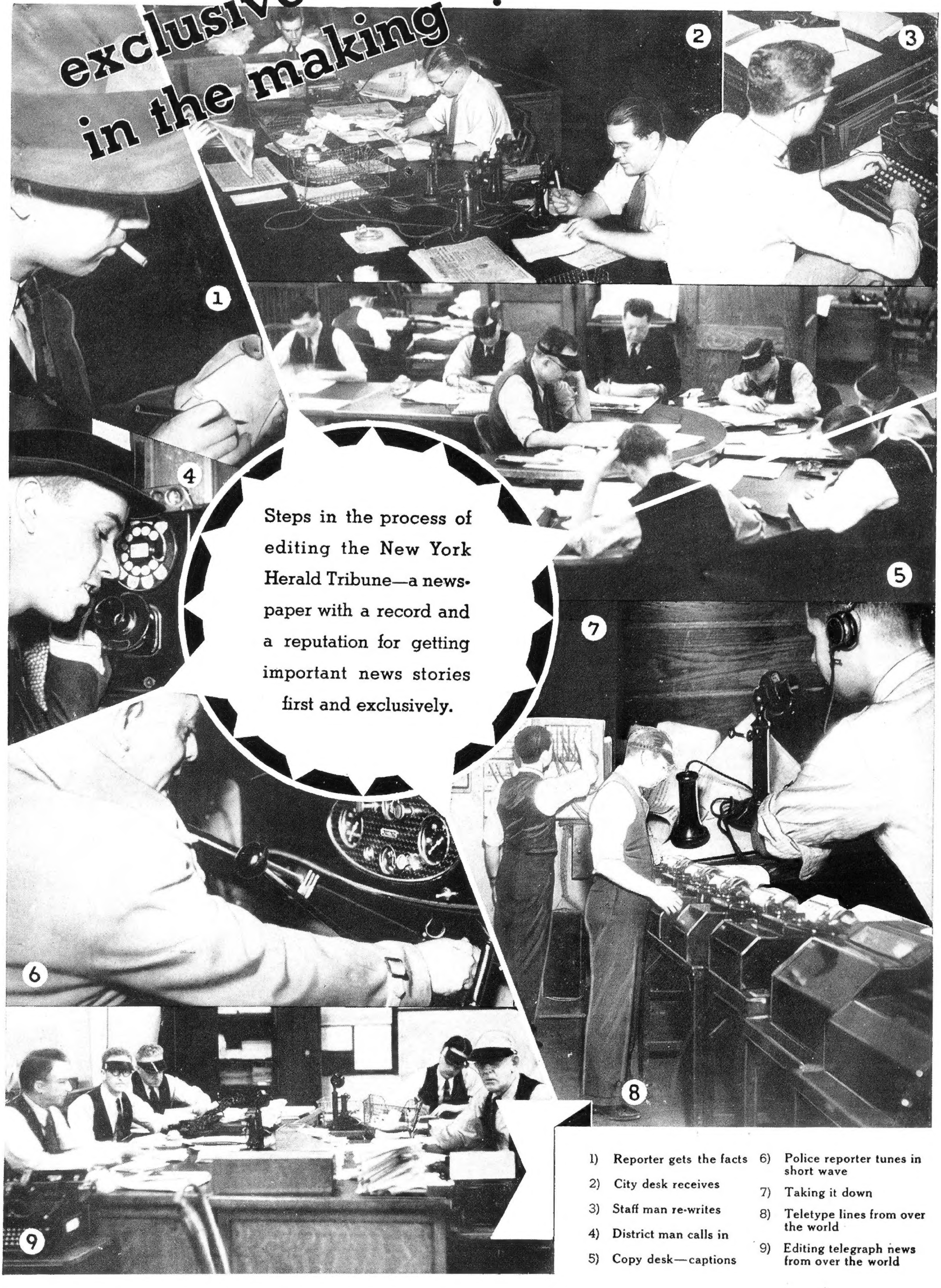

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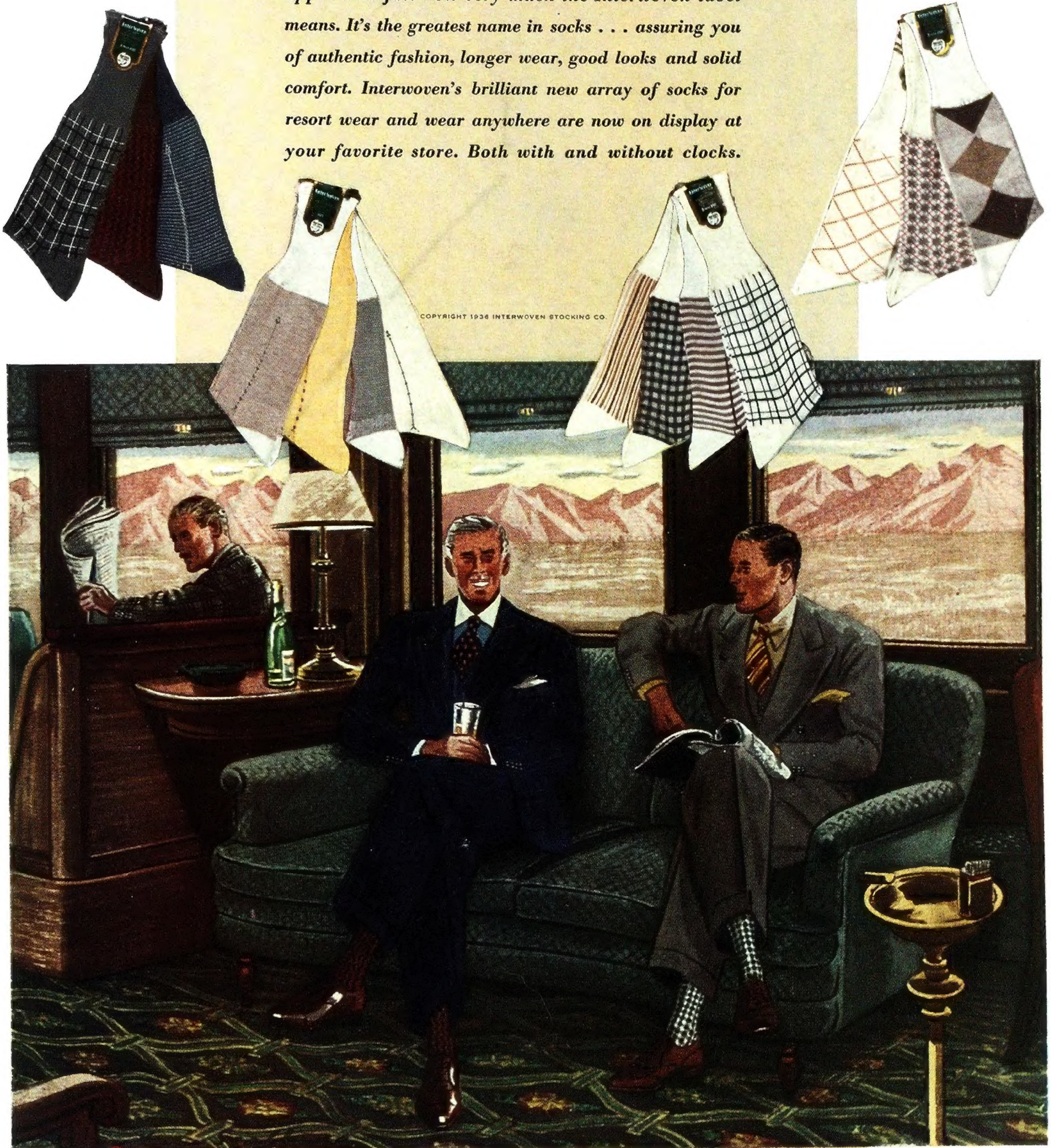

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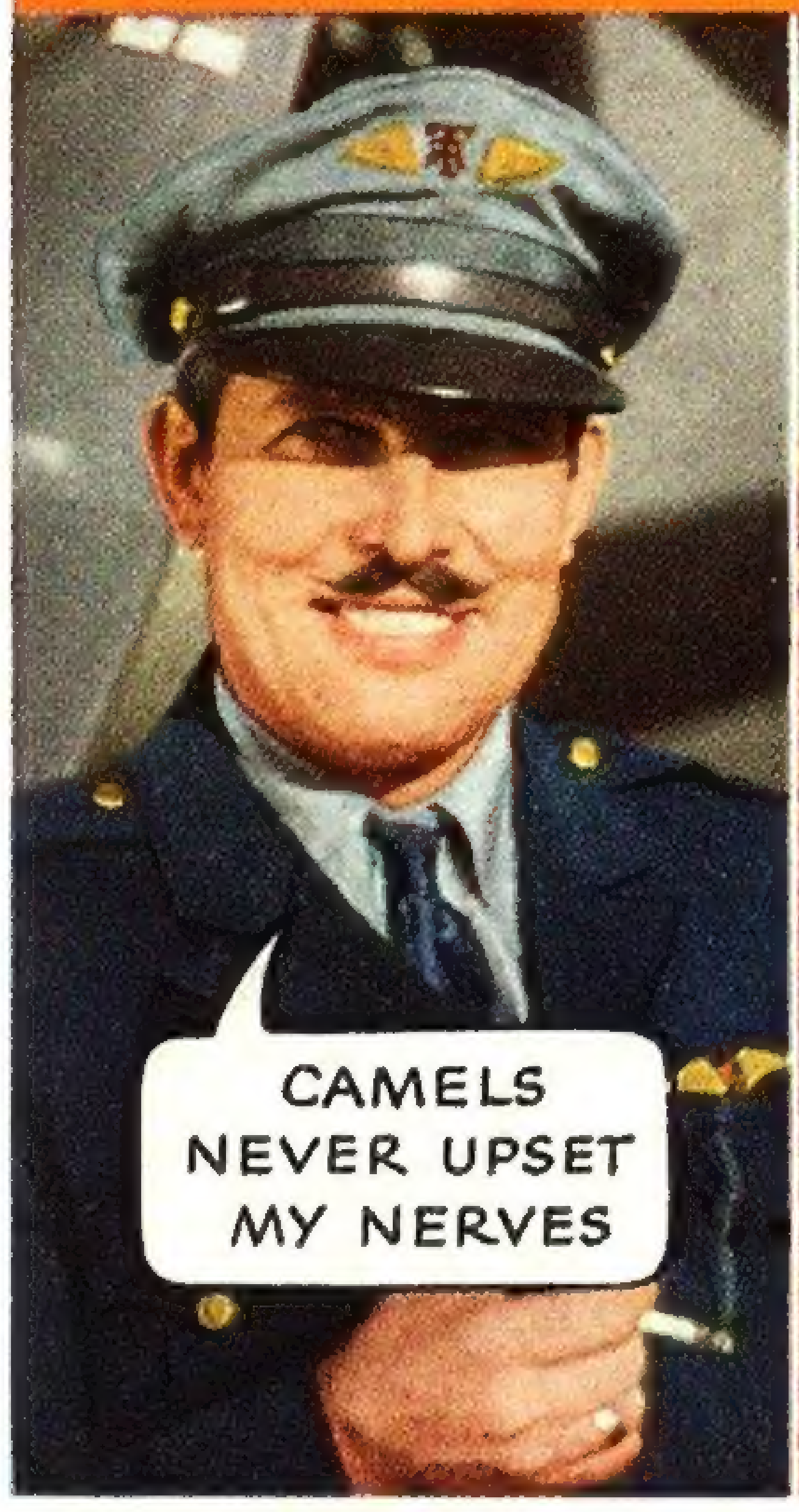
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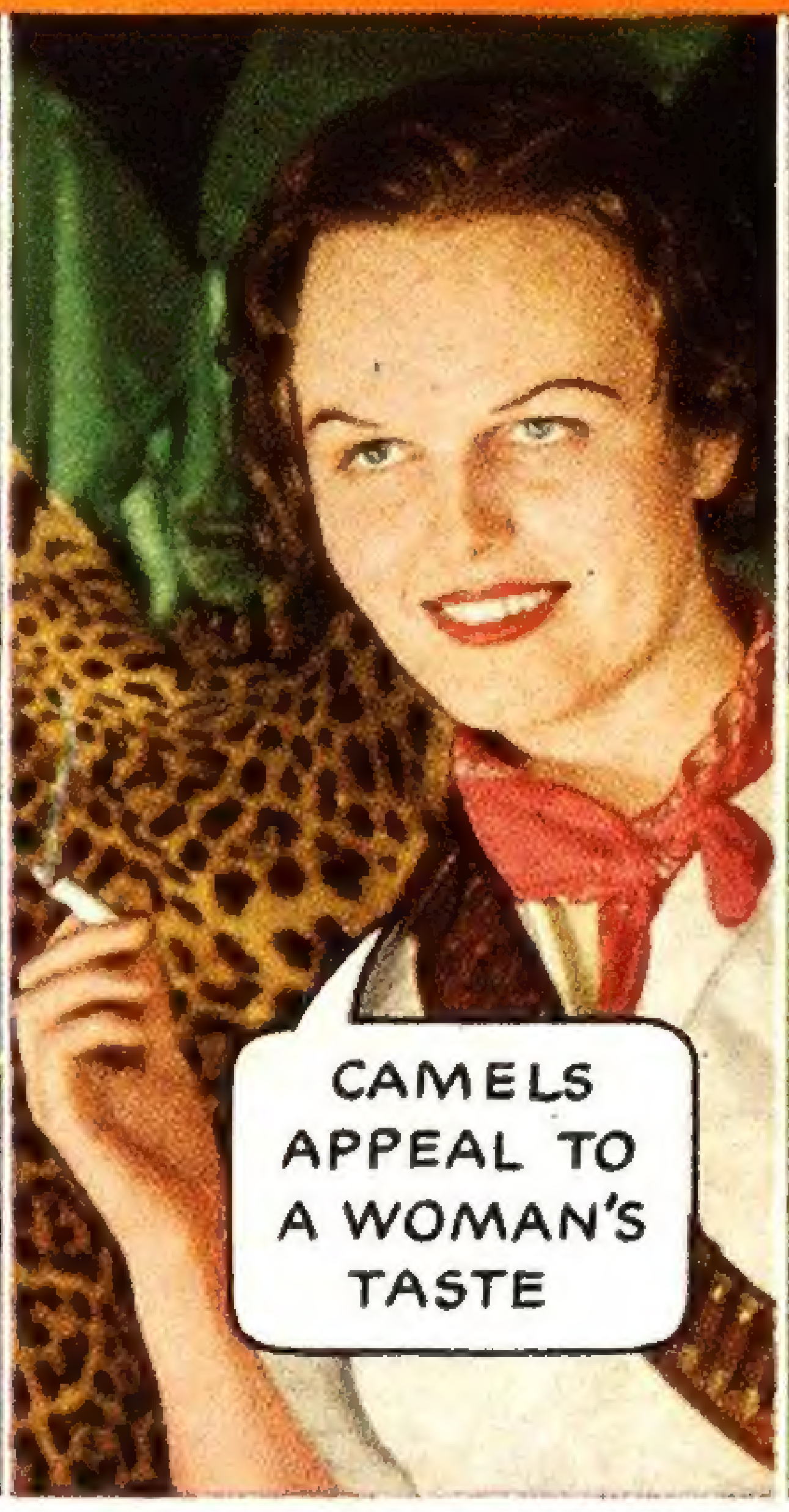
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